



Noe Art
can cure
this heart

Where in
is storied y valouris
atchievements famous
triumphs, constants loue,
great & miseries & small
happines of the well-
deseruing, truly noble
and most valiant k.
S^r Paris of viennaz
and y most admired
amable Princes
the faire
Vienna.

Georgiord Soule

London Printed for WILLIAM LEAKE
and are to be sould at his shop at y^e crowne
in fleete strett between the two Temple gatts. 1650.

John L. G.

of Bryant.

28 MR 59



R M., M.

Just in the Cloud doth lovely **C**YPRID stand,
Wish Quiver at his side, and Bow in hand :

Which shewes when his swift Arrowes pierce the
The wound must cured be, by Love, not Art. (heart,

And **MARS** the God of Warre to give renowne
Unto desert, doth here true Valour crowne,

VIENNA Natures pride doth paralell,
VANVS her selfe, who did her Sex excell.

The joyned hands to the Spectators show,
That Valour doth to Beauty homage owe.

And with the stately Steed that stands in view,
Sir **PARIS** did great troopes of Foes subdue.

The Castle strong and cruell Taylors key,
Are Emblems of a Princes misery.

If that the barres were red and Scutch'on white,
The Coat would show who did this Story write.



Where in
is storied, y^e valorous
atchievements, famous
triumphs, constant loue,
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S^r Paris of Viennar
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TO HIS WORTHY BROTHER
in law, Mr RICHARD MINSHVLL,
all health and Happineffe.

MOre Rich-art thou in mind then Mynes,
but Myn-shall be the joy of heart ;
Since still thy love with mine combines,
and smells of Nature more then Art :
For bloud with bloud, and sacred writ,
Such knots of love in Love hath knit.

To thee therefore I onely send,
this Spiders Web so vainely spunne,
Which my best thoughts to thee commend,
since what is done, for thee is done :
If any taxe my idle braine,
Say once a yeate fond fooles doe raigne.

M. M.

- To the Reader.

NOt with intent to passe the speaking Presse,
Or challenge Praise of any more or lesse.
This Booke was writ, the Author for his paines
Did neither ayme at merit, praise, or gaines ;
To gratifie a well deserving friend,
This Story saïd, at vacant houres was penn'd :
Which though now to the world expos'd it be,
The Authors heart is from vaine glory free.

THOMAS CROCKET in praise of the
Authors Worke.

IF graver heads should hold it to be vaine,
that thou (well stricke in yeares) dost write of Love
Say thou the finest dye soonest takes a staine,
and soundest wits light subiects often prove :
But thou hast temp'ed so thy Love with Armes,
with Knightly promesse, and with Martiall feats;
That thy smooth stile (like sweet bewitching charmes)
compells all sorts to reade without intreats :
Then blush not since thy Pen such Art hath showne,
as proves the difference 'twixt Love and Lust ;
And stirres up Valour almost overthrowne,
whose Armes he canker'd with consuming rust :
But rather glory in thy taken paines,
for which the world indebted aye remains.

THOMAS CROCKET.

To the deserving Author.

VVhil'st Paris thy great Rape shall be renown'd,
Or Troy it selfe on earth hath any sound ;
That in thy breast didst foster such a flame,
To waste the Towne, and yet preserve the Name :
So long (Sir Paris) thy chaste fires shall last,
Which (though not with such fury) burnt as fast ;
And whil'st the Citie of Vienna stands,
A virgin Towne maugre the opposite bands,
Of intolent Turkes unravish'd by their Steele,
And never their invasive Armes to feele :
So long a date Vienna thou dost give,
To him whose Pen hath made thee ever live.

Tho. Haywood.

VIENNA here presents to you,
Both Love and Valour, great and true,
And in this Story you shall finde
Pregnant conceits to please the minde:
Which reade, and view, and reape the gaines.
Then thanke the Author for his paines.

R. R.

THy pleasing Story gives most true content,
to all that have survay'd thy witty Lines:
For thou to Mars and Venus grace hast lent,
and in thy Booke both Love and Valour shines:
For which, let Martiall Knights and Ladies faire,
say, and say truth, that this is past compare.

T. M.

THy Mars-like Paris, and Vienna faire,
most pleasing doe appeare eclips'd no way:
Who viewes the same, thou needst not doubt or feare,
for it is decked in Wits rich array.
There's such new pleasing wayes to please the minde,
That all, that reade the same, content will finde.

Samoth Egnirawniam.

SInce graver wits (so much) thy Booke commend,
Whose censures doe my judgement (farre) transcend:
Why should not I rest silent, and admire;
Knowing my skill answers not my desire?
The reason is, I (rather) will improve
My ignorance, then to conceale that love,
Which duty prompts to speake, which still doth live,
To honour thee, since praise I cannot give
To equallize thy paines in study spent,
Which now (most fluently) in complement,
Shewes the exactnesse of a sollid braine,
That makes so small a volume to containe,

Love.

Love, Valour, Fortitude; what not that's rare?
But in thy (pregnant) Lines composed are?
Wildome, Conceit, Art, Learning, Knowledge, Wit,
Doe grace thy worke to make it exquisite:
Time shall proclaime thy worth to future dayes,
And Fame perpetuate thy living praise.

Io. Egnirawniam.

AS most esteeme of Jewels for their worth,
And prize them high, though not in gold set forth:
So vertuous minds when they this Story view,
Admiire and say (for it) great thanks is due:
If others cannot adde (to it) like praise,
Time vowes to store such worth for future dayes;
My Pen here stops, yet Natures streame runnes so,
Rivers will ebbe to th' Sea from whence they flow.

Mat. Egnirawniam.

IF duty did not binde, desert would move
my Art-lesse Pen thy Story to commend:
Since better plots of Valour, Art, Wit, Love,
to *Momus* view, the Presse did never send.

Ralph Egnirawniam.

ANd I the last, but not the least, whose Love
to thee, and thine, is ty'd in treble bands;
For marriage, bloud, and friendship which may prove,
our constant buildings are not on the sands:
Therefore with thanks for this thy well wrote Story,
Though mine it is: yet thine shall be the glory.

Your Kinsman, Brother in law,
and Friend,

Richard Mynshull.



VIENNA.



Within the Principality of *Viennois*, whilome there lived and ruled, as *Daulphin*, a most renowned Prince, no lesse esteemed for his admired Wildome, then highly honoured for his respected greatness; But so absolute was hee in Opinion, so perverse in disposition, and so severe in Government, that hee made his Will his GOD, and rigour his law. This *Daulphin* had but one onely Daughter, whose exquisite beauty was so beautified with rarest vertues, that men honoured Nature as a God in her perfections, and held her more then a Woman in her vertues. Amongst many Knights that then followed her Fathers Court, there was a most well deservyng aged Knight (who was knowne to bee as iufficient, as he was sufficiently knowne) named Sir *Jaques*, who had but one onely Son called *Paris*, whose but budding yeares, deckt with Natures pride, and honoured with timely Knighthood, well challenged Renowne for his right, *Viennois* for his friend, and *Fortune* for his servant. But it fortun'd (so *Fortune* would) that this young Knight casting casually his carelesse eye aside in Court, espied the young Princeesse, the faire *Vienna*, (for so after the Citty was shee called) talking with her selected and endeed friend the Lady *Isabella*, whose gracious demeanour he so devoutly noted, and whose unparallel'd beauty

beauty hee so feelingly admired, that openly commending the one, he secretly affected the other. Many were the unwonted thoughts that now troubled his troubled minde, and more then many were the unquiet and universall eares that now attended his new entertained desires. Still hee gazed, and gazing sight, and sighing grieved that so he gazed; yet could hee not cease to feed his hungry eye, nor durst hee once be seene to looke on her, on whom he could not but looke. For as commanding love did flatter his aspiring hope; so the remembrance of *Phaetons* fall, did dismay him with a deadly feare. And feare hee did, least that just disdain would beget in her bitter revenge, and blacke revenge should bring forth untimely deaths.

Thus in seeking to passe the meane, poore *Paris* dyed for being so meane, and in this disconsolation, glad hee was to smother his sorrow to his greater griefe, not daring to acquaint any but *La-nova* his second selfe, his companion in Armes, and the sole secreter of all his secrets. To him, and none but him, did hee in sorrow bewray his love, and in love bewaile his sorrow.

La-nova pittying his case, dissuaded him from the danger of *Ixions* love, least with more repentance hee vainely with *Appella* pursued *Daphne*. Heavens forbid (said hee) my *Paris* eye should with the Eagle sore against so bright a Sunne; or that your desire should with the Bee delight in such flowers, which being suckt, will yeeld more payson then honey. Ah *Paris*, *Paris*, seeke not to obtaine that with care, which you cannot keepe without danger: To desire to be a King, is no just tytle of a Kingdome; and to say you love her, no sufficient desert to winne her. Desire not then beyond thy reach, least thou fall in thy hope. Nay, admit that her chaste conceits would entertaine *Venus* deceits; yet followes it not, that *Lovers* royall bird would prey on silly Flies. *Alexander* would deale with none but Kings, nor *Vienna* with any but Princes; low shrubs wither ever at the Cedars roote. Beware *Paris*, least coveting with *Scarn* to soare above the Sunne, thou bee punished in his pride under the Suane. Thy desires are I confesse many, and meri-

ritorious, but the state of her estate stands not with thy indignities; men are wey'd by the aboundance of their fortunes, not by the worthinesse of their vertues. Then wade no further in this soord, but let Armours, not Amours, bee the subject of thy thoughts, since the Campe affords honours, and the Court such dangers.

Paris thus dehorted, resembled the Palme-tree, that the more it is prest downe, the more it striveth upwards, so the more his friend misliked of that hee desired; the more hee desired what so his friend misliked. Such was the unresistable force of his inimitable affection, that in spite of reason hee was enforc'd to doe homage unto passion. For where Love is predominant, there all other affections attend on it. And therefore hee concluded still, and ever to love her; but still, and never to let it bee knowne to her. To approve which, hee requested *La-nova's* company that night secretly to give *Vienna* musicke, who seeing his unremoveable resolution, vowed himselfe to his fortunes. The same night when quiet sleepe possesse each weary eye, hee and *La-nova* taking eyther of them a well tuned Lute, went directly under *Vienna's* window, where sweetly striking their pleasant strings, *Sir Paris* thus chearefully warbled out his Ladies praise.

*Though present times allow of former age,
And yeeld the pride of grace to Joves faire Queene:
Though Junoes grace, did please each gazing eye;
And all men thought like grace was never seene:
Yet were I judge, to judge of sweetest grace,
Your grace, for grace, should have the chiefeest place.*

*Though Pallas patronesse of Wisedome bee,
And wisest heads doe homage to her shrine:
Though Doctors draw their learning from her braine,
And all men hold her sacred and divine:
Yet should I judge of Wit, Pallas should find,
Your Grace should weare the Lawrell of the mind.*

Though Paris, Venus doom'd, for fairest faire
 Of Goddesses three, that strove for Beauties prize:
 Though Gods, and men, confirm'd her beauties Queen;
 And every eye, did honour Vulcans bride:
 Yet might I judge; my judgement should be this,
 Venus was faire; fairer Vienna is.

Then leave your strife, strive not you Worthy wights,
 Teeld beauties prize, unto my Princesse praise:
 Blush Trojan, blush, thy Helens hue is stayn'd:
 Cease, cease, you Knights, your Ladies praise to raise.
 Since so my Love, excels those Goddesses three,
 That all excell'd, for grace, Wit, and Beauty.

Vienna pleased with the tune, but more with her praise,
 was moved with desire to know who they were, that so
 sweetly sung, and so affectionately honoured her; but doe
 what shee could, she could not know them by any meanes,
 which much grieved, but more troubled her disquieted
 thoughts. Still shee conferred and talked with *Isabella* of
 that heavenly harmony, and ever she commended, whom
 she knew not to commend. For *Paris* having ended, where
 yet hee had not begun, conveyed himselfe away as privately
 as might be. But the next fellowing night they went a-
 gain with dolefull Recorders, on which they carofully
 founded. *Paris* unknowne, thus plainly made his passion
 not his person knowne.

How should I joy, why should I sing,
 That naught but woes, and sorrowes bring?
 What is that God of torment's great?
 What is his name? Where is his seat?
 Below, O no, there is not hell;
 On high; fie, fie, there blisse doth dwell.

Look on my eyes, let Iudgement show,
 Where that place is of endlesse woe:

Behold my heart, fresh bleeding still,
 Where griefe doth live, and Love doth kill:
 Then see, ah me; where sorrowes dwell,
 'Tis Love, I prove; that men call Hell.

Love is that God, that mentorments,
 With raging woes, and sad lament's:
 My heart his seat, where he doth raigne;
 With great contempt, and proud disdain:
 This, this it is; makes love a Hell;
 Then Care, prepare, to ring my knell.

Farewell most faire, Beauty adieu;
 I dare not love, but honour you;
 Starres sit so high, dimmes my weake sight,
 I may not gaze on Lampes so bright;

Which proves, and moves, my tongue to tell,
 That Love, proud Love; is worse then Hell.

This sorrowfull Song ended, the Musicke ceased, and Paris returned to his Chamber. But Vienna who attentively had listned to this carefull Ditty, knew not well by his over-passionate conceits, and alluding and insinuating Song, that Love had made her a Mistresse, and Fortune had sent her a servant. Yet could shee not imagine who hee should be, but much she was discontented that so it should be, her Princely towering thoughts were not subject to Subjects fancies, nor would she admit of servill servants. And therefore because she would punish their pride in their presumption, she went the next morning secretly to her Father, and told him how that the two passed nights, there had beene some (not knowne to her) that had bestowed Musick on her, under her Chamber window, and how that one of them the first night revealed his love in her praise; and the second night bewailed his affection in his owne griefe. And therefore she humbly requested him, that hee would command a privie Watch to be made that following night,

that they might be discovered in their follies, and shce live acquitted of such vaine fancies.

The *Daulphin* discontent that any in his Province should so proudly presume to build his nest in the Sunne, gave in secret charge, that sixe of his Guard should watch as that night, to apprehend and bring them before him the next day. All which was done accordingly : And Sir *Paris* not misdeeneing any crosse adventure, came as hee was wont with *La-nova*, to offer the sacrifice of his consecrated Musicke to his devoted Saint. But they no sooner tuned, but they were neere over-turned. For the Watchmen fearing their escape, thought to make them sure by laying them on the ground. But Sir *Paris*, provided alwayes for all perils, seeing such rude entertainment, and holding them but for straglers, armed his whole endeavours to returne them condigne thanks for their so unseasonable curtesies, in somuch that with *La-nova's* furthering ayde hee wounded most of their hands. So that being left alone, they easily recovered their Chamber, without being discovered of any, which so-much incens'd the *Daulphin*, that leaving the reynes of his unlimited anger to his then enraged will, hee commanded that secretly twenty men well appointed, should the next night lye in ambush to apprehend them.

Now Sir *Paris* holding that their late disturbance was rather casuall, then occasioned, went, in his unsatiable desire, the next night againe. But no sooner had they taken stand, but that they found themselves entrapped in the snare; which they finding unresistable, yeelded without resistance. The Watch glad of their apprehension, held themselves so secure of them, that not regarding (the night being darke) what they were, they carelessly went along towards the Castle, untill they came by a narrow Lane, that turned into the heart of the City, whereunto Sir *Paris* all suddenly thrusting *La-nova* forceably, tooke by force a Halberd out of the next Watchmans hands. and stepping into the Lane, kept the entrance from them all. The Watchmen now grew more furiously wrathfull, then advisedly bold,

and so confusedly assaulted them, that Sir *Paris* laying the first three on the ground, the rest (over-hastily still pressing forwards) stumbled and fell upon their Companions, so many and so thick, that themselves hard themselves from the entrance, which advantaged Sir *Paris* and *La-nova* so much, that having time to turne them to the next turning, they got to their Chamber before they were descryed, or could bee well persued. The *Daulphin* understanding the next morning of the uprore, and of their escape, was much male-contented in himselfe, the Court wondred at the accident, but *Vienna* now recounting their undaunted courages, with their noble qualities, conceived them to be men of high esteeme, and now more favourably, and affectionately did labour the knowledge of them, but never after durst they presume to venture the like adventure againe, which much grieved *Vienna*; and more incensed the *Daulphin*, who being frustrated of his expectation politickly, yet plotted this devile.

First, he caused a Christall Shield, and a Chiaplet of gold to bee made, both, passing faire, and rich, then delivering them to a Herald, he commanded him to take them, and to carie them throughout all the Citie, and by sound of Trumpet proclaime a solemne Justs (free for all commers) to be kept 40. dayes after : And that he that should winne the honour of the day, should by *Viennas* hand be crowned with the sayd Chiaplet as Victor, and receive the sayd Shield as the best deserving Knight. By this meane meanes, the *Daulphin* thought to find out the unknowne Lover. For it was an Article of his beliete, that in honour of his Daughter, he would (as a Knight) make tryall of his fortune; and as a Lover disclose himselfe, in his devile; whereby observance (the instrument of knowledge) might well discover him. Great preparation there was made on all sides, and divers Knights and Barons of sundry Provinces, came as well to see the admired beauty of *Vienna*, as to winne renowne for renowned Chivalry. Amongst whom at last, though not least in worth, came Sir *Paris*, and *La-nova*, well mounted on white fiery Steedes, suteable to their white

plaine Armour, without either marke, or devise : For nei-
 ther, neither durst vs for feare, of being discovered by
 them. But the day, and the *Dualphin* being come. *Vienna*
 was set (richly roabed in *Arabian Besse*) on a faire tapistred
 scaffold, the Chaplet on her head ; and the Christall Shield
 standing before her at her secte. ; so that she lectned another
Pallas in a second *Venus* shape. Many Knights amazedly be-
 held her, most desired her, all admired her. Thus when each
 hungry eye had fed, but not fill'd his covetous sight, the
 Herald standing up (after the summoning sound of Trum-
 pet) bad every Knight doe his best devoyre. Then desire of
 honour, armed each martiall heart with, double courage and
 every Knights courage was redoubled with hope of ho-
 nour and *Vienna's* favour : So that the Justs grew great, and
 both nobly did each Knight, especially *La-nova* bare him
 selfe. But Sir *Paris* whose unknowne prowis was not yet
 fully proved, seeing a *Burgenian* proudly brandishing his
 Launce before *Vienna*, for the honour which yet hee bare
 away from all, was so enriged with choller and jealousy,
 that fiercely spurring his hote ready Horse, he so forceably
 charged, and over-charged him in the encounter, that hee
 layd the *Burgenians* pride in the dust ; which *Vienna* noting,
 noted him for the most redoubted, and best meriting
 Knight of them all. Still her eye followed his fortune, and
 still his fortune was remarkable, and pleasing to her eye.
 For never ceased he Justing, nor never Iusted, but he over-
 turned some one, in which performance he was applauded
 of every one. Such was his heroicall fortitude, and such
 his quicke delivery, and manly carriage of himselfe that in
 the end there was left none, whom he had not overthrowne,
 nor any overthrowne, that would re-assay to overthrow
 the overthrower. Thus stood unvanquished Sir *Paris*, like
 invincible *Hercules*, expecting a charge ; but in finding none
 he found his owne discharge. So that the heralds (with
 Trumpets sounding his praise) brought him to the scaffold,
 where the fayrest sayre, and gracious *Vienna* graced his vic-
 tory, with setting the Charles on his head, and giving

Knight thy most well-deserving honour, and heavens make thee happy both in thy designs, and thy desires. Sir *Paris* more proud of her words, then of his reward, received them at her hands, with more pleasing content then *Paphos* Queene did the golden fruit, and humbling himselfe on his knee, hee obsequiously reverently, yet fearefully, kist her hand, and layd his other on his heart, in token that he was hers in all service; and so rising up hee made a low obeysance, and both parting, both of them looked backe at one instant upon each other; a true record, that their liking hearts reioyced in the sight of either other. But Sir *Paris* being come to the rest of the Knights, departed with them, and as they rid each one towards his severall home, he and *La-nova* tooke an occasion to light to mend their Saddles, the rest passing carelessly on, which they seeing, tooke the next turning, and so were gotten away before they were mist, and mist before they were knowne. The *Daulphin* thus deceived by him he meant to deceive, was much agrieved; so were the Knights that they could not tell by whom they were vanquished; and so was *Vienna*, that she knew not by whom she was honoured. She thought and ever looked that he should haue discovered himselfe, that he might the better bee respected of her, and the world take further knowledge of him and his merit. But the clouding of himselfe, assuredly assured her, that he, and none but he, was the man, that so sweetly (under her window) sang her praise; that so dolefully recorded the passion of his tormenting love; and that so valiantly forc'd to flight her Fathers Guard; His secret departure, argued (she thought) so much; and his unvaluable valour shewed no lesse. Desire now, of she knew not what, made her loue she knew not whom: oft she wisht she knew him; still she talkt of him, and ever shee highly commended him; but her wishes were but vaine thoughts; and her words but as alluring windes.

During this their discontentments, The Duke of *Vandoume* (now called *Vendosme*) being brother to the issulesse
C King

King of *France*, a man so powerfull in meanes, and so popular in State, that nothing could make him unhappy, but the excesse of his happinelle : This Duke, I say, being the first Prince of the blood, was so transported with such an aspiring pride, and unlimited desire of Rule, that he could not digest a small expectation. His desire of Sovereignty caried him so beyond the bounds of all respects, that neyther Wisedome could informe his minde, nor Honour sway his actions. Nature nor Duty could prescribe him any law, though he were a Subject, subject to the law. How to gaine the Crowne was all his care : His glorious consideration thereof, made a continuall examination of all his thoughts, how he should be possesst thereof. Ambition (the Nurle of disloyall plots and practises) sayd, The King must dye ; and Resolution (the performer of all deeds) answered, Hee shall dye. But how, or by whom, hee knew not. Young men (he sayd) are not ripe enough for such an action, and Old men are too timorous for so great an enterprise. The rashnesse of the one, and the feare of the other, are the ruine of such businesse. To trust others then, is to deceive my selfe ; For hope of reward (for the preservation of a King) will, I feare, betray my trust ; And then I must conclude, that though a desire to steale, make not a Thiefe ; yet my intent for treason, will make me a Traytor ; and in the punishment thereof, I shall finde no distinction of persons. What resteth then but force and Armes ? my sword must plead for possession, *Rome* could not resist *Cesar*, when he came to the gates, in the strength of his forces, I will therefore first fortifie my selfe with potent friends, dissemble for the time, my intent, and take counsell of three sorts of men : of the Lawyer, that speakes not as he thinkes ; of the Physitian, that doth not as he sayes ; and of the Divine, which oftentimes teacheth better then himselfe leades, and alwayes better then the people follow. I know the least winde of the peoples favour will fill my sayles full ; Their eyes are fixt upon my greatnesse, and they observe mee already for my interest ; The King hath no issue, and therefore

fore of lesse regard ; his time is but short, and Respect onely waytes on posterity , that promisceth continuance of raigne. No sooner (sayes some) is a Collaterall heire known, but the Kings Testament is made ; why then should he live to command me, that am borne to rule ? He may live to burie me, where then is my Crowne ? I must and will raigne. Vpon these moveable sands (like a foolish Merchant, that adventures all his substance in a broken vessell) did this fond Duke build both his resolve, and his hope ; And to give successe to his trust, he sent presently to the *Daulphin of Viennois* (whose principality was in manner equall with Kingly Royalty) to require his daughter, the faire *Vienna*, in marriage for his sonne. The haughty *Daulphins* minde, did well sympathize the Dukes nature ; both their prides, and desires, were reciprocally : onely the *Daulphin* was more reserved, and ever better advised ; but this motion did so attach him with joy, to thinke that his daughter should in time be a Queene, that he covetously embrac'd the Dukes request, and wished that Commissioners on either side, might be nominated, and appointed, to conferre and conclude thereof.

This consent of the *Daulphin* did so elevate and animate the Duke, that hee thought himselfe already an invested King. The incorporating of *Daulpheny* to his Dukedome, would (he knew) make him undoubtedly, redoubted great ; and the uniting of both their powers with their adheres, would well enable him to affront the King, who now was fitter for a Cloyster (as hee thought) then for a Crowne. Thus we see, that where men hath least reason, there they are aptest to beleieve any thing, that but flatters their desires. Men that fall into Treachery or misery, not knowne nor fore-seene, are worthy of some compassion ; but they that wilfully runne into rebellion, or calamity, deserve no pitty, but shame and death. In all our attempts, justice, and discretion, should be the plotters ; and Honour, and Moderation, the Actors. A violent humour overthrowes the Master. Kings we know are made onely by God, either in

Justice to execute his wrath upon a sinfull Nation ; or in mercy, as well to preserve and set forth his worship and glory, as to maintaine his people in righteousnes and peace. For neither Royall birth, succession, election, usurpation, conquest, nor right, can so establish, or perpetuate a Royalty ; but that God when he pleaseth, can, and will translate it to others. But now the disloyall and deceitfull Duke (being as farre from procrastination, as the *Daulphin* was greedy of dispatch) sent his Commissioners for the recapitulation, and perfecting of such Articles, as should be proposed on either side. In briebe, they agreed on all points, and assigned a day for the young Prince of *Vandome* to come to the *Daulphin*s Court. This being divulged and made knowne to Sir *Paris*, did so excutiate all his thoughts, and so enflame his perplexed heart, that hee was ready to expose himselfe to all dangers and hazards. In this distraction, *Lanov*a found him, and knowing the cause of his distemper (for Rumour had possesst all men with it) hee grieving, thus sadly said unto him. Let patience my *Paris* conduct thee out of this stormy Sea into a more quiet Port, Fortune should have no power over fortitude and courage. What thou never hadst, that thou dost not loose. Thy inability, and inparity, could never promise thee any hope ; and thy long nourished dispaire shall now finde a period, that in the end, would have brought thee to thy end. Let necessity then make thee now suffer constantly ; and custome will make thy sufferance easie. Sir *Paris* who did heare, but not hearken to what his friend had so discreetly delivered, regarded him no more then a greedy Lawyer doth his impoverished Clyent, but still deeply excogitating how hee might intercept, or pervert the intended match, at length he all sighing said : This Gordian knot must be cut a sunder, though I want an *Alexanders* sword. Industry, and Policie, oft effects unlikely things ; and we should not judge that which is possible, nor that which seemes impossible : as it is credible, or incredible to our capacities. The eternall wisdome hath (I know) a reserved power, and a secret in-

tention, to bring things to passe, which the wisdom of man cannot conceive, nor see, till it happen, and be done. What though *Vandoume* be mighty? A small Rocke may ruinate a great Ship. I will not so loose *Vienna*, but where I want force to play the Lyon, there will I assay to gaine by fraud. *La-nova* he said welcome, thou comest in a usefull time, thou must secretly fit me with a gray beard, a payre of Beades, a Fryers Gowne, and Hood. I must turne Fryer, and Prophet all at once. It must be so, the plot is layd, and we must be Actors both in the play.

La-nova, knowing that his undaunted courage could never brooke a Corrivall, though he were never so great, did much feare that he intended some stratagem, and therefore he told him, that unlesse he might know his purpos, he would make no such provision. Why said Sir *Paris*, my thoughts dwell in thy breast, and in thy heart, doth my love (next to *Vienna*) live. How then canst thou be a stranger to my purposes, that art the Treasuer of my secrets? Thou knowest *La-nova* how jealous the *Daulphin* is of his safety; His rigorous (I might say cruell) Nature hath taught him to feare many, whom many doth still feare. Thou knowest also that Kings are ever suspicious of their Successours: Experience makes them to feare, least they should loose that which they, and many others seeke, with greatest dangers to obtaine. My project is, to make the King and the *Daulphin* my instruments to breake the marriage; give me Pen, Inke, and Paper, and thou shalt see what a fearefull fire, I will kindle, to burne up all their matrimoniall hopes and agreements. But to give more life hereunto, thou must play thy part. Thy Vnkle is Steward to the Duke of *Vandoume*, and thou thy selfe art gracious in his presence. To him must thou post, in shew of love to see him, and in all duty to tender thy service; And when opportunity shall fit thy purpose, thou must take occasion, to wonder, that so great a Prince hath his Armoury so ill stored, and by way of perswasion, thou must tell him, that no manstie is so right and just, but that it may finde worke upon their best

advantages, and therefore it is a provident policie for his Highnesse to be presently furnished for all contingents. This *La-nova*, will so feed, and sway his ambition, that hee will make over-hasty and unadvised provision. The knowledge whereof, will so prepare and fortifie the Kings jealousy, that it will crowne my device with beliefe and successe, *La-nova* glad to see him so well resolved, promised his best endeavours, and in the performance thereof had his wished successe. But before he went, he brought Pen, Inke, and Paper, whereupon *Paris* (more Prophetically then he thought) writ as followeith.

*When Vandoumes first borne, shall Vienna wed,
The Daulphins Land, shall doome the Daulphin dead:
Pride scornes that time should check Vandoumes French Fate,
Thy death must helpe to Crowne his Royall pate.*

La-nova divining that this procreated conceit, would bring forth some good issue, could not but laugh thereat; and in that joy, he went immediately to make provision both for himselfe, and his friend.

Now each Wednesday, in every weeke, the *Daulphin* (more for applause, then to doe good) received himselfe (as he went to heare Masse) all the Sutors Petitions; and in the afternoone viewed, and considered of them. Upon this day, *Paris* having lapt vp his fraudulent Libell, like a plaine Petition, went to the Court well furnished for the purpose, where he did so well perionate a holy Fryer, that *Linxes* eyes could not discover him. There did he unsuspected deliver it, and returned without perseverance. Afterwards the *Daulphin* upon the perusing of them, found and read (amongst the rest) *Paris* his threatning and suffocating Prophecie, which did so poyson and swell him with suspitious thoughts, and most fearefull surmises, that in his irefull indignation, he cryed out with the King of *Moaab*, How shall we avoid the deepe dissembling of *Ehud*? Plaine dealing I see is dead without issue; and all Honour and due respects

respects are buried, in the insatiable desire of Rule. Surely this is no enigmaticall, nor promitious Oracle, but a plaine prediction sent by God, or, some good man in zeale and favour of Princes, and in tendernesse of our safeties. O most treacherous and perfidious Duke, that in the bonds of Alliance, wouldst cut off the small remainder of our dayes ; to worke thy further bloody ends,

My daughter shall not to be Queene by our death ; Nor shall our Subjects be so slaine in his unnaturall and rebellious Warre. I will not suffer the true Vine to be so displanted, nor shall my connivence traduce me for his impunity. For though wilcdonie permits not, that I detect him openly, for feare of making him my implacable enemy; yet will we send a private, and an unknowne Messenger secretly to his King, who shall (upon his Royall word for the concealment of our intelligence) discover, and lay open, *Vandoumes* most impious and pernicious intended Treason ; and after shall he cast (by our instructions) such store of oyle upon that jealous flame, that it shall (at least) burne up all *Vandoumes* hopes of further proceeding with us. Thus, did such hate proceed from feare that after a small respiration, hee sent accordingly to the King, who was no sooner posselt thereof, but that his divided thoughts made such intestine warre within his breast, that he knew not what to say, or doe. His fraternall love made him weepe, to see Nature so monstrous and unkinde ; and searefull jealousies (a disease incident to Kings) called upon justice, and sayd, that corrected Treason was the life of a Prince.

Distrust now still dreamed upon Murther, and unquiet feare could not be secured, but with execution : Then Affection tolde him, that then wee come nearest unto God, when we judge with pittie, and pardon in mercy.

In this doubtfull Combate of the minde, he sent for the Duke, who no sooner came, but that taking him along into his private Chamber, he with a mild severity, thus breathed out his grieve, and his just and loving rebuke.

It is our pleasure *Vandoume* (for so thy Sovereigne calls thee)

thee) that thou neither interrupt us while we speake, nor at our conclusion ; make any answer or excuse ; Then know, that if we were as ready to punish, as thou art ready to rebell ; Thou shouldst now finde a sharpe censure in stead of a kinde brother ; and wee should be freed from an incomparable Traytor, in lieu of a loyall Subject. God that potecteth Kings, hath now made thy implicite Treason transparent. Thy proclivity to rule ; thy thirsting after popularity ; thy subtill taxing of our Government : thy needlesse provision for Armes in a well settled Peace : and thy disguised desire to match with the *Daulphin*, is not unknowne to us ; And thou that in pride, couldst not brooke a Superiour, art now by divine Justice, brought beneath the fortune of thy equals. It is now in our power to humble thee, but not to make thee humble ; Such is thy aspiring Ambition, that nothing but a Crowne can limit thy unbounded desires. For neither the terrour of Law, the instinct of Nature, my binding durie, nor the awe of thy due duty, could keepe, or confine thee, within the circumference and compasse of thy Allegiance. Knowest thou not that the jealousie of a King is death ? and that a Prince is neither a kinne, nor allyed to a Traytor. Admit that thou hadst prevailed in thy most nefarious rebellion. What had beene thy Conquest ? but terrour of conscience, daily doubt of Treason, nightly feare of murder, the shame of thy selfe, the hate of men, and the vengeance of God. O what bitter fruites shouldst thou so untimely have purchast. The usurpation of my Crowne (which a few dayes would peaceably give thee) could not Patronize thy fratricide, nor dispence with the murder of thy Sovereigne. How fondly, inhumane, maligne, and degenerate hast thou then shewed thy selfe ? Many are the probabilities that thou soughts my life, and more then many are the inducements why I should secure my selfe by thy death. And what mercie canst thou expect there, when thou didst intend no pittie. I grieve and blush to see such an Antipathy betwixt us. But it shall suffice, that to my glory, and thy shame, I give thee

the now pledge of the vertue of my love, that thou mayest hereafter the better love me for my vertue : For here I doe not onely freely pardon thee, but doe entertaine thee anew to dwell ever in my dearest affection. A brothers frowne should set with the Sunne ; and here shall be, the period of my wrathfull indignation. Then let this new birth beget in thee a new life ; and let this make such a stable connexion of our loves, that wee both may hereafter contend, whether we with a better heart have given thee thy life ; or that thou canst more affectionately retaliate our kindnesse. Onely thou shalt abjure the match with the *Daulphin*, and instantly write to him, that wee oppose and prohibite the same, And therefore shalt thou pray his patience, and the continuance of his love ; and alledge, that neither Subjects in matters of State, nor Princes of the blood in Marriages, can dispose of theyr wills, nor of themselves, without the permission of their King. This was no sooner said, but that *Vandoume* (kissing his Soveraignes hands) with full falling teares (expressing both his griefe and shame) most willingly performed the same.

O most prudent *Paris*, with what prescience, caution, and facility, didst thou insatuate and delude these wise and great Princes ; and how subtilly had thou made them thy deceived Agents, to worke upon each other, all onely to preserve thy weake hopes of false *Vienna*. But though *Paris* now had thus dispierc'd these terrifying clouds that threatened shipwrack to his high desires, yet durst he not dreame after better fortunes, though he held the successe of his late fraudulent fiction very auspicious ; But pleasing himselfe with what he had done, and affecting still his owne affections, he walked into the chamber of presence, where *Vienna*, *Izabella*, and other Ladyes, were playing at Cardes ; Thither hee went) under colour of attendance) to feast his eyes, and to Paradise his heart with the beloved sight of his all-admired and affected Lady. O with what wonder, did he now observe her matchlesse beauty, her gracefull Majestie, her pleasing words, and her sweet delivery. And what a

conflict was now growne betwixt his desire and dispaire :
 All his thoughts were extravagant, and at warre with each
 other. For as desire did finde content, with joy, to be in her
 presence ; so Dispaire denyed him all hope, with distrust or
 any comfort. His heart now began to rebuke his eyes for
 soaring so neere the Sunne, and for gazing after impossibi-
 lities. But his eyes told his heart, that no diidaine could
 dwell in so rare a perfection. In this perturbation of mind
 did hee stand, untill *Vienna* being dry, called to him for a
 cup of wine, which he in the pride of that imployment ha-
 stily brought, but delivered it with great astonishment and
 stupidity (as being over-surprized both with joy, and feare)
 he all-shaking, flasht some of the wine over the cup, and so
 wet both theyr hands ; which one of the Ladies perceiuing,
 scornefully said ; Sir Knight, you are over-bountifull, I am
 sure, my Ladies hand called for no wine. There is no of-
 fence (answered *Vienna*) at all ; He knew my hand was dry.
 So Madame, said *Izabella*, is your foot. My foot, shee re-
 plied, is further off from the burning Sunne, and receives
 moysture enough from the humide earth. But neither, said
Izabella, did neede any wine. We called, said *Vienna*, for
 it, being dry ; And how could our body receive it, unlesse
 our hand had first taken it ? A dry cup and a cleane hand,
 said another Lady, had beene more serviceable. Why said
Vienna, cleane hands are often washt, and dry cups quench-
 eth no thirst ; Then must drynesse have moysture, and hee
 hath freely given it us : but no more, we have lost our
 game in his defence. *Paris*, whose extasie had given way
 to these passages, recollecting himselfe, humbly said, What
 (most gracious Princes) you have lost in the game, that
 have you wonne by patience in your meeknesse ; but how
 shall I worthily magnifie your great worth, that (notwith-
 standing these tart Ladies bitter provocations (hath shewed
 the fulnesse of all vertue in your goodnesse. Let your High-
 nesse but pardon my vnstayed hand, and you shall ever find
 me more ready to shed my dearest blood in your service,
 then I have beene either to wet your faire hand, or to spill
 your

your wine. Thanks good Knight, sayd *Vienna*, we desire no such satisfaction; your taken paines shall bee all your punishment. *Paris* being proud of this conceited favour, (though *Vienna* in her mild nature pleaded in his defence, onely to crosse the other Ladies derision, and to approve her owne acutenesse) withdrew himselfe to the next window, where with his Diamond hee thus writ.

*In spite of scorne, true vertue did me grace,
In scorne of spite, I le laugh in Envies face.*

But more considerately weighing his owne case, he entertained better thoughts, and therefore writ in the next stage of the window.

*If Rivers great from smallest Brookes doe flow,
Poore hopes in time, farre better haps may know.*

But now *Fortune* that wayted (though yet a farre off) on *Paris* unknowne merit, gave him a befitting occasion to doe *Vienna* (though still covertly) more pleasing and more glorious service. For there had latelyaine out in the French Court a great contention, betwixt the native Barons, and some severall noble Forraigners, that then for their pleasures, followed that Court in honour of the King. The controversie was, whether was most fairer or the more vertuous of these three Ladies; *Valentia* the great Duke of *Burbons* Daughter; *Vienna*, the *Daulphins* sole heyre of *Viennois*; or the Lady *Margaret*, sister to the King of *England*. Great was their debate, and many there were that maintained each severall Ladies beauty. Insomuch, as they fall from arguing to anger, from anger to blowes, and from blowes to wounds. The French King offended with their offending uproare, and great neglect of their due respect to place and person, commanded peace upon their Allegiances: And after being pacified, and fully possist with the cause; hee held the occasion well worthy dispute, but their

faultry courages, and our furious proceedings, punishable in the place: Yet fearing the further ill that might in many particulars well ensue thereof; out of his deepe insight, he pardoned their great over-sights, and calling them all before him (after some few reprehending words) hee thus with a milde majesty, briefly and wisely appealed them all.

First, he commanded that a solemne and royall Jufts (in honour of the three Ladies) should be proclaimed throughout all his Kingdome to be holden in *Paris*, at *Pentecost* following, free for all commers, and that she whose Knight should honour her, with the honour of the day, should be ever had, and held, for the fairest of the three; and that his Queene should crowne her with a Crowne of white Lillies, beset with precious stones, as Sovereigne Queene of most perfect beauty: This milde and pleasing shower, so kindly distilling from the King, so well allayed their stormy furies, that calming theyr over-enraged wills, in the shame of their amissie; they humbly on bowed knees, craved pardon for their offences, and thanked the King for the grace and honour that he did them: Then sent the King his Ambassadour to acquaint the *English* King, and specially Messengers to the *Damphin*, and Duke; entreating the King, and willing both the other to honour him, and his Court, with their persons, his sister, and theyr two daughters at the assigned day, and that each of them would be pleased, to prepare, and bring some befitting prize of value, besitting both themselves, the cause, and the worth of the Victor. All which they promised in the word of a Prince, holding themselves no little honoured in so honorable a contention. Before the day (the day drawing neere) there came so many noble and well appointed Knights, that the French Kings Court seemed an *Alexanders* Campe. Great was theyr Feasting, and full Royall was all theyr entertainments. But the day of tryall being come, *Aurora* no sooner shewed her mornings blush, but that the French King ashamed of his sluggishness, rose, and rid to see the three high Artificiall

ciall Mounts, which hee had caused to be erected, and made for the three Ladies to sit on; who no sooner were come and placed, but that the Duke of *Burbon* came marching in, with a rich Garland made all of orient Pearle, hanging on a blew Banner, with his coate of Armes on the other side and placed it on the Mount belonging to *Valentia*, on her left side.

Then followed the *Daulphin* of *Viennois* with a rich Collier of Esles, belet all over with Rubies, hanging on a white Banner, with his Armes displayed on the other side, and placed it on *Vienna's* Mount, on the right hand of his Daughter. Then came *Englands* royall King, with an imperiall Crowne of burnisht gold, set with Indian Diamonds and blew Saphirs, supported betwixt two regall Lyons, hanging on a red Banner, and plac'd it on the middle Mount before his Sister the Lady *Margaret*: In the face of each severall Mount (some foure degrees under the Ladies) sat each severall Ladies Father, in a strange devised Seate, so curiously made, and so gloriously deckt, that each one seemed to be *Apollo* sitting in the Chariot of the Sunne. The Knights (whose rare Devises discovered theyr secret and severall fancies) as they were affected; so they betooke themselves to the Mount, whose honour they were to maintaine. The French King sitting in his rich Pavillion powdered with Flower-de-luces, opposite to the Mounts, caused Proclamation to be made on paine of death, that none but the Knights Encounterers should stay, or enter into the Listes, and that no Knight unhorsed should Just againe, nor any make offer of Combate: This being done, the King of Armes stood up, and after a third sound, bade them goe too, and doe theyr best devoyres like valiant Knights: And no sooner had he ended his words, but that there came from *Valentias* Mount a Knight well mounted on a speedy Bay, his Armour, Basès, and all other his Furniture Azure, full of fiery flames, and on his shield he bare a Phoenix, enclosed within a bright shining Sunne, and under it, a hand reaching towards it, with this under-written Motto, *O uti-*

next: Towards him came from the Lady *Margaret's* Mount, a greene Knight, full of eyes and bleeding Hearts, mounted on a fierce Blacke, bearing on his Shield an Armed Knight prostrated under a Ladies mercy, his Launce lying unbroken by him, with his Motto, *All-ready conquered*: These two Knights encountered with each other so furiously and forceably, that their Staves shivered in the ayre, and witnessed their courages in their fall, but in the counter-buffe, the knight of the Phoenix was borne to the ground, so that the greene Knight rode on, overthrowing twenty other Knights that came from both the other Mounts; the last of whom, bare in the Shield the Picture of *Vienna* most richly pourtraced with a vayle of lawne all over her, and from the dexter part of the Shield there was a Hand and an Arme comming forth of a Cloud; holding a faire Labell, whereon was written, *Such an one, as such is none*. Great was now the glory of the Lady *Margaret*, and all malecontented fate the other two Ladies, especially *Vienna*, who now seeing her shadowed selfe lying in the dust, mist, and wisht for her White and unknowne Knight; And as her wandering eye roamed up and downe, still looking whether shee could espie him, shee suddainly both heard and saw a well proportioned Black Knight, rudely rising from her Mount, who so fiercely saluted the Greene Knight, that hee made him pay tribute for his former honour, in the overthrow of his fortune: Threescore other assaying Knights hee dismounted before *Vienna*, who now joying, wondred, and wondering, prayed that he might be her desired knight, that wonne her Christall Shield and Chaplet at her Fathers Court; and well shee prayed, that had so well her prayer, for it was Sir *Paris* indeed, who knowing that Emulation hath many eyes, and that Observation might easily discover him, feareing to be knowne by his white Armour, had thus sadly arm'd himselfe futable to his fable fortune; and therefore he bare nothing in his Shield but Blacknesse, for his Devise was still to be without Devise, only his sad Armour was covered all over with mourning

mourning Clouds. Many Knights there were overthrowne by *La-nova*, but more then many did Sir *Paris* foyle. For then, if ever ; and if ever, then : did he shew the vertue of his valour, in the strength of his courage. Now grew the hurly-burly great, and many, and great were the encounters made on each side, In so much, that there rested but unoverthrowne , one *Valentia* on the Lady *Margarets* part, on either side three ; and all onely on *Viennas*, but one ; which was the blacke clouded Knight, who now was deem'd hardly bestead, both in regard of his former tra-vailes, and the present advantage of the sixe fresh assailants, who bent all theyr forces first against him: *Valentias* hope was now a little revived, and the Lady *Margarets* proud expectation fully answered *Valentias* hope. Onely doubtfull *Vienna*, neere dyed for feare, least that her beauty should now be eclipsed in the losse of her gotten fame, and that her fame should be buried in the dying renowne of her best esteemed beauty. For as she wondred hee had so long resisted, so shee held it impossible hee should longer resist. But Sir *Paris* (onely weary, in that there were no more to be wearied by him) casting his eye (the messenger of his heart) on *Vienna*, and seeing the shining lights of her transparent beauty, over-shadowed with sorrow and dismay. Desire so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that like an unmercifull, and hunger-starved Lyon, (that runnes raging for his prey) so he violently runne amongst them, that with one staffe he overthrew the first three he met, and turning his Horse, before *Vienna* could turne her dispaire, he charg'd the fourth so forceably, that hee sent both Horse and Man to the ground : At the sight whereof, tee people gave such applauding shoutes, that *Vienna* lifting up her sad eye (as waking from a carefull slumber) she saw her Knight returning in the glory of theyr overthrowes. So that hoping now for better hap, a better hap did befall her then shee did, or could expect. For no sooner made hee his last returne, but hee returned againe from overturning of the other two. Who triumphed then but *Vienna* ? Who

now more sad then *Valentia*, or who more grieved then the Lady *Margaret*? the Iust thus ended, the French Queene came with a troope of attending Ladyes, carying before her the Crowne of Artificiall Lillies, richly stoned, and setting it on *Viennas* head, shee Crowned her for sole, and Sovereigne Queene, of absolute, and matchlesse beauty.

Then came the King, and tooke Sir *Paris* by the hand, and lead him (all the other Knights and Barrons following them) wit triumphing honour, and sound of Trum-pets, to the three Mounts, where with his owne hand hee gave him the three Banners, with the three prizes on them, which Sir *Paris* reverently taking, re-delivered over to his friend *La-nova*, secretly to convey them away, while hee stayed the ending of all other the Ceremonies. All which being accomplished : The King, the *Daulphin*, and *Vienna* (rendring Sir *Paris* thanks for his worthy and affectionate endeavours, and most renowned and fortunate achievements (requested him, in the name of *Vienna*, to discover himselfe, and tell unto whom they were all so much bounden. But Sir *Paris* humbling himselfe in all duty, made reverent shew of his unwillingnesse therein ; which the King noting, would not further importune him, nor could the *Daulphin* in any wise over-treat him, nor durst *Vienna* over-much presse him : So that he kissing her hand, held it long and after drawing his sword, sayd it at her feete, and taking it vp againe kist it likewise ; and then holding it up, seemed to threaten the world in her behalfe, which added this Article to *Viennas* beleife, that he undoubtedly was her white Knight, and the same, and non but the same, that first so melodiously sang under her Chamber window ; and therefore her desires having now no end, shee ever after though each houre an age, till she knew him. But Sir *Paris* withdrawing himselfe to the rest of the Knights, retired with them, still giving backe, till he was the last of the troope, and then taking a crosse-way, separated and conveyed himselfe from them, and suddenly disarming himselfe, hee speedied to finde out the Bishop of St. *Lawrence*,
with

with whom (of purpose to prevent all surmises) hee had a little before familiarized himselfe, and no sooner had hee espied him, but that hee hasted to greet him, and still kept in his company, as if *St. Marke* had robb'd god *Mars* of a Martialist. Such was his holy shew of devout Religion, as that he made all men admire him, and his father to be inwardly grieved at him.

But *Vienna*, who now had greater cause to love him, then meanes to know him, wondring at his valour, not to be valued; and valuing his vertues, by clouding the glory and value of his prowis, held now his love an honour to her affection, and vowed her affection a guerdon for his love. But when she heard of his secret departure, and that no one knew what he was, from whence he came; nor to what place he had retred himselfe; Then impatient desire made her the child of passion, and feare to loose that she never had, made her feele what before, she neither knew, nor feared. And so much the more she held her selfe miserable, in that she knew not for whom she was so miserable, nor how to seek an end, to end her misery.

As *Viennas* sad conceit thus overshadowed the glory of her beautifull Conquest, so was *Sir Iaques* flattering hope made blacke with soule dispaire; For missing his sonne *Sir Paris* out of two so Royall and honorable Assemblies, where renowne eternized each deserving Knight, with never dying fame, and seeing him still associating the Bishop; hee feared least his businesse of over-superstitious Zeale, had abandoned all desire and regard of Knightly Chivalry. And therefore hot in his repining conceit, hee hastened to find *La-nova*, unto whom in griefe, he manifested the cause of his griefe; Requesting and conjuring him by the sacred lawes, and name of friendship, and by the honour he owed to Armes, to perswade his sonne to a more besitting respect of his unregarded honour. *La-nova* hearing *Sir Iaques* worthy complaint, and seeing his frosted beard all bedewed with the teares of his sorrow, pittied his lament, but durst not disclose the mystery of the truth; but commending his

honourable care, hee comforted him with promise of assured and present remedy, and so left him better satisfied, then truly certified. And no sooner where they parted, but *La-nova* departed, to impart to Sir *Paris*, what his noble Father had so sorrowfully said to him : which so mooved his feeling consideration in a Sonnes regard, that partly to satisfie his Father from living so suppoedly idle, and partly to forget (if so he could. forget) the tormenting thoughts, that still troubled his enthralled minde.

He determined to goe (onely with *La-nova*) to the warrs of *Florence*. And craving, he obtained, willing leave of his glad Father ; but before his departure, hee called his Mother a side, and delivering her the key of his Chamber, and Oratory, wherein were placed all his purchast Prizes, well covered over with Hangings of sky-coloured silke, embroydered with starres of gold, and shaded all over with blacke Cipres, that the dimmest eye might perceive the glory of the heavens, through the blacknesse of the cloud. Her he devoutly requested, and humbly conjured (as she tender his contentment, and following welfare) not to suffer any to enter therein, nor so much as looke therein her selfe. This was his request, and this did she protect religiously to performe : This done, hee craved and received their blessing, and so set forwards towards *Florence*, where in brieft, he achieved so great honour in the Dukes Warrs, as the bruit of his spreading fame, both famel, and unworthied him in the *Dauphins* Court, which much joyed the *Dauphin*, and more rejoyced Sir *Iaques*.

Vienna all this while grew more pensive, and passionate then before, and still (as *Pharao* longed to know his dreame) so desired shee to know, and see him whom she loved more then her selfe. Her vestall vertue was now no *Diana's* prooffe, to withstand *Venus* force; nor could her chaste conceit, dispence with affectionous thoughts. But the more shee sought to quench desire, the more shee burnt herselfe within her owne fire. Many Princes became Petitioners and Prisoners to her beauty, and greatest Barons did
homage

homage to her vertues ; But neyther Prince nor Baron could find favour in Beauty, nor love in vertue. So strangely, was her strange affection, estranged to all but to him that was so meere a stranger to her so strange a passion. To him, and for him, had shee consecrated, and reserved her devoted heart ; and to him, and none but him, would shee yeeld the conquest of her Maydens minde. And although disturbed reason afforded her no hope, nor possibility of finding or enjoying him ; Yet did the gracious aspect of her favourable starres, yeeld her this meanes to know him. For Sir *Jaques* being greatly visited with sicknesse, was so generally bewayled of all, and so particularly bemoaned of the *Daulphin* (in regard of his thrice noble service in the wars, and his wise directions in Countell) that he sent the *Daulphinis* his Lady to visite him ; who taking *Vienna* and *Jazabella* with her went attended with foure other Ladies, to see, and comfort his enfeebled estate. But finding him prettily amended (after some fashionable, and cheerefull chat :) The *Daulphinis* (led thereto, I know not by what destiny) was desirous to see how well the house was contrived, how beautified, and how furnished ; which the good old Lady in all humblenesse yeelded unto, conducting them into every place, untill they returning, came againe by Sir *Paris* his Chamber doore, which his Mother both going, and coming backe, purposely past by. But being demanded of the *Daulphinis* what Chamber, or Place that was ; she durst not but tell, and telling, would have past away, which the *Daulphinis* noting, merrily sayd ; Nay Madame, I will not leave the Chamber of so worthy a Knight unseene. The good old Lady not knowing how to avoyd this counterbuffe, fearefully with a trembling hand, opened the doore, wherein they were no sooner entred, but that they saw all manner of Armour, and besitting furnitures for approved good Knights, which made them commend the owner no little ; and to hold him farre worthier of a better Armoury.

As thus they viewed his severall Armour ; *Vienna* happily fixt her eye on a white Armour not farre unlike unto that,

which Sir *Paris* had on him, when first he won her Chaplet, and Christall Shield. The sight whereof, made Hope (the Harbinger of happinesse) to breath in her this pleasing comfort; that as that Armour was none but the same: So Sir *Paris* (that renowned owner) must of necessity bee that secret Knight, that not daring to be knowne to love her, was (by her sacred vowes) to bee beloved of her. Thus Hope presumed the best, and invited joy to gratulate her good successe. But doubt (curbing rashnesse with deliberation) perswaded her to further tryall. For as her hope was ready to embrace the first shew of comfort, so was her desire most greedy of more perfect assurance. And the better to effect, what she affected, she sayned (and sayne she was to sayne) her selfe suddenly sicke, and after some shew of some extremity, she desired her Mother (the better to make better search) to leaue her alone, all only with *Isabella*, to rest her for a time on the bed, which they holding convenient, consented to it. And no sooner were they gone, but that *Vienna* bolting the doore, began to make a wary search. At last, at the end of the Chamber she found a privie petition, so well shadowed with the Hangings of the Chamber, that hardly could any perceiue the same; within, and behind this, was the place wherein Sir *Paris* daily, sacrificed his prayers vnto his God, wherein they were no sooner entred, but that withdrawing a glorious clouding Curtaine, they discovered the three famous rich Prizes of Sir *Paris* victorious prowis, stately erected vpon the wall, and below them hanged the Christall Shield, and golden Chaplet, he first wonne at her Fathers Court. Opposite to which, on the other side, stood his white and blacke clouded Armours, so fully, and liuely set vp, as they seemed, as ready to defend the place, as their Master was willing to maintaine her beauty. Long looked *Vienna* on euery severall Prize, but longer looked shee on both the Armours; now blushing and sighing; then smiling and wondring at the stately and pleasing proportion of them. In this contentment, and admiration of her thoughts, shee

would have dwelled still, but that casting her nimble eye aside, to see what *Izabella* did, she perceived these following verses to lye written on the Table.

*Time, Fortune, Love, and hote Desire, enioynes,
Such Woe, Losse, Care, and Death, as Death procures :
Time doubts, Love feares, Fortune hard hap assignes,
Desire unrest ; unrest Desire endures.
So that Time, Fortune, Love, and hote Desire,
My Woe, Losse, Care, and Death, doth now conspire.*

*Time threatens Love ; Love Life ; Life Love attends,
Love doubts Disdaine ; Disdaine, Desire nere slayes :
Fortune my foe, my fancie still offends,
Desire, Love covets ; Love desire gaine-sayes.
Thus Time, Love, Fortune, olde Desires and new,
My Woe, Losse, Care, and Death, doth oft renew.*

*My Woe, Losse, Care, and Death, sooft renews,
As Love (no Love) a Lover so doth leave ;
Fortune most fell, my love, thy God-head rues.
Desire dye, no hope of health conceive.
Since Time, Love, Fortune, and distrest Desire,
My Woe, Losse, Care, and Death, doth all conspire.*

*But if that Time, in time, sell Fortune daunt,
If Love, in love, but move my Love, to love :
If Fortune smile, in Loves sweet yeelding graunt,
And my desires enjoy, what Lovers prove.
Then shall my Woe, Losse, Care, and Death retire.
And I laud Time, Love, Fortune, and Desire.*

These Verses well pleased *Vienna*, and all contentment now waited on her first liking conceit : But after shee had more consideratively weyed how poore Sir *Paris* was, that meane Man whom she wisht so much to see, and to whom she had devoted the honour of her love ; her blushing bashfulnesse then rebuk't her misliked kindnesse, and his muddy clouded affection, eclipsed the sun-shine of her far more glorious wouth. In this dislike, she silent sate her downe, and rising streight againe, sayd ; That promise is nefarious, that is to be accomplished by an ignoble deed ; and it is more tollerable to violate an unworthy vow foolishly made ; then by keeping the same, to draw on my disgrace, and give just cause of offence to others : My sayth falls out a treason to my selfe, and the love I beare him, is the field wherein I seeke to overthrow my renowne : But why should my rash judgement set a ranckling tooth in his vertuous side ? Or why should I care for more honours then to content my selfe ; Or for more riches, then to enjoy my selfe ? Wee are all borne to love ; and wee onely live, and love to be beloved : Then not to love, and thinke to be beloved, is like that foolish Virgin, that sought to light her Lampe at anothers Torch that was quite extinct. With that she began to recount the shining Glory of his spreading renowne, the full perfection of his many approoved and admired vertues ; the commendable regard of his secret and imprisoned love, with the dangerous and honorable approbation of the same ; and how she was bound in honor to honor and love him, that had above the pride of all honour, so honoured her. Then, then began shee to be more sorry she could love him no better, then before she was ashamed she loved him so well : And therefore taking *Isabella* by the hand, she vowed and swore, that she would live to love none but Sir *Paris*, nor love to live longer then she might be beloved of her Sir *Paris* ; For *Fortune* sayd shee hath decreed it so ; *Love* will have it so, and *Vienna* sweares it shall be so :

Isabella first uttering her mislike, in her complaining
teares.

teares, and then drowning her teares in the griefe of her complaint, thus all sighing, shee sadly said : Ah *Vienna*, no more now *Vienna*, since *Vienna* hath lost her selfe; what is become of your Princely regard, besitting your state? where is your wonted wisdom, so admired of all? Your vertue giving light to others, and your modesty eternizing your beauty : Shall base conceit (ever attended on with repenting follies) eclipse now the honour and wonder of your Name? Are servile thoughts beseeching companions for your noble mind? or ignoble Subjects fit objects for Princes eyes? If *Vienna* be so predominate over you, that *Diana* is quite forgotten of you; yet let me call you before the judgement of your owne verue, and then tell me whether the unworthy worthinesse of his Degree, equalize the great greatnesse of your Dignity? Admit his deserts be many, and promise much, yet are his possibilities of advancement, no possessions of enrichment; nor are his noble deeds the deeds of a Noble man. Will you then lose an honour for an humour? Nay, rather performe a Regall office in a Prince-like nature; that being a Princess in your selfe, become also Prince-like in your deeds. What will your Father say, nay all *France*, nay all the world? when they shall heare that *Vienna*, late scorning the Royall love of greatest Princes, is now subjected to the will of a meane Knight: Farre be it from my Lady so to doe, farre from any to thinke so, and farre from *Izabella* ever to see it so.

Vienna (whole settled affection) held her perswasive inuersions odious, and whole resolyed determination, thought her reprehension loathsome, with usuall eyes, arguing her discontent, shee all angry, thus sharply replied; Were I (unkind, ungratefull, and unjust *Izabella*) as farre from affection, as thou art from reason and pitty; Yet would not the common care that Ladies of esteeme ought to have toward Knights of good regard, suffer mee to heare due deserts so disgrac'd by injurious tongues, nor true renowne so reproacht by malignant mouthes. Then know (and knowing grieve, that so thou knowest) that thy un-

seasonable words hath wounded my desire, and my desire abandons thee in thy words : Thinkest thou that desire dreames once on Dignities? or that *Cupid* cares for Crownes, that never saw Gold : Seest not thou these Trophies erected in his honer, and his honour shining in these Trophies? If I bee great, his great deeds answers my great estate, and my estate shall be made greater by his great deeds : For if ever any Knight merited renown for renowned Chivalry, it is my *Paris* ; or if ever Knight followed his Lady with true love, loved her with honour, or honoured her with regard and remarkable services, it is my *Paris* : Then if ever well-deserving Knight triumphed in the faithfull love of his Lady, it shall bee my *Paris* : For here I sweare by the eternall justice of the Highest, that none shall have *Vienna* but *Paris*, nor none love *Paris* so well as *Vienna*. Then leave to grieve me, and load not my griefe with further displeasure, in gain-saying what I say againe, I will never gain-say : For in vaine it is to water the Plant, the roote being perished, or to seeke to perswade mee, that am so resolutely perswaded.

Isabella seeing her so resolute in her passion, and so passionate in her resolution, thought it was in vaine to urge her further, and fearing her threatning displeasure, she thought it good thus to balme the wound she before had given. Let not my honourable Lady (she sayd) returne an imagined wrong, with an effectuall injury, but pardon the well wishing fault of your faultlesse friend, who (if offending) offended in tender care of desiring your good, and not of purpose to contract you, or with will to discontent you, whom before all others I wish to content ; For proove whereof, I here vow repay to the debt of my error, with the interest of all my furthering indeavours, to advantage you in your Love. No sooner had she spoken the last word Love, but that *Vienna* in love, for love, kist, and embrast her joying in her promise and awaiting aide ; and protesting, that most gratfull-guerdons should make full satisfaction for her offered kindnesse. In the meane time, she required

secrecy, and fearing least their long stay might procure, either some feare, or suspition, in her Mother, shee thought good to depart as one well recovered of a suddaine hatch, but before they went, shee caused *Jzabella* to take, and secretly to convey away : the Christall Shield, and Chaplet, the first and rich records, both of her beauty, and his prowis, and this shee did of purpose, not so much for any desire wee had to have them, as to give him occasion to come to enquire after them.

In this processe of time, the Warres of *Florence*, were ended, and Sir *Paris* being intelligenced of his Fathers sickness (whose inteebled age he much feared) and being desirous to see *Vienna*, though dispaire of successe, the hearse of his supposed idle hopes, yet Desire (the nurse of perseverance) gave him wings to make the more speed, so that *La-nova*, and hee, posting homewards, happily came, and found Sir *Jagues* well amended, whose good recovery was no lesse joyfull to Sir *Paris*, then his returne was comfortable to his Father. After they had long discoursed of the occurrences of these Warres, and of his many adventures and fortunes. Sir *Paris*, longing to give his eye contentment, by gaz ing on his I dolatrous Prizes, he tooke his Mother by the hand, and walking towards his Chamber (like the Lapwing that flyeth farre from her nest) he enquired of Court affaires, but shee being not able to satisfie the drift of his reach, hee prest her no further, but being entred into his Chamber, he made a step into his Oratory, were suddenly missing the first pride of his happy achievements, the chiefe glory of his study, and the true testimony of *Viennas* beauty, and bounty, being therewith much appaled, and mooved at their remove, he all angerly came forth, and asked who had beene there, and there had taken away such things as hee most esteemed. His Mother abashed at the question, but more grieved that there was any thing wanting, not knowing how, or by whom they should bee taken away, answered, that since his departure no one had beene there, but the *Daulphinie*, and her daughter the Lady *Vienna*,

accompanied with other Ladyes that came to visite his Father in his sicknesse, and that shee desired amongst other Chambers to see that, which shee (after some denying excuses) durst not longer gaine-say; and how that shee her selfe was with them so long as they stayed. Saving that the Lady *Vienna* being suddenly surpris'd with sicknesse, requested for her better ease, to stay onely alone with *Isabella*, to rest her a while on your bed. *Paris* flattering himselfe with his owne favourable construction, deemed (and truly deemed) that the cause of her alteration, grew by the unexpected sight of the Prizes, and the view of his verres, that hee had left on his Table; and that shee had taken them away eyther in her angry dillaine, or to see what account hee made of them, or whether hee would re-demand them. And therefore pleased, to adventure his Fortune upon the rocke of this hazard, hee shewed no further dislike that hee mist them. But afterwards, shadowing his desire to see *Vienna*, under the borrowed vayle of duty, to see, and to attend the *Dauphin*: he went to the Court, where the *Dauphin*, glorying in the lustre of his Subjects renowne; because it gave a splendour to his Greatnesse; hee kindly received him, with more familiar embracements, and loving respects, then his austere nature, did usually afford: by this his unwonted curtesie and grace, he made Sir *Paris* thoughts (more obligatory) to his favours; and fashioned his favours (more complementory) to Sir *Paris* fortunes: for curtesie, they say, in Majesty, binds ever affection in duty. As Sir *Paris* stood before the *Dauphin* (relating the honour, and issue of the *Florentine* Warres) hee glaunc'd, and fearefully glaunc'd many times on *Vienna*: but checking his eyes, that still rebuked him, hee sett to looke, on whom not daring to looke; hee could not but looke. But *Vienna*, whose late kindled love, was now growne into a flame, having tediously before expected him, could not now seeing him, stealth her ravish'd eyes so still, but gazing still on his ample perfections (for now hee seem'd more then exquisite) and taking pleasure in the sweet harmony of his well-tuned words.

words ; shee no sooner rejoyced, joying in her owne desires ; but that straight she desired the enjoying. And turning towards *Izabella*, she all blushing smiled, and smiling blusht againe, because she smiled, and then asked her, whether she saw not bashfull feare, and doubtfull discontentment, sit on the face of his troubled countenance, for the losse of his Prizes, and the discovery of his affection ; and whether she were not happy in her Choyle, and more then happy in his loue. All which, *Gnathonizing Izabella* prodigally confirmed, and demanded, how shee would doe, to enfeoffe him with her affection, that durst not be knowne of his owne Loue. Which *Vienna* well ruminating in her mind, at length (woman-like) found out this device.

Shee fained her selfe, for some three dayes, very sicke ; and in the distemper of her wounding offences, fearefull of her sinnes ; but after when shee was better enabled both in body, and minde ; she desired leave of her Mother, to goe the next day (for the more quieting and confirming of her conscience, and to giue God praise for her recovery) to the Bishop of *St. Lawrence*, to confesse herselfe, and to receiue the Sacrament within the sacred Temple of God ; which her Mother liking, yeelded vnto, rejoycing no little to see her so well amended, and so devoutly and piously devoted. In the interim, *Vienna* caused *Izabella* to send to Sir *Paris* in the Bishops name, to come and speake with him in the Cathedral Church, at nine of the clocke the next morning ; which Sir *Paris* promising, performed accordingly. For at the appointed houre he came, and being come, saw (and wondered that so he saw) the Princesse *Vienna* conferring with the Bishop, whose seylure, he willingly attended, and walked a little aside, wearying his fancie with wishes ; and punishing his conceit with fearefull imaginations. Long hee had not walked, but that *Vienna* espying him, applauded her fortune ; and armed with her owne desires, shee gaue her selfe countenance, vnder the pretext of employment ; and called to Sir *Paris*, telling the Bishop that shee had matters of employment in forraigne affaires, to impart vnto him

from her Mother ; And therefore shee requested the Bishop (if he had any occasion with him) to walke a while aside, till shee had performed her Mothers command, and then shee would leaue them both to their pleasures. The Bishop being glad to see the Princeesse so sanctified, commended her zeale, and left her to the discharge of her duty, blindly supposing that the *Daulphinis* would send Sir *Paris* in message to some of her forraigne friends. But *Vienna* finding her selfe alone with him, in whom shee joyed alone ; shee pleasantly demanded what hee made there, or whether he had any suit to her, or to any other, wherein shee might accommodate him ; If it be so (so it be convenient) Sir *Paris* shall finde a friend, if Sir *Paris* be found a friend. This pleasing and preludeous demand, and Enigmaticall conclusion, made Sir *Paris*, somewhat fearefull how to answer. But Hope the comfortable Counsaillour of Loue shap'd in him this bold and short reply. My businesse (thrice worthy Lady) is the Bishops will ; my suit, your service ; your service my chiefe desire, and my desire your fauorable countenance ; And longer may not *Paris* liue, then he rests humbly thankfull to *Vienna* ; and if not offensive, a faithfull seruant to my Lady. Thankes (said *Vienna*) good Sir *Paris*, your suit shall not bee non-suit, if you shoot at Honours ayme. But tell me, and truly tell me, whether your suit (and your discontentment, which I see harbours in your eyes) be not for your Prizes which I tooke away, when attending my Mother ; I was at your Fathers house : If so it be, (be it so, or not so) you shall haue them againe, if againe you will returne with me. *Paris* proud of her presence, held himselfe more desired, then dignified, by her fauours, and humbling himselfe ; he vowed, that they, himselfe, and all in all, were at her Honours command. Then must I (*Vienna* said) command, and conijure you to tell me, whether it were your selfe, that so sweetly sung vnder my Chamber window ; and so friendly gaue me Musicke ; that did wound, and beate my Fathers Guard ; that wonne, and bare away my Christall Shield, and Chaplet, in the Tournament,

at my Fathers Court ; and that carried away the Honour and the three Banners, with their Prizes, from all the Barons and Knights at *Paris*.

Paris astonish'd at her demand, durst neither confesse, for feare of disdain ; nor yet dissemble, for offending her, whom in no wise he would offend ; which perceived by *Vienna*, shee familiarly prest him to acknowledge the trueth, which manifested ; shee with a pleasing and pleasant countenance merrily said, why then doth Sir *Paris* affectionately love us ? Sir *Paris* whose enticing fault had earst control'd, but now condemned, his over-clyming thoughts, was so amated in himselfe, and so transported from himselfe, that silence, in bashfull signes, blusht out a dumbe reply. But *Vienna* (ballancing his cold conceit, by the alteration of his countenances) allowed the weight, and animated in her owne affection, shee commanded him boldly to averre, what shee her selfe inferr'd, by such his troubled silence. *Paris* seeing the cloud of his care dispierced, gloried the more in the brightnesse of his Sunne ; the beames whereof hee found so comfortable, that hee proudly confest his love, and that hee had long done secret, and humble homage, to *Venus* under her so rare a beauty. *Vienna* surfeiting in the pride of her full content, kindly entertained his so affectionate a conceit, with as friendly a receive, and briefly, assuredly assured him ; that none but *Paris* should enjoy *Vienna* ; if none but *Vienna* should joy in *Paris*.

This cordiall conclusion, being Sealed with protestation of perseverance, and by confirmation of oathes, they knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and so departed. During these Hallow dayes, commanding Love, wrought ensuing cares : For *Vienna* sitting but in the shadow of love, thought the fruites of affection over-long in ripening, and therefore presuming (in her erring ayme) that her Father in her favour, would tie his consent to her choyse, and her love to his liking, She importuned Sir *Paris* to request his Father to acquaint the *Daulphin* with her affection, and humbly pray his consent in favour of his

Daughter : Which Sir *Jagues* advicidly at the first denyed, as unwilling to waken a sleeping Lyon, or to seeke for Fish in a dry Poole. But Paternall love (the allination of reason) and flattering hope (the nurse of deceit) so transported himselfe, from himselfe, that most unlike himselfe, he (vainely dreaming after possibilitie) yeelded to sayle in a Ship without a Steere, and to gather honey out of Stones. But the *Daulphin* (whose repugnant humour scorn'd so servile a motion, and whose abused kindnesse, now begat in him most spitefull rage) so irefully boyled in his disdainfull iniquedry, that bitterly checking Sir *Jagues*, he fearefully chundered out his threatening indignation, in exiling poore Sir *Paris*.

Paris though checkt, yet not mated ; shewed now the vertue of his courage in the eclipse of his fortune. For being perswaded by *La-nova*, to make presently away ; He notwithstanding the danger of tyrancall authoritie, resolv'd to see his Lady before he lost his Countrey : And therefore as one desperate in dispaire, he hastily (yet secretly) went to participate his engrieved state with haplesse *Vienna* ; who hearing thereof, was so confounded in herselfe ; as she was full of sorrow for being unable to relieue him, as she was voyd of all meanes to helpe herselfe. Their lamentations payed now large tribute to their griefes ; and their desires that before had no end, did now, by dispaire, end endlesse things in their first motion : But after that the flood of their feares growne to an ebbe, (admitting the necessitie of time) they concluded, ever to live to none, but to each other ; though they never saw againe one another. And so Sir *Paris* fainting in his farewell, was deprived of his welfare : Which (all fousing and impatient) *Vienna* not brooking, so to be depos'd from him, in whom she wholly repos'd her selfe, recall'd him againe, and enfolding him within her fainting armes, she vow'd to partake with him in all his fortunes : ever remembering him, that the chaste roote of her true affection was Vertue, clad in constant loves desire : Shee therefore advis'd him

secretly to concale himselfe, and to provide for shipping, and at the houre of Twelve, the third night following, she would disguised (with stored Gold and Jewels) meet him in the Pottch of Saint *Amobies* Church, and so depart with him whither-soever. Sir *Paris* kissing her oft, (for in vaine kissing is some pleasure) found now his purgatory, to bee his Paradise; Joy tryuampt in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart; and in this haven of happinesse hee would have swimm'd still, but that danger of delay told him, that growing Trees have their fall, aswell as their springs, and that apprehension would dissolve all their harmony: Hee therefore (being borne away with the hasty tyde of smallest leasure) rode presently into *Provence*; where happily meeting with *Monsieur de la Mort*, a Ship-Master of his acquaintance, hee privately told him, that hee had slaine a Man of account, and that he must for a time leave his Countrey, and therefore prayed him (for his gold) speedily and secretly to Ship him and his two Friends away into some other Coast; which *Monsieur la Mort* promising, sent out away incontinent to Saint *Victor*, where his Ship lay, to make all things in readinesse, and returned himselfe with Sir *Paris*, to assist and direct him in all his needfull dispatches.

Now *Vienna* and *Jzabella*, at the time and place appointed met with Sir *Paris* (according to their agreement) in mens apparell, dispencing with needlesse salutations, addrest themselves to speedy journeyes: And so long they poasting, ridde out of all High-ways, that being benighted, they were glad to crave harbour of a Prelate, who lodging them, placed *Vienna* and *Jzabella* in one Chamber, and Sir *Paris* and *Monsieur de la Mort* in another. In the morning, their earely desires so hastened their speedy departures, that being timely up, and quickly horsed, Sir *Paris* and *La Mort*, rode apace before, to view the River, whose over-flowed bankes were so over-runne, by the pride of a late swelling flood, that the Boord was not passable, which made Sir *Paris* so impatient, so to bee frustrated of his attending Ship (the assurance of his safety) that *Monsieur de la Mort* over venturous

to venture over the passage, was in searching the Foard, most unfortunately drowned in the merciless Flood. Sir *Paris* daunted at that so fatal a sight, sighed, and sighing, grew to a prodigious Prognosticator of his owne ensuing harmes. But fearing least the knowledge thereof might appale his faire Friend, hee suddainly returned to their religious Host, where hee had left the two Ladyes, when he went to find the Foard, and to try the passage; and shadowing now his tormenting griefe with a forced smile, hee demanded of *Vienna* how shee fared, who answered, as my Love fares, so fares thy Love, happie in my iellie; because happie in thee. And long may (sayd *Paris*) my Love live to love, that loves to live onely for my love. Scarce had Sir *Paris* pronounced his last word, when one came running to tell the Priest, that there were many Knights in the next Towne, that came in quest, and searched for *Vienna* and Sir *Paris*: Which *Vienna* understoode, was so surprized with griefe and feare, that being altogether disheartned in her hope, shee held her iellie more then undone in her disturbed expectation: But after she had bathed the beauty of her eyes, in the sorrow of other teares fearing most in this present perill, least death should arrest her beloved Friend: She with a much more resolved mind, and an assured Countenance, then befit the time, or was incident to her Sex, thus exhilarated her astonished Friend.

My *Paris*, (shee sayd) Time admits not there many words, where danger still knocks at the doore: In extremities, the winning of time, is the purchase both of life and love: Let not violent passions (that never removes any ill, but betrayes our secret imperfections) now sway the vertue of thy thoughts, nor the fortitude of thy heart; but carry thou in thy Lyons looke, a Lyons minde; and like the Sunne shew thy fairest face, in thy lowest fall. Load not my sorrowes with thy griefe, nor kill thou thy selfe, for feare of death; But in the wonted courage of thy never-daunted Spirit, get thee to some other more safer shore; where let Vertue bee thy Governour, my remembrance
thy

thy Love ; thy loue my comfort, and my comfort thy sole contentment. Thou hast conquered men in loue, and Loue in me, and both in worth and wisdom ; and never shall I deeme my selfe happy, but when I shall see thee happy, for whom I now am so vnhappy : As thou leavest me, so shalt thou finde me ; be but thou as constant a Friend to my Minde, as thou shalt be a Possessor of my Heart ; and I shall have as much cause of joy, as thou no cause of doubt. If thou continue loyall, successe (thou shalt see) will blesse thee well, and all good fortune will waite on thy just merits. This Diamond which here I giue thee, shall be a true remaining record of my sincere loue to thee : Onely, let me heare of thy aboad ; and so I leaue thee to the guide of Vertue, and seruice of Fortune. Sir *Paris* thus discomforted, comforted ; weighing the danger of delay, by his imminent perill, and forced to set vp his sayles in this so insupportable and threatening a tempest ; and there sealing vp the vow of his faith, in the silent griefe of a departing kisse, he posted to the *Riuier* side againe ; where *Dispaire* made Feare so valiant, that ere he found cause of feare, hee was past all feare : For hauing past he knew not how the River, he was got before he wist into the Ship : wherein being Cabined, hee told of *La Mot* his fatall accident, and forced them to put to sea, sayling himselfe with as many contrary thoughts, as *Eolus* sent out windes vpon the Trojan Fleet. At length he arrived at *Genoa*, where he rested his restless selfe, and where he liued, wanting but little, because not desiring much. But such was his disconsolate solitary life, that the Citizens (though strangers) affecting the man in his manners, pittied much his distresse, in the shew of his discontentment. In the meane while, the *Daulphin* wasting himselfe, in his owne implacable, and vnlimited wrath, violently, and suddainly seized, and confiscated, all Sir *Iaques* Lands and Goods into his hands ; imprisoning both him, and his Lady, as Fauters, Abettors, Confederates, and Adjutors therunto. Thus gets Outrage, ever the sharpest edge upon the first advantage ; And in this distemper of
his

his ill disposed minde, he commanded that naught but bread and water should be giuen them. For, said he, where the offence is greater then the service, there Iustice changeth the bond of recompence into due punishment. During this their faultlesse imprisonment, the questing Knights returned with *Vienna*, and the Hospitallious Parson, her Host; who being brought before the angry *Daulphin* (her enraged Father) shee saw the cloud a farre off, before the storme fell, and therefore prostrating her selfe at his Feete, shee required pardon for her offence, and prayed that he would not make her sinne deadly, which was but veniall; pleading ignorance for the Prelate, and vnresistable loue for her selfe; swearing and assuring him, by sacrament of solemne oath, and the testimonie of her Host, that shee was as honest in her flight, as she was in her birth, and that her vnspotted thoughts were neuer stayned, with any vnchaste deed or desire. The noble followers of the obdurate *Daulphin*, seeing the Princeesse washing her repentance in her owne teares, humbly besought him to forget; and to forgive her amisse, since the frailty of her offence, was rather a sore; then a sinne; and wounds were to be healed and not hurt. This submission, strengthened by such generall entreaties, somewhat quencht the burning heate of his enflamed ire: And though his severe Iustice told him, that not to punish an evill, was to allow of an evill; yet mercy hee knew pardons them oft, that deserues it not, and judgement in nature, should be next a kin to fauour. Vpon this calme construction (after many sharpe rebukes, and protest threats, hee vowed that determinate, and inevitable condemnation should punish her next offence) and so he pardoned her vpon promise of more regardfull duty.

Now Sir *Paris* had not long sojourned in *Genoa*, but that mindfull of his charge, he writ to *Vienna*, and enclosed it in another writ to *La-nova*, wherein hee excused his vnkind departure without his prinity, and conjured him by the sacred lawes of true amity; to attend and follow his Lady, in all service and fast friendship. *La-nova* glad of such glad

tydings, went in the height of his joy to *Vienna*, and (after some complementall salutes) asked her , what she would give to heare of her *Paris*. *Vienna* great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare , longed to be delivered with the notice of his health ; and said, that the whole world afforded not sufficient worth to answer her liberall heart therein. *La-nova* joying in the constancy of her love, shewed her the letter , which shee hastily inatching , as hastily read, re-read , and many times , more then many-times over-read, the pleasing contents as followeth.

“ Sweet (sweet *Vienna*) I see is the hope that springeth
 “ Sin the bud , but most sorrowfull I finde is the hap that
 “ decayeth in the blossome. The hoped harvest that over-
 “ credulous love assured me. Time (injurious time) keepes
 “ now (you know) from the sithe , what Fortune before
 “ sought to destroy in the grasse. What resteth then ? but
 “ to curse Time ; as enemie to our desires , and to bewaile
 “ our desires as intercepted by Time. Yet should I live
 “ many yeares , or had I as many lives , as *Nesfor* had
 “ yeares ; Those lives, those yeares , and all in all should
 “ (I protest) be onely spent in recording your worthinesse ,
 “ and in arming my whole endeavours, to doe you some
 “ agreeable service. Onely in absēce, my griefe growes,
 “ in finding my present estate, so weake in Fortune, and
 “ my defects so slender in Nature ; that not knowing with
 “ *Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I onely rest with
 “ *Anthony* to dye for my *Cleopatra*. I cannot use many
 “ words, where every word wounds me with a new care-
 “ full conceite, and every conceite kills mee with a searc-
 “ full doubt. Let it then onely suffice , that as I live to
 “ love none but *Vienna* ; so I wish, and wishing desire, to be
 “ ever, and onely remembered of *Vienna*. I am now in *Ge-
 “ noa*, where my stay shall be little. For my desire flatter-
 “ ring mee, with hope of honour , calls me (being debarred
 “ from attending you) to foraigne services. I am there-
 “ fore earnestly to intreate your favourable consent there-
 “ in

“ in, and that you would but grace my disgraced fortune
 “ with your colours, that under protection thereof, I may
 “ for my better security, march, as shadowed under *Achil-*
 “ *les* shield. In lieu whereof, I vow that all my happieft
 “ endeavours, and achievements, shall be done under the
 “ honour and favour of your name. This is all, and of this
 “ would you but daign me the comfort of your answer;
 “ I should thinke me unhappy, happy; and live to hope,
 “ to be more happy. Thus wishing my defects still futeable
 “ to my defires; and my defires ever pleasing to your defects;
 “ I rest, ever, for ever, your true and loyall servant.

Paris.

Vienna well certified, but not fully satisfied, commanded *La-nova* to return a speedy answer, with charge that *Paris* should not depart *Genoa*, but that he should there sojourn, till better times afforded better turnes: And that he should beare himselfe, as himselfe, and her favorite. To maintaine which, she delivered to *La-nova* tenne thousand Crownes, which he sent immediately: Sir *Paris* receiving now so pleasing a pledge of her persevered constancie, triumphed no little in her so agreeable affection. And as she required, so set hee up the maine sayle of his obliured glory in the wind of her will, by taking a great house, and by maintaining so great a Port, that his Majesticall magnanimity well manifested, that his former sinister fortune was nothing futeable to his birth and education.

Whiles Sir *Paris* thus Courted it out in some content, *Vienna* was solicited by many great Lords. But the seed which they sowed in the sands, was washt away with the first flood of the Tyde; so that all their hoped Harvests, was nought but crops of growing cares. The *Daulphin* (whose climbing thoughts looked ever upon greatest starres) kept the beame of his ballance straight, without gaine-saying this Sutor, or disgracing that. But to prevent all distaste that might come by deniall, he speedily sent speciall Mes-

sengers to his fast friend, the Earle of *Flanders*, requesting his best labours and endeavours, to move, and make (if so he might) a marriage, betwixt his daughter *Vienna*, and the Duke of *Burbon* his sonne. Such was his couetous desire, in lieu of the *Burbons* possessions, not to be valued; and such his conceit of his sonnes valour, not then (as hee thought) to be equalled; so as his pride, could, nor would, admit of any other sonne in law, but this great and matchlesse Prince. The Earle of *Flanders* glad that occasion offered it selfe, that he might both gratifie the *Daulphin* his friend, and interest himselfe in the loue and greatnesse of the *Burbon* Duke, which he had long desired; was now as willing as the Physician, that is euer ready to pleasure another, to profit him selfe. And knowing, that he that sleepeeth, catcheth no Fish; he went instantly to the Duke, who no sooner heard of the motion, but glorying in the hope of such vnexpected advancement, he entertained the Earle with all the state, that either greatnesse could performe, or desire require. In conclusion, the *Burbon* Duke sent his sonne, in the greatest pride of proudest state, to the *Daulphins* Court, where he did proportion his carriage answerable to the eminencie of his place; his merits being such, and so many, that (setting onely aside his pride of heart) *Envie* her selfe, could not detract from his worth. But before he came to the Citie, the *Daulphin* hearing of his neere approach, went to his daughter, and told her what tender care he had of her good, how hee had laboured to make the *Burbon* Prince, her glorious Groome. and how happy she might thinke her selfe, to bee bestowed on so great and famous a Lord. One, whom the world admires for his heroicall fortitude; feares for his greatnesse; and loues for his deserts. A Prince incomparable by title and birth: A person beautified by Nature; And a man inricht with wisdom, wealth, and worthinesse. Then let my Choyse be thy content, and in thy full consent see that thou entertaine him with all vertuous favours. This said, he commanded to horse, not staying her answer, and so rid forth royally attended, and

appointed, to receive the young Prince. And farre he had not rid, but that he met, and encountred with his long desired, and now expected ghest. The young Prince first alighting from his Horse, gaue the *Daulphin* occasion to dismount himselfe, who being on foote, stayed till the Prince came unto him; where they greeted, re-greeted, and embraced each other, and then remounting themselves, they rid Marshallled in right good equipage to the Pallace, where all the Ladies (saying *Vienna*) gave a second salute, to the greater content of the *Barbon* Prince. But the *Daulphin* missing *Vienna*, mistiked much her absence, yet seemed to take no notice of it, but smoothing the angry furrowes of his discontentment, he (with an inforced cheerefulness) brought the Prince to his lodging, and there leaving him to his private repose; hee hastily went to *Viennas* Chamber, where all sad, and solitary, he found her sitting in the seate of sorrow, or rather in the shade of death, for feare of her fathers provoked ire; whose violent, and peremptory disposition, would (she knew) transport him beyond all the bounds of Natures tendernesse. Of her, he demanded, why contrary to his command, shee had absented her selfe in the requisite entertainment of so great a Lord, and so worthy a friend.

Vienna rising from her sorrowfull seate, but not from her sorrow, with tearesfull erected hands, and pittie pleading eyes, humbled her selfe at his feete, and told him, that for shame of her first flying fault, she had vowed her chastity to *Diana*; and sworne her selfe, a Vestall, to *Vesta*. And therefore had she so separated her selfe a side, because she would not give fire to his fancie, nor wrong his better deserts with forlorne desires. In consideration whereof she humbly prayed, that none but her selfe might enjoy her selfe, since none but her selfe could, or should content her selfe. The *Daulphin* perceiving light though a small crevis, began in milde pellicy, by gentle entreaties, and rich persuasions, to weane her from her will; telling her, that unlawfull vowes were to be violated; since the first cause

ceasing and a new succeeding, both might be altered ; neither had she any such power in her selfe, that was not to be disposed of by a Father ; And to honour, and obey Parents, is the first Commandement that hath any reward promised on earth. Besides, it is an envious wrong to Nature, to suffer her fairest worke (like a sweet fragrant odoriferous Rose) to dye upon the stocke ; that being pluckt in the bloome, might yeeld both pleasure, and profit to others : therefore renounce this beliefe, if thou meanest to be satisfied, or to have any fauour. For by course of kinde all things were made to increase ; and by increase to benefit another ; and she is a Diuell amongst men, that profiteth no man. This did the *Daulphin* thinke by his smooth words, to build a Castle in the ayre, that had no hope of foundation on the earth. For *Viennas* vnremoueable resolution, being bent to shoote at her first marke, could not be wonne to leuell at another ayme ; which made the *Daulphin*, (sailing like a Foxe) to decciue with kindnesse to play now the Lyon by compulsion ; And therefore gnashing his teeth together for anger (like the Sea that waxeth mad, when the windes doe rage) he commanded both her and *Isabella* to close prison.

The young Prince meruailing beyond all measure, that he could not see amiable *Vienna*, the eye of *France*, the miracle of her sex, the wonder of time, and the pride of Nature ; demanded of her Father, what ominous cloud shadowed the brightnesse of *France* his second Sonne, that she appeared not in her all-admired glory. The *Daulphin* fearing least he should distast the Prince, by vnderstanding the matter ; framed, and faigned this excuse. That sicknesse had attached her, and made her a prisoner to her bed, and therefore prayed his patience a while, till her hoped recovery might better please his fancy. The young Prince holding his words for Oracles, held himselfe contented, and thought to weare and weary out the wearinesse of time, with other Courtly, and more Knightly sports ; wherein hee was so fortunate, that *Fame* was the Herauld of his Heroicall

deedes

deedes This did so enflame the love of the *Daulphin* towards him, that no eye-water could ever after quench the same; Desert did now double his desire; and his desire had no end, in gayning his daughters consent, which he againe now vainely laboured: Sometimes laying before her the Riches, Glory, and Dignities of *Iuno*: sometimes painting forth the Honour, Respect, and Happinesse, shee should receive by such another *Hector*; and then pleading the sweet content; that growes by enjoying so pleasing and compleat a Prince. But when he found his wasted wordes dye in their owne sound, and all his hopes vtterly ship-wrackt; his better consideration was then forfeited further to hate, and rancour; then either nature, or pittie, could redeeme it. Then began he to thunder out fearefull threats, cruell chastisements, and most insupportable miseries. Commanding the Keeper (in his ouer-awfull justice) that sad solitarinesse should onely attend her imprisonment; and that eager hunger should daily waite on her Table, and so he departed, hopelesse of reclaiming her, and therefore resolved to chasten her obstinacie, with all severity. But

*No force, can Fancie force; nor crosses Love expell,
For Rivers stopp, above their banks, will higher swell.*

The young Prince hauing now spent many dayes, and not seene her, whom onely he came to visite; importuned the *Daulphin*, that he might but visite her both to comfort her in her malady, and somewhat to satisfie his starved eyes, in their more then greedy desires. But the doubling *Daulphin* pleaded her dislike so to be seene; assuring him, that shee daily requested, that he (whom she onely vpon sole report entirely affected) should not in any case see her so fore-impaired. So great (saide hee) is her care to seeme pleasing unto you, such her shamefastnesse at first so to bee seene of you. And therefore let me entreat your further patience; for your willing returne, vntill her better health, may better countervayle your taken paines; which once recovered,

you shall be speedily informed. In the meane time salute in my name, your thrice noble royall Father, and tell him, that I hold my selfe so much honoured, in his desired affinity, that my selfe, and what is the *Daulphins*, rests wholly at his pleasure: and further, pray him that the lawfull caule of this unwilling stay, may stand for satisfaction till better payment. The young Prince thus smooched up with words of rarest dye, held himselfe well appeased, though not thoroughly pleased; and holding the *Daulphins* words for written verity, hee implored the firme continuance of his sound favours, and protested kindnesse; and so commending himselfe to the good grace of his adored Lady; he humbly and friendly tooke his leave, and returned to *Burbon*. The Prince departed: The *Daulphin*, who had no more remorse then the cruell Judge hath mercy; gave in charge, that no one should visite, or repaire to his Daughter, but onely *Monsieur Maux*, a right Saturnist by nature, and an unrelenting Tyrant in life; him hee commanded (under paine of death) to give her nothing but Bread, and the worst wine, twice a day; which this enemy of vertue, and staine of all mankind, so barbarously performed, that his cruell usage too soone impaired poore *Vienna* and distressed *Izabella*, who had unkindly and untimely pined and perished in that loathsome solitary Prison, had not *La-nova* found out a meanes (as hereafter shall bee shewne) to succour, and relieve them.

But now the *Daulphinis*, who had many times washed her aged face, in the teares of her consuming griefe for her afflicted Child, having neither knowledge of any meanes to relieve her, nor hope of her delivery; knowing the *Daulphin*, to be as resolute in his rigor, as he was absolute in opinion: Advised with her nearest friends, and obliged dependants, what was to be done in so desperate and grievous a case. Where by the concurrence of advises, it was concluded, that she should send unto the *Delphian* Oracle, there to learne what should be done, and become of her enthralled Daughter. This Counsell being embraced, and

the journey undertaken, the winds gave speed, and the Messenger arrived at *Delphos*, where after all Ceremonies were religiously performed, hee received a crowle to carry unto the *Daulphinis*, with charge not to looke therein. The *Daulphinis*, whose feare made her thinke all good to be too good for her; thought yet each houre an age, till his returne: Misfortune to blindeth those, wee will overthrow, as that she gives their desires wings to draw on, and hasten their owne decays. At last hee came, and humbly delivered the crowle, importing this much.

*Viennois heyre, to thraldome still belongs,
 untill her Fathers bonds, shall set her free:
 Who captiv'd is; in place, confus'd with tongues,
 by Ilimels brood, detain'd shall be.
 Both shall live, in doubt, in care, and woe,
 untill the banisht Sonne, of forlorne Troy;
 Shall succour give, unto his greatest foe,
 and bring him home, with hope, with love, with joy.
 Then shall Vienna wed a sable Moore,
 And happie live in Peace; and not before.*

The *Daulphinis*, whose ever sad surcharged heart was unable to digest such heavie and bitter Cates; found this sawce too sharpe for her dyet. For it was no sooner read, but that finding (as she thought) all the gates of comfort shut up with intricate threats and impossibilities, (being too weake a vessel, to beare so sharpe a liquor) she shrunke under the weight of her sad burthen, and fell suddenly dead; and so left the *Daulphin* a cruell Father, and a carelesse Widower.

This mournfull accident rather exasperated his irefull displeasure towards his Daughter (in making her disobedience the originall cause of her death) then in any wise extenuated his execrable resolution, against her determined endurance. But hee had not lived many dayes in dolour, but that burying the remembrance of his dearest Spouse, in the
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hope of future happinesse ; his obdurate heart became as unienceable of her losse, as of his Daughters misery. Love found love, and the madnesse of age made him such a slave unto his slave, that before one yeares period, he married one of his Wives meanest Attendants ; One (who knowing her owne unworthinesse,) having neither Vertue to strengthen her fortune, nor good nature to incite her to pittie or goodnesse, nor any merit to winne applause was notwithstanding so potent over him, that she guided the sterne of his flinty and unpennittrable heart : And though she feared the scorne of abject basenesse, yet to maintaine the stolne pride of her enhanced heart, shee cunningly gave fewell to her Husbands enraged will, and covertly blew still the coales of his displeasure. For feare shee did, least that her Daughters liberty should (in the aspect of true honour) could both her swelling conceited glory, and detract from her proud insulting greatnesse : To frustrate which, she cautely one day, leaning on his brest, and stroking his frosted beard, thus sadly sayd.

When (my deereft Lord) I looke upon the breach of the Princess, your Daughters obligation ; I finde the penaltie you take, to be most just (though severe ;) Since the just Judger of all, did for the sole disobedience of onely one, cast both him, and all his Posteritie out of Paradise : How like unto him you shew your selfe herein, your unpartiall Justice well demonstrates, who rightfully punisheth the sinne of disobedience in your owne members, as God did in his owne creatures. Justice is the badge of vertue, the state of peace, and maintenance of honour ; and the will of a Father should be a religious law unto the Child : And they that preferre theyr owne lustes before theyr Parents pleasures, loose the benefit both of natures right, and a Fathers regard : For reason would not we should respect those that forsake us : The Husbandman cuttes and loppes off all unkindly Branches from the good Vine ; Love held his Children part of his substance, of whom hee did and might dispose ; and the noble *Romans* deprived their Sonnes

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hope of future happinesse ; his obdurate heart became as unienceable of her losse, as of his Daughters misery. Love found love, and the madnesse of age made him such a slave unto his slave, that before one yeares period, he married one of his Wives meanest Attendants ; One (who knowing her owne unworthinesse,) having neither Vertue to strengthen her fortune, nor good nature to incite her to pittie or goodnesse, nor any merit to winne applause was notwithstanding so potent over him, that she guided the sterne of his flinty and unpennittrable heart : And though she feared the scorne of abject basenesse, yet to maintaine the stolne pride of her enhanced heart, she cunningly gave fewell to her Husbands enraged will, and covertly blew still the coales of his displeasure. For feare shee did, least that her Daughters liberty should (in the aspect of true honour) could both her swelling conceited glory, and detract from her proud insulting greatnesse : To frustrate which, shee cautely one day, leaning on his brest, and stroking his frosted beard, thus sadly sayd.

When (my deereft Lord) I looke upon the breach of the Princessse, your Daughters obligation ; I finde the penaltie you take, to be most just (though severe ;) Since the just Judger of all, did for the sole disobedience of onely one, cast both him, and all his Posteritie out of Paradiſe : How like unto him you shew your selfe herein, your unpartiall Justice well demonstrates, who rightfully punisheth the sinne of disobedience in your owne members, as God did in his owne creatures. Justice is the badge of vertue, the state of peace, and maintenance of honour ; and the will of a Father should be a religious law unto the Child : And they that proferre theyr owne lustes before theyr Parents pleasures, loofeth the benefit both of natures right, and a Fathers regard : For reason would not we should respect thole that forsake us : The Husbandman cuttes and loppes off all unkindly Branches from the good Vine ; Love held his Children part of his substance, of whom hee did and might dispose ; and the noble Romans deprived their Sonnes

of life, that infringed but theyr commaunds. I alleadge not this (most worthy Lord) to aggravate your Daughters soule offence, whose other delicts I honour, whole wellfare I affect, and whole merited punishment I condole; Nor yet to detract from the worth of your chice worthy chastisement, which all men commend, and justice allowes. But feare (of I know what) and the love of your safety enforceth me in love and duty, to manifest what I feare, and to prevent what I doubt. *Vienna* (you know) my endereed Lady, is the immediate apparent Heyre to this Principallitie, and the unjust desires that waite upon a Crowne, begets oft most inhumane, unnaturall, and unlawfull Acts: Nature in that expectation, looeth her sight. Vexes her strength, Dutie her obedience, and Love her respect: Nothing can out-balance ambitious desire, either in the reach of dignity, or revenge; Nor is there any limitation in the adventurers. Her restraint is (I feare) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kiadle, and openly burst forth into a flame; For the harder she deemes her selfe handled, the more will she seek after her release, if not after revenge; Nor can she want instigators thereunto: Since all men like and preferre the rising of the Moone before the setting of the Sunne: And to win advancement in that hope they will contrive, practise, and execute whatsoever, and howsoever: Such occasions gives fire to corrupt Humorists; and such grounds sets repugnant Mischecontents a worke. I would my death might free you from such dangerous intendments, or that my life could acquit you from such heaveie accidents. And therewithall (her heart having taught her eye to weepe) she threw her selfe into his bosome, the more to caedere her selfe unto him, and without any sorrow, she sighing, said, Ah what shall become of me, when I shall loose my loving Lord?

*Craft g. w: her teares Deceit shew'd grieve,
Errand for't a feare to win beleife.*

Thus to nourish debate, after she had fedde on slander, and instil'd in his eares a fearefull jealousie, which over-credulous mindes easily apprehends, and covetously entertaines. The better to acquit her selfe from all suppos'd malice or detraction : She weeping, told him, That the night before, her Mothers Ghost appeared unto her, all in white, her unlinoothed haire displayed about her shoulders. her ruefull false face pale, her eyes hollow, and in eyther hand a Taper burning dimme ; which so affrighted her, that had she not comfortably spoken to me, when I had no power to call to you ; I had awaked you, and cryed for helpe : But suddenly, with a feeble voyce, she mildly said ; Feare not my Daughter, to looke upon thy Mothers harmelesse Ghost, who in tender care of thee, and espoused Lord, have left my bed of rest, to come to premonish thee of your ensuing ill. Treason doth threaten the *Daulphin* ; Subjects dislikes, workes upon *Viennas* discontentments : Her liberty will be his death, and in his destruction shalt thou finde thy grave : Now thou knowest it, looke to it, and so farewell. With that she gave a wimpe, darkenesse possesst the place, and I lay wounded and affrighted with remembrance, both of her sight and of her words. This Apparition, the happy Angell of our God, (for visions are electre revelations, where dreames are but delusions) hath moved me, out of an affectionate feare of you, to deliver what I saw, heard, and have said ; which otherwise in my love to your Princely Daughter, I would willingly have concealed. And therewithall she wept againe, and kissing him said, O hardest of happes, but most unhappy onely I, that she, to whom I owe all love, and from whom I cannot withdraw my devoted affections, should by my means be the more afflicted. But in my Lords love and welfare, doe I onely live, and will bury all other affects and considerations. The guiled *Daulphin*, whole undisgested displeasure, and over-jealous prejudicating heart, gave way to every suspicious thought, so procreated by false conceits, and so confirmed by her mellestuous and deceitfull tongue ; be-

gan now to conceive much more, then he did see or perceive. Feare and dislike so shipwrackt his judgement upon his Wives clouded rockes, that what before seemed to him by conjecture but probable; that he holds now as an Oracle: And therefore imbracing her, he kist her oft, and oft did wipe her forced bedewed eyes, and then did kisse againe, and thanked her for her provident care; and preserving love; assuring her that thus warned, hee would be ever armed, and that in his daughters wedded miseries, they would build vp both their securities. And thereupon commanded that a strickt Watch should ever guard the prison doore, that no one (but *Monsieur Maux*) should come, or send unto her.

Thus Beasts corrupt doe lightly poison take:

Thus envie weepes, that teares may mischief make.

But *La-nova* understanding of the *Daulphins* Decree, and finding the venomous drift, and impoysoned minde, of this Serpentine mother; having Land adjoyning to the Castle, did erect (after a great, and strickt shew of holines) a Chappell in honour of our Lady, wherein he made a close partition; In the one part to heare publique Masse, and in the other (which adjoyned to his Castle) to prostrate himselfe before his God, and to powre forth his more private prayers for his secret sinnes. In this part, hee digged in the night so long, and many nights so long; that at length hee made a secret way, that ascended up to the place of their abode, and pausing there a while, to rest his over-wearied self, he heard *Vienna* and *Izabella* carefully, and interchangeably, sing this contentious Ditty.

Vienna. Who lives to love, doth live to care,

Who careth much, much grieve shall finde:

Who findeth grieve tormented are,

In endlesse wee of wofull minde.

Why then should love possesse our hearts;

That yeelds nought else, but secret smart?

Izabella.

*Izabella. Who loves to live, should live to love,
 Who loveth much, much joy shall find :
 Who findeth joy, such joyes shall prove,
 As proves no joy, to Lovers mind.
 Why should we then, sweet Love dispraise,
 By whom our minds, such joyes assayes.*

*Vienna. The heart opprest, in fancy dyes,
 Affection sayles, in Times arrast :
 Joves royall bird preyes not on Elyes,
 Loves greatest joy, is hopes behest.
 Why love we then ? Why joy we so ?
 Since hope is vaine ; and Love breeds woe.*

*Izabella. The Paulme supprest, doth higher grow,
 The lowest sayle, Time sets aloft :
 The highest Sunne, doth shine below,
 And poorest hope, finds hapfull oft.
 Then live, and Love : then hope and have ;
 Heavens made love : Love heavens gave.*

Vienna. But Townes besieg'd, distressed yeelds ;

Izabella. But forts maintain'd, great glory gaines :

Vienna. On forlorne Hope, Love never builds :

Izabella. In Fortunes change ; Hope, hap obtaines.

Vienna. Then will I love. Izabel. Then constant prove.

Vienna. Sweet Paris live. Izabel. Vienna's love.

No sooner had they made an end of their Song, but *La-nova*, sonnd an end of his worke, and going forth of his darke passage, hee softly, yet checrefully entred, and saluted *Vienna*, who though amazed, yet animated at his sight, runne and fell upon his breast ; and in the fall of her many teares, ask'd him ; What newes of her *Paris*, and whether hee lived, and living, lived to his first *Enone* ; or stragling, had found, and made a second choyse. Say, *La-nova*, say, hath

hath any *Hellen* wonne my Trojane from his betrothed Nymph, or hath *Adonis* forgotten his *Kenn*, and become amorous of another Lady. If so, say so, and tell me, how thou cam'st higher. For I wonder at thy presence, and feare thy hazard. Your Knight (most constantly (vertuous, and renowned Lady) said *La-nova*) lives I hope, and no doubt wholly yours: But never since the receite of this Letter, heard I any tydings of him. Onely my care of your good (the summe of Sir *Paris* charge) hath plotted, and effected, this poore shift, to relieve and comfort your grace. And so he told her how, and shewed her the way, the top whereof he advised her to cover well, least it should be discryed, he undone and she unassuccoured. *Vienna* re-embracing him for his kinde and tender regard to her, and for his true, and fast love to them both; gave him many thanks, and earnestly entreated him, to make privie enquiry of the *Genoa* Merchants, whether they knew, or had heard of Sir *Paris*, and how he spent his dayes, and to tearing the detested Keepers comming. *La-nova* left her, to make provision for her.

Now the *Dauphin*, whose diseased minde could not be cured but by the match of the *Burbon* Prince; thought himselfe still endangered, so long as she lived unmarried, and imprisoned: His wicked wily wife had cast such an enormous myst over his bewitched eyes, and so drowned his heart in fearefull doubts that he durst not trust his owne safety; unlesse his humble daughter were either made away at home, or married away farre from home. To give peace vnto these his disturbed thoughts he went unto the Castle to see whether that weakening dyer, and tedious thralldome, had well reduced her seduced minde; and made her of a disobedient childe, the daughter of his will. In tryall whereof, he demanded, whether in the high, and sacred preheminance of a Father, he should finde yet the obliged duty of a Child; the which if she would in repentance acknowledge, and in performance willingly accomplish his will, She should be restored to her former estate, his

his wonted favour, and her preeminent dignities. *Vienna* on humble knees, falling at his feet, required his blessing, and saide, that continued sorrowes had so mortified all thoughts of affection, that onely grieve was growne to bee plealing to miserable creatures ; and that custome had made her content to lye in her bed of woe, and to water her couch with teares : onely she prayed, that the just God might appease his ire against unjust men. But how (sayd shee) shall my selfe, perswade my selfe, that you meane me any good, that not onely have so hardly intreated mee, and so unnaturally imprisened your sole schilde ; but most unjustly and cruelly have put in prison poore Sir *Jaques*, that hath spent all his happiest dayes in your unrewarded service. It is the true property of a Prince, to resemble God, in vertue, bounty, and mercy : and not the Lyon in force, rigour, and cruelty. Mercy pardoneth those that deserve it not ; and the interpretation of the strictest law, should rather tend to mercy, then cruelty ; since rigorous lawes were first made, more to terrifie all, then to torment any. The doubtfull *Dauphin* finding his amisse, but not his remedie ; somewhat to perswade his daughter of his repenting rigour, and intended good commanded that Sir *Jaques* should be set at liberty and restored to his Pristine estate ; which greatly contented *Vienna* for her *Paris* sake, and no little joyed good *La-nova*, that secretly had succoured him. But these shewes of favour, and promises of preferment, nothing advantaged the *Dauphin* : For *Vienna* (strengthened in the expectation of sorrow) nor obstinately, but constantly tolde her father, that the *Burbons* love, was like a Spiders webbe, fit to bee swept away ; and that her Virgins vowe, should eternize her chastity after death. This resolve, raised againe the storme of his allayed fury ; in the rage whereof he left her, discovering by his threats and malicious words, the ill of his heart, as *Viennas* sorrowfull sighes shewed the hurt of her heart.

La-nova weighing the Tyranny of the time, and finding no hope of better hap, presently writ to Sir *Paris* the truth of

all such accidents as had befallne, his Father *Vienna*, and himselfe; since the receipt of his Letter, which gave so fresh and so sharpe an assault, to his already over-lurched heart, that vertue was no Armour of proote against such affliction, but raging in the tempest of discontentment, rather like an unkennelled *Cerberus*, then any distracted *Ajax*, hee blasphemously belched and breathed out cruell oathes, vengeance, daring threates, and most fearefull words against Time, Love, Gods, and Men.

O Time, said hee, Traytor unto Love : O Love abused by Time : O Gods unjust to men : O Men too subject to the Gods. O that your Deities were essentiall, vaible, and mortall, that I might hew vengeance out of your wrongs, and write Tragedies on your lives. O heavens I challenge your Throanes, and deny your powers. Your swift motions I will stay with my hand, and your revolutions I will drowne in the Sea: I will unloose the bonds of *Orion*, and stop the courie of each constellation. The straying Starres I will plucke from theyr Spheares, and with their influences will I kill all the Tyrants on the earth. Time I will consume with my breath, and burne up Love with the Sunne. The world I will cut a funder with my Sword, and make a new Land in the ayre. The Waters I will swallow up, and bury the windes in the Moone. *Ixion* I will remove from his moving and tormenting seate, and set the *Daulphin* on his turning wheele, where hunger-starved Vipours shall gnaw on his hatefull heart, and pyning *Tantalus* give him all his food. *Vienna* shall be sole Queene of heaven, and onely rule the glorious Globe; And I will taigne in *Jupiters* stead, and throw downe fire and lightning on the curied Castle that enthralls my love: I will beate that cruell *Daulphin* to powder with thunder. that I may be revenged on Time, Love, Gods, Men, the World, the *Daulphin*, and all for the *Daulphin*. Thus distract in his madding mood hee all enraged, ragd he knew not how, and said he knew not what, pulling the Letter in pieces with his teeth, rentng his Hangings, tearing his Cloathes, and breaking his Bed, Board, and Stooles,

Stooles, with such violence, that his amazed servants durst not come neere him.

At this vnwonted passion, theyr hearts were posselt with wonder, and their eyes flooded with teares ; his bounty, causing the one, and his wisdom the other. But ignorance is the mother of admiration : They knew not where his shoe did pinch him, nor could they tell how to helpe him. At last (as one breathlesse in his wasted fury) hee fell upon his bed ; which they seeing, hastily stept to him, and uniting their strengthes, kept him downe, making silence theyr preparative, to quit his tempestuous thoughts ; Then darkning the Chamber, one of them tooke a deepe base silver stringed Bandora, whereupon hee played so sweetly, and so dolefull, that Sir *Paris* hearing of it, lent a listning to it, which bro:ght him into such a sad melancholly Mule, that he began to thumber, and after fell into a heavy sleepe, which so well appeated the storme of his disturbed senses, that after three houres enjoying reposed rest ; he waked, and walked, perfected in his minde, and ashamed that he had so defac'd the Image of vertue, and abused his owne knowledge. Consideration made him now hold himselfe the sole spight of Fortune, and the very scorne of time, and men. Detraction threatned his disgrace, Derision proclaimed his folly, and the guilt of his owne ill, made him privately, and secretly, to leave *Genoa*, and to wander whether his shame should not follow him, nor any heare of his being. But before he departed, he both rewarded, and discharged all his servants, and paying all duties whatsoever ; hee lastly writ to *La-nova* and to his Father as followeth.

IF silly sheepe (my ever fast found friend) all onely for their bare foode (as hating ingratitude) yeeld theyr faire Fleeces as due guerdons to their Keepers. How then shall I now countervaike thy so many merits, that injoy nought my selfe but meere misfortunes, and insufferable miseries. Alas my *La-nova* the Times are changed, and we are changed in the times: Thou writest now of naught but ~~woes~~, and my grieve is already such, as to live is a

griefe. Unhappie, happie I, whose extreamest ill, flowes from my greatest good; and whose blisfull heaven, is become my tormenting hell. Ah Vienna, I would eyther my death might extingwish thy affection, or thy affection had been seiled on a more happie and worthier person. Then should I dye more contented, and thou live better esteemed. But since my love hath wrought thy fall; Thy fall shall be recovered in my losse. For presently I will depart to unknowne parts, and try the force of my further destenie, in seeking the worst of my fortune, And therefore have I written to my Father, to adopt thee in my place for his heire; which I pray thee deliver, and demean thee as his Sonne, For never will I returne, and therefore write not; For never shalt thou heare of me. Onely recommend my love, to my Ladies good grace, and tell her, that I flye not from her favour; but with my ill fortune, from my mor: threatening prevert fortune: And though I dye in her sorrow, yet will I ever live in her remembrance. And so farewell. Genoa, the last of my abroad, and the first of my Pilgrimage.

Onely unhappie in
his happinesse.
Paris.

La-nova, having read his owne sorrow, in his Friends griefe, could not retrain from shedding most bitter teares; and having long bewailed the untimely losse of his so worthy a Friend, he speedied himselfe to acquaint Sir Jaques, unto whom hee delivered his Sonnes Letter, importing thus much.

IF Plato (right deere, deere Father, seeing an unthankfull Man prosper,) said, that the Gods were unjust, in that they had loaden a Thistle with fruit. O let me then (I humbly beseech you) the many good turnes, that many times, La-nova (my second selfe) hath with venter often adventured and done for us, be my forgotten in your best consideration:
I leave

Least his deserts dye in your shame, and your shame maske without any vizard of excuse. And since my perverse fortune, hath exiled me from my native home, and the cruell aspect of my sinister Starres, hath quite lately slaine all hope of future returns. My last request is, that I being the last of my Tribe and the first of our declining Family, you would comfort your age, with the better hope of my Friends more worthier worthinesse, and that you will repaire and take him for your Sonne: And when Nature shall pay the duty you owe unto the Earth, that then you will inherit him in all such Lands and Goods, as Fortune in your fortune and ability, shall then leave behind you: So shall you yeeld desert his due, honour mee, and eternize your owne fame. The Lord give you patience, enrich me with your blessing, comfort your gray hayres, and redouble, with treble happinesse, your aged dayes.

Your haplesse Son, onely happy in being your
Son, but most unhappie in being himselfe.

Paris.

Sir *Jaques* having read the sad contents of his Sonnes resolved last fare-will, fainted under the burden of his so unsupportable griefe, but revived and comforted by *La-nova*, that was himselfe to be comforted, hee betooke himselfe unto his carefull bed; where though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumbe sorrow, yet did his silent woes, shew his speaking griefe. Such was his woe, that it was a woe, to see his woe: In so much, that *La-nova*, sworne with his owne griefe, was ready to burst, to see his sorrow; And therefore, having neither temperance to cover the one, nor a heart to looke upon the other; hee returned to his erected Chappell, where he pierc't the very Heavens, for the preservation of his Friend, and powred forth his Prayers for his returne. This done, he held himselfe undene, in so nestimable a losse: And after a long and sad meditating with himselfe, hee fearefully went to acquaint *Vienna*, that all their sorrowes might be

compleat at once : Her he found all pensive and heavie, as one preſaging her further miſhap; and no ſooner ſhe ſaw him, but that drawing forth the true portraiture of ſorrow, out of his carefull countenance, ſhe haſtily, yet fearefully, demanded what newes ? The Heavens Madam (ſayd *La-nova*) grant you patience, and more comfortable newes. *Vienna* ſaght, gaſtly asked, if *Paris* then were dead ? Not dead he ſayd, and yet departed. Departed, ah ſaid *Vienna*, how, whether, or to whom ? from life to death, or from me to a cauſeleſſe change ? If dead, why live I then ? If alive, why then dead to me ? Say, ſay *La-nova*, where lives, or lyes my *Paris* ? *Paris* (ſaid *La-nova*) lives in his ſorrow, and dyes in your grieve : But where, alaſſe I know not; for mad in your affliction, hee is gone in his fury, to dye elſe-where for his fancy. *Vienna*, whoſe eyes over-flowed with teares, and whoſe heart was wounded with his words, ſtood like a ſecond *Niobe*; and then falling ſuddenly into a deadly trance, ſhe no ſooner came to herſelfe againe, but that againe ſhe loſt her ſelfe. But after her full recovery, her remembrance then recording, how all her nouriſhed woes had begot many croſſes, that miſerably fell upon her like haile-ftones, that ſtrives to overtake one another; ſhe could not reſtaine, but thus bewayled he ſelfe.

What fault of mine, cruell and unkind, hath cauſed this thy cauſeleſſe flight ? Is this, ah this, and woe is me in this, the hoped harveſt of devoted Love ? Deſerves my endured miſeries, this ingratefull guerdon ? O *Paris*, *Paris*, thy love comforted me in my cares, but thy loſſe hath confounded me in my Love. O that I had never ſeene thee, whom yet I wiſh to ſee; or ſeeing thee, had never affected thee, whom ever I moſt affect : My hap is hard, that can neither have, nor hope; and the fault I find in my ſelfe, followes meeſtull, while death doth follow me. Ah *La-nova*, what now avayles thy doubtfull diligence to thy Friend ? under the zealous ſhew of thy ſimulate ſanctitude ? To what end now intends my pining imprifonment the due chaſtiſement of my neglected duty ? And I now be-

come the onely Daughter of sorrow, and the cashiered Childe of disgrace? O happy *Portia*, thy dead sad woes are all buried in my long liv'd griefes; and *Hecubæ's* teares are all drowned in the sea of my sorrow. Why then doe I live longer in dolour, since my preordinate life is predestinate to a dolent death? I will cruciate my eifamished Bodie; and satiate the angry Fates, with my mortall and tragicall end: The end of my woe, shall be the woefull end of my life; and the life of my laments, shall be the wounds of my death: And therefore leave me *Li-nova*, leave me; that at last, I may honour the *Carthaginian* Quene by breathing out my last.

These last wordes, so sore appaled *Li-nova*, that jealous of her weaknesse (her enfeebled estate, being unable to support her oppressing and confounding sorrowes) hee much feared (least overcome with griefe and passion) shee should yeeld to mischiefe her misery: To prevent which, he buried, for the time, all his owne griefe, in the heedfull care of her safety; and closely wiping his bedewed eyes, he began, Pastor-like, to Preach patience, Faith, Hope, and Comfort, to her sad dismayed Soule. Let not (said he, I beseech your Excellence) any sinister crosse, chance, or mundane affaires, overthrow, or oppress, the lively force of your requisite Faith: Nor let any putalimty weaken the wonted courage of your prudent minde; but build your Faith and hope on him, who as *Roy*, royall, rules and overrules all chanches and accidents, that befalls humane Creatures: Then embrace not a mischiefe, to prevent an ill; since God sends good for evill, as he made light out of darkenesse, *Ioseph* was in prison, before he could be Governor of *Egypt*; and the *Israelites* were in bondage, before they could come into *Canaan*: You see your soare, but not your salve: Though with *Job* you lye now in ashes, yet when with *Iob*, you be tryed, there shall be no more sorrowes left to afflict you, then there were sores left to torment him: For as the power of God is above our capacities; So doth his succors and comforts, come quite contra-

rie to our hopes : To him therefore referte all things, and in him onely repose your selfe ; and be you assured, that in the assurance of your better trust, you shall finde comfort unexpected, and hope well rewarded. Crosses (your Grace knowes) are but touch-stones, to try our patience ; and patience is both a vertue and the true Physitian of distresse : And in managing of affection and affliction, is the true prooffe of discretion : To overcome another, is the gulf of Fortune ; but to vanquish our owne wills, is the true prooffe of wise courage, and a glory proper to our selves,

I confesse (said *Vienna*) that Patience is a Vertue, but a poore one ; and that Hope is a heavenly thing, but long hopes consume patience, and water a farr off, doth never quench fire at hand : And when two Winters come together, Death may fall before Summer. Yet time (sayd *La-nova*) heales griefes, by killing of cares, Nay, Time (shee replied) is rather a devourer of our expectations, then a Chyrurgion to heale our soares : For all men takes pleasure to come to theyr journeyes end before they be wearie ; and our teeming hopes, would ever be delivered of a gracious Birth. Yet be you Madame (he re-answered) as you should be, if not as you would be, since it will be as it is ; and with some sweete deceit, exile these sower conceits. Alasse, (sayd *Vienna*) how can sower conceits, entertaine sweet deceits ? since present deceits, are still my sowrest conceits : Your Physicke *La-nova*, is good, but my disease is desperate : For patience without comfort, brings perill of consumption ; and they are alwayes our patient Martyrs, that are punished unjustly : my griefe was at the highest before, and now like swelling *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds. Deceive not your selfe, said *La-nova*, his endeered Love, nor brooking your misery ; and not his fraud, never knowe to any, with his killing dispayre (the bloody butcher of all hopes contentments) hath forced thus his further flight : And for probation thereof, sende heere his Letter, which he sent me ; and doubt you not Madame, but when after-times shall make him finde the error of his amisse, and that his

wounded hope shall bee healed with better thoughts ; that then (finding with the sicke man , that the shifting of his Bed , alters not his disease) hee will then , J say , returne in his repentance , and make inquisition after your welfare.

Vienna taking and perusing the Letter , and swallowing up the contents , with contentment , was overcome as much , with kind , and affectionate griefe , as before shee was surprized with cold care and distrust , of his supposed flying fancie : Intomuch , that washing a new her face , in the balmy drops of her love-distilling teares , shee layd her hands on his shoulder , and sighing sayd ; O pardon , *La-nova* , my offensive offence. Sweet *Faris* , where so-ere thou art , pardon my amisse : J was , J am , and will be still the same , and ever thine . Thus having surfeited in her owne sorrow , she purged her jealous conceit , and in the comfort of his constant love , she layd her downe on her weeping bed , where *La-nova* left her , to rest her restless thoughts .

By this time , the Moone seven times had showne her fullest face , and as many times lost the splendor of her light . When the Prince of *Burbon* , desirous to see the Emperious Mistresse of his enthralled heart , taking humble leave of his Father , secretly poasted to *Vienna* , where the *Daulphin* acknowledged of his coming , went to receive him at his outermost gate . The young Prince , greeted , entertained , and feasted , of some , of many , of all ; amongst them all , mist the fairest of them all , the faire *Vienna* , the admired Princessse of all pulchritude , of whose wished welfare , he asked her Father : Who like a subtile *Mercurist* (cunning in Cautels) soberly sayd ; that as yet she had not recovered her health . The young Prince , discomforted in so lingering a sicknesse , importuned the *Daulphin* , that hee might visit her , and so somewhat satisfie his hungry minde , almost famished with desire . The *Daulphin* (whose sences held now a Synode) was driven to such a exigent , that not knowing how to avoyde the Cheque without a Mate , he was perforce forced to confesse the truth . So that taking him aside , he swore by Sacrament of solemne Oath , that his

whole drift, and desire was, to bestowe his Daughter on none but him ; and that he had banished ambitious and audacious Sir *Paris* for his over-proud and pertumptuous love. But such (said he) hath beene, and is still, her permanent stowardnesse, and most obstinate disobedience therein, that in iustice, I have justly imprisoned her, not so much for her degenerate breach of duty, (though not to restraune an ill, is to maintaine an ill) as to bring her to yeeld to your fancy : But over-hardened in her wilfull conceit, shee rests no lesse carelesse of her endurance, then resolved in her wilfulness ; for which, I also have deprived her of her glory, and comfort ; I worne her continuall thraldome, and pray the continuance of your good opinion, and amitie.

The young Prince astonished at the strangenesse of the case, wondred greatly at the cause : Yet flattering himselfe, with selfe-conceit of his worthy worthynesse ; He earnestly intreated the *Daulphin*, that he might make some tryall, what himselfe could doe for himselfe. The *Daulphin* granting his request, he presently cloathed himselfe, in the richest Ornaments of Pride and State ; and Princely attended, went with more speed, then successe to the Prison ; the Doore whereof had but onely a small hole cut forth, to take ayre in, and to receive such leane and slender Sustenance, as was most sparingly allowed her.

Vienna foretold of his coming, had before, gotten by *La-norn's* meanes, a Capon, whose dismembred Legges, shee closely had tyed under the holes of her naked Armes, that there, with heate putrifying, they might the sooner corrupt, and a misery, smell the stronger. The young Prince coming to the doore, knockt, and demanded for *Vienna* : Who coming, and seeing him so richly clad, and in so glorious an estate, blusht out such beauty, that her very Eyes seem'd a fayre Temple wherein Love and Beauty seated themselves : Yet dissembling her knowledge of him shee asked what he was ; and would. *Vienna's* Friend, (shee sayd) and *Vienna's* Love I would. My Friend, (sayd shee) oh Friendlesse ; name I Friend ? that live exempt from

Friends :

Friends : My Love, why name I Love ? that onely love to live here unbelov'd.

The young Prince (whose listening eares, were well pleas'd with the sweet harmony of her well tuned words; and whose liking Eyes, were ravish'd with the sight of her perfections) was so perplexed betwixt new conceived desires, and disdain to bee disdain'd; that not knowing what to say, hee stood like one that had lost himselfe; not recall in sense, but as a faire Flower, nipt with the morning frost, hanging downe his head, as most sorry, for his declining glory : In this dispaire, the remembrance of his owne greatness, and the conceit of his owne merits, gave such quickning life to his mortified thoughts, and such freedome to his imprisoned tongue, that boldly, and plainly, hee told her, who hee was, why, and for what he came. *Vienna* pleading ignorance for the error of her carelesse regard, humbled her selfe, with thankfull acknowledgement of his more worthy worthinesse : But such (sayd she) is the obligation of my decreed chastity, that nought but death shall breake the bond.

Why Madame (replyed the Prince) in so doing, you wrong Nature, in clouding the brightnesse of her *Suene*, deprive the world of more glorious light, neglect your duty, in dissenting from your Fathers will, wound my desires with forlorne hopes, and rob your selfe, both of propagating pleasure, sweetest content, and greatest glory : Then leave these injurious walls, and change your Prison (unfitting your Person) for a Pallace prepared for a Princeesse; In assurance whereof, accept most renowned Lady, this pledge of my Faith, wherein is charactered the Life of my Love, and the Love of my Soule; and therewith,

*Of Ruby rich, a wounded heart he gave,
That pierc't by Dart, did bleed; and mercy craves.*

This was so Artificially made and cut; that the falling drops did seeme to mourne, and plead for pittie, and un-

desneath them, was engraven; *Vienna helps*. This he gave, and this she gave againe; saying, that by guits; we make our selves Lords; but by taking slaves: I will not make a Prince servile; nor can you make a Prisoner proud: Affection is a meere stranger to affection; and Jewels of price doe not besite a miserable thrall. Then let your owne guilt (replied the Prince) make you a Queene, and me your slave. My fortunes (sayd *Vienna*) admits of no such Sovereignty; and your Greatnesse is too potent for a Vassalle. I am too poore to give; and it stands not with a Lord to begge; then be you still a King in your owne thoughts, and I will rest content with my Fate. Why, Kings (answered the Prince) have no priviledge in Love: and the Gods themselves were subject to beauty. *Vienna* constant in her chaste pretence; seeing his earnest prosecution, and being wearied with resistance, because loathing such conference, held it good policy to prevent his further importunity. And therefore she briefly and plainly told him, that she was not for his honour, nor his honour of her humour. For know (shee weeping said) that the long cold and grievous imprisonment, which indurable, I have yet endured, hath so corrupted and putrified my impaired body; that the very stench thereof offendeth, and endangereth the small (yet tedious) remainder of my loathed life. For prooffe wherof, shee bearing her breasts, bad him feele, what infectious sent her ulcerated and dying flesh yeilded; which he no sooner did but that hee was nere stifled with the smell. The enflamed Prince, thus cooled in his hot pursuits, found his thoughts now freer from affection, then hee deemed his body sound from infection. Such was the choaking savour, that so offended his queasie stomacke, that comforting her for fashion sake, hee made a brieve conclusion, and there left both her, and his love; that easte would have dyed for love. *Vienna* well appayed in acquitting her selfe of so troublesome, and hurtfull a suitor, returned to *Jessabella*; and sighing out a smile, tolde her, how shee had deceived the Prince; wherewith shee joyed no little, and concluded thereby, that

womens pregnant wits, in all cases of sodaine extremities, pre-excelled meas most sapient heads. The Prince thus satisfied; acquainted the *Daulphin* with the circumstance of the matter; which nothing mooued his Tygars heart; which the Prince condemning, held it no security to stay with a Tyrant: and therefore striking sayle, in so threatening a tempest, he tooke his thankefull farewell of him, and all his Knights, and so returned to *Barban*.

Now Sir *Paris* had by this time, recovered the bounds of Turkey, where fearing the innate, and inveterated malice of those barbarous Infidels against Christians. To dispierce that threatening cloud, that might shower downe mischief on his harmelesse head; Hee made poslicy his guyde, and craft his Councillour; And being a great Artist, and well learned in the secrets of Nature; He cast an Artificiall blacknesse all over him, and transnominated his name by turning his name backward, he Christned himselfe *Sirap*, an *Ethiopian* borne.

*For who in forraigne place, will safely live, and credit win,
Must work with wiles, and not oppose; nor hold their doing sin.*

Thus with indefatigable paines he travailed, unregarded of all, and not suspected of any, untill *Constantinople*; where having knowledge of the Greeke tongue, he converted with the meanest of estate, the better to preserve his owne estate. And it happened, (and happily happened) that Fortune, Fortune-like of his foe, became his friend. For walking one day into the fields, accompanied with none, but with his owne troubled thoughts, hee encountred by adventure with the *Sultans* chiefe Faulkner, who returning from Hawking, bare on his hand a goodly fayre Paulcon, so dangerously hurt that there rested no hope of helpe, *Sirap* (for so now must we call him) seeing the Hawke hang her bruised wings, and all blooded on her fluttered breast, being Artificially cunning, and naturally affecting the game; pitied the chance, and boldly stepping to him, ask'd in Greeke,

how it happened. The Faulkener nere dead, to see his Hawke almost dead; sadly told him, that flying at the River, his Hawke lying at height of highest pitch, made so forceable a stouping on the rising Fowle, that in her stone-like fall, shee nere gorg'd her selfe on a broken bough, that grew amongst other branches, upon the Grovie banke. Such sayd *Sirap*, is the fortune of the Field; but what will you give, if I recover your Hawke; any thing (said the Faulkner) for that *Solimon* the great *Sultan*, doth prize her for her high flying, before any City in *Greece*: Then *Sirap* undertaking it, gathered certaine powerfull hearbes, of inward and unknowne vertue, and bought other Apothecary materials; and so carefully applyed his expert skill, that in short time hee healed, and perfected the so endangered Hawke. The Faulkener admiring at his skill (for ignorance is the mother of admiration) in the joy of his thoughts, went and brought his recovered Hawke unto *Solimon*, and recounted unto him, how that a stranger, an *Aethiopian* borne, that called himselfe *Sirap*, had effected that cunning Cure; and that he was a man so exquisite in all proportion, and of so goodly and Majesticall a presence, that hee seemed not onely to be of an Heroicall heart, but also promised more then was usually in a man. The *Sultan* joyous of his Hawke, and well pleased with his description, held his requisite cunning in great regard; and his service more necessary then others: And therefore hee instantly sent for him; who no sooner came, but that liking his person, hee graced him with his good countenance, and demanded what he was, and what occasion brought him into that Region. *Sirap*, whose Countly demeanour, might well warrant his behaviour, and in whose face, was stamp't the true Character of honour, with humble boldnesse told him, that hee was of no great lineage, nor lively-hood, yet gentle borne; but so subject to the Destinies displeasure, that not brooking his fatall infelicity, hee secretly had left the utmost South of *Aethiopia*, adjoyning to the Deserts of *Libia*, his Native soyle, to seeke content else-where in forraigne

Nati-

Nations, And after, said *Sirap*, I had long with tedious tra-
vaile past the hote, and whole Clymate of *Affricke*, having
no other companion then my minde, nor no other servant
then my tongue : I was at length by the guide of Fortune,
conducted into this part of *Greece*, where my thoughts
wing'd with desire, to see the most great, and mightiest
Monarch on the earth, brought me to this your Imperiall
seate. The *Sultan* pleased, with his pleasing, and well cou-
ched words (grew desirous of his service) and therefore
according to the nature of his pride (appropriating to him-
selfe authority over all) he Imperiously commanded him to
attend his Portion : To which, though *Sirap* knew, that de-
nials to such absolute Potentates, were held for capitall of-
fences : yet he thus reverently and boldly answered. If, said
he, any poore endeavours of mine (most high and mighty
Emperour) may be but pleasing to your Greatnesse, I shall
then thinke my selfe most happy, when I shall find my selfe
able to doe you any agreeable service. But if in any wise
your un-natchable Maiesty, seeke to tye me to your will,
that of necessity I must follow your fancy : Then must I
(not offending your magnificence) deeme both your highest
Highnesse, unjust ; and hold your Law, no Law ; because
grounded on necessity. The *Sultan* wondring at his bold
and discrete answer, and liking his noble and generous
spirit, highly estimated him, according to the vertue of his
courage ; that could, and durst, with such prudent bold-
nesse, and circumspect feare, except against his never con-
trolled pleasure : And therefore allowing his reasons for rea-
son ; hee freely graunted him more then the full prehemi-
nence of a free priviledged Travailer ; and setting greatnesse
and the sway of his will aside ; he gently entreated him, but
to make some stay in his Court, and hee would moun his
fortunes, by his extended favours.

Thus workes our Starres; by meanes, most small :

That things fore-doom'd, by Fate, may fall.

For *Sirap*, being thus rarely, and royally intreated, and entertained with the *Sultans* unknowne, and unuſuall favors and requests; wholly humbled himſelfe at his command; and ſaid, that albeit, he had vowed continuall Pilgrimage to ſundry Regions; yet would he in ſome ſort, yeeld obedience to his will, and diſpence for a time with his conſcience, becauſe he would not oppoſe, nor reſiſt the pleaſure of his will, nor the command of his potent power. The *Sultan* glad of his grant, gave one of his *Baſhaes* in charge, that he ſhould be provided for at his diſpenſies; who preſently placed him next to the houſe, where the *Tartarian* Ambaſſadour, but newly arrived, was lodged.

Now amongſt the Ambaſſadours followers, there was one that farre exceeded all the reſt in huge height, incomparable ſtrength, and great proportion; inſomuch that the Turkes did with wonder admire his ſtature, and deemed his *Samſon*-like force, beyond the power of men. This grim and ſatiating *Tartar* (who ſerv'd no other God, but his will: nor obſerv'd no other law, but his luſt) being one day left behind, to manage ſome affaires in the houſe, when the reſt were gone to the Court; ſuddainly, and moſt rudely ſeized upon a young Damoſell, that as unfortunately as unadviſedly, was come to ſee the proviſion, and maner of theſe Strangers. Her (without any ſhew of good civility, or kind uſage) with a facile force he carried into a Chamber, and diſvirginated her; notwithstanding her ſhrill cries, that call'd in many (but too late) to her ayde. This untamed beaſt, or rather infernal Devill, ſiding himſelfe ppr eſt with multitudes, grew ſo enraged, that his wrath had no merne; neither did he interrupted fury, admit of any conſideration, but dreadleſſe both of Law and danger place, and people: he threw all to the earth, that came neere to him, endeavouring ſtill to retaine his prey, which made the out-cries of all ſo great: That *Sirap* being in his Chamber, at the noiſe thereof, ruſhed in with his peaceable ſword, and finding him carrying the bemoaning Mayd, in an unmannerly manner from them, towards another Cham-

Chamber, hee so powerfully smote him on the face with his displeased hand, that force, perforce, hee was forc'd to leave his hold, and betake him to his angry Semitar, with which hee furiously assaulted him. But *Sirap* (who held it a great fault, not to doe a good thing well) readily returned him ynwelcome interest, for his so willing leave. Long did they worke on each other, like tempests on a Shippe, and the bloud of both, did well shew, that neither of them were well pleased : None durst come neere them, till that *Killer Aga*, Captaine of the *Janizaries*, hearing of this tumultuous and debatefull strife, came in, and stayed the fight.

The Damocels Father, and friends, (standing upon the strength of testimony) pursued the outrage, by way of complaint against the Tartar, and required of *Solimon* the benefit of Law. The Tartar (countenancing him selfe under the protection of Potency and Ambassage) pleaded the privilege of his place, and said, That he was not lyable to the ordinances; nor subject to any but his owne Lord, the Emperour : who in Majesty, might, and merit, farre surmounted all other Potentates of the world, and thereupon offered in open Court Combat, thundring out defiance against all, that but durst averse the contrary.

Solimon much distasting his ungoverned pride, and worse dis-jesting his barbarous outrage, and offensive contempt: did inwardly fret that no one durst attempt to quench, nor allay the prodigall heate of his foolish fire ; and nor knowing how otherwise to correct his insolence, since Kings should ever shew themselves rather just, then great : and the law of Nations (which is the state of Peace, and maintenance of Honour) did warrant his tryall by Combat ; hee at last thus deliberately concluded : That the 30.th day following, he should be ready Armed at all assayes, and mounted like a Knight, to make that good with his sword, which hee so artogantly, and over-aud-ciously had delivered with his tongue. And if there came not any one then to chastise his folly, and correct him for his brutish, and injurious attempts, that then he should be free from touch, both of law

and life. This being rumoured abroad, came to *Siraps* cares, who grieving to loose opportunity, as one that thirsted after occasion, both to shew his courage in honourable revenge, and to doe *Saliman* some commendable service : though his resolution was a sufficient Armour for the encounter, yet knowing that naked valour, could promise no successe where Armed force did assaile : his greatest feare was, least for want of Armour, and furniture, others would cut the grassie from under his feete, and so deprive him both of favour and fortune. But this courageous feare, was acquitted by the timorous feare of all others, that feelingly feared such desperate and deadly attempts, as promised neither hap, nor hope of good successe. At length the day being come, and all things in order, came *Saliman* with his *Sultanesse*, attended with his *Vice-royes*, *Beglerbegs*, and *Basshaes* in great Royalty, and 3000. Armed men for his Guard, and in the place of: yall assigned, he seated himselfe and his *Sultanesse* upon a glorious Throane within his Imperiall Pavillion ; great was the presse, and many the people, that wayted on the issue hereof : when suddainly the sound of Trumpet shewed the neere approach of the Tartar : who (in honour of his earthly God, the sonne of the light, the terrour of men, and for the repute of his Country) came with his sword drawne, accompanied with the Ambassador and all his followers, most richly furnished. The Appellant himselfe being mounted on a courageous Horse, his Caparisons, and other his furniture, all of purple Sattin, embroydered with gold all over, with dismembered heads, armes and severed legges of slaughtered men, besprinkled all with blood. And in his Shield hee over-gloriously bare his owne picture, naked ; holding a Combating Lyon, Assailed by the throat with his hand, and vnderneath was written, WHAT NOT : In this terrifying equiPAGE, he stayed at the Barriers of the Lyfts, untill the Officers appointed for that service, demanded what he was, and wherefore he came ; who answered, that hee was *Turbulent* the fierce, the invincible Tartar, that came to proove by his sword

sword, that he being onely subject to the greatest Monarch
 on earth (who had no equall) ought not to vndergoe the
 censure of any other interieur power; and thereupon de-
 manded entrance; which being permitted, hee put vp his
 sword, and was conducted to the vpper end of the Lyfts,
 where lighting, he was seatal in a rich Chaire, suitable to
 his Basses, to repose himselfe in: Neere vnto which, was
 pitch'd a most stately Tent for the Ambassador, and his
 Trayne. Then the Herauld was commanded to summon
 the Defendant by sound of Trumpet, but no one appeared,
 which made *Solimon* fearefull of disgrace. Then he found-
 ed the second time, but no one presented himselfe: which
 made the proud Tartar (in arrogancie of his redoubted pu-
 issance) to stand vp, and drawing his terrified sword, hee
 brandished it ouer his head, in such tryumphing and da-
 ring manner, that the great *Sultan* seeing his insulting
 pride, could scarce containe himselfe within himselfe,
 Then as the Herauld sounded his last summons, a lowly
 Hermit, clad all in gray, leaning on a staffe of Ebony, stayed
 him with his other hand, and required; that hee might
 speake with *Solimon* the Emperour, who being brought
 before him, bowed himselfe, thrice before him, and then
 prayed in zeale of justice, and for the honour of the Turkish-
 Empire, he might haue Horse, and Armour, to tame that
 vncivil and vntutored Tartar, whose pride, hee said, was
 not so high, but that *Vengeance* did sit above it.

The *Sultan* glad that any one durst, and would in his ho-
 nour undertake, so great and fearefull a hazard; comman-
 ded that presently he should be with-drawne, and brought
 to his Armoury, and there at his choyse be Arm'd, and moun-
 ted as his proper Champion; which was no sooner said,
 but that the Hermit being attended on thither, tooke (vp-
 on the view of all) one of the larg st and one that fitted his
 owne conceit best: wherewith being Armed, and moun-
 ted, he shewed himselfe at the Barriers end of the Lyst, in a
 bright Azure Armour, like vnto the skie, with a halfe
 Moone in the midst, both before, and behinde: His Basses,

Caparisons, and other furniture, waved like a Sea, full of silver Fishes, that seemed as he rid, to stirre ; and play under so bright a Planet. On his Shield hee had a Ship, stayed (in the midst of a Sea) by a little Fish, called *Remora* ; and his impresse was, *Vertue, not force*. As thus hee stood looking for entrance, The appointed Officers, demanded what he was, and wherefore hee came, who answered, that he was a Man of peace, a devout Hermite, and one of the least of the most humblest Servants of Great *Solimon* ; Who for the love of Honour, and to honour his Lord, came to approve that the *Sultan* of *Turkie*, was a greater and a more Emperiall, and a more magnificent Monarch, then the *Tartarian* Emperour, and much more renowned in his person ; And that *Turbulents* shamefull, and criminall offence, was punishable (by all Nationall lawes) where the fault was committed ; and this he would make good on his body, and desired to enter the Lyfts. Vpon this, all the Turkes gave a great shout, and cryed God, and *Mahomet* for the *Hermite* : And so putting up his Sword, hee was conducted by one of the *Baishas* to the other end of the Lyfts, where dismounting himselfe, hee was seated in a rich Chayre of State, curiously wrought with halfe Moones in silver, and set with precious Stones. During theyr small repose, the elected Officers viewed theyr Armes, and theyr Armour, to see whether they were of equall length, and that there were no wrong done to Chivalry : and then the chiefe Herauld proclaimed, that no one under paine of death should enter the Lyfts, but the Officers appoynted to the service, and that no one should cast any thing into the Lyfts, nor use any words, nor signe to discourage, or encourage either party.

This done, he bade the Combatants to rise, and mount themselves, and at the sound of Trumpet to begin the assault. At the setting forth it could not be discerned who was first. The *Tartar*, bearing his Mast-like Staffe over high, carried away part of the *Hermite's* Plume ; But the *Hermite* (unto whom Judgement and custome gave an advantage) bare himselfe so evenly in his winged Course, that he hit

nesse of his *Amour* denyed entrance, yet did it make him
 doe homage to the strength of the blow : For *Turbulent*
 keeping his seat, was notwithstanding, by the breaking
 of all his Girthes, set on the ground, with his Saddle betwixt
 his legges. This not onely moved great laughter, but stroke
 all men with such a wonder, that where before they could
 not harbour the least hope, now they began to looke after
 good hap. The *Tartar* swelling with irefull disdain (like
 unto the disturbed Ocean) breathed out direfull revenge ;
 and furiously drawing forth his dreadfull Sword, called
 for him, (who needed no summons at all) threatening death
 and destruction, not onely to him, but to all others. But
 the *Hermit*; whose undimayned courage, could not be shaken
 with any boysterous windes ; upon his stopage, turned
 his Horse, and seeing him on foote, (scornng the advan-
 tage) alighted, and unsheathing his correcting Semitar, ad-
 vicedly came towards the *Tartar*, who rudely saluted him,
 with so mightie a blow, that notwithstanding his full
 ward, with his Shield) hee was forced to stagger a little ;
 whereby hee knew the unresistable strength of his Foe, and
 more warily stood after, rather upon motion, then war-
 ding : Yet did his superlative valour, equall the others in-
 comparable strength : But the *Hermit*, in guerdon of *Tur-
 bulents* cold curse, returned him such powerfull thanks,
 as made his dazled eyes ready to start out of his disturbed
 head. This interchange of puissant stroakes (echoing like
 the *Cyclops* blowes upon their fiery Anvils) begot such
 spightfull disdain, and malicious rage in both, that the tem-
 pestuous furie of theyr stormy blowes came like thundr,
 to the amazement of the beholders : The great stature, and
 unresistable strength of the one, shewing both might and
 courage ; and the unmatched valour, and practive skill of
 the other, shewing great prowis and judgement. *Turbulent*,
 madde with hatefull and angry contempt, that any one
 should, or could, so stand against him (trusting to his never
 fayling strength) layd on such loades on the magnanimous
Hermit, as all men wondered how he could keepe his stan-
 ding.

ding, or standing, durst once stand to withstand him : But the bold haughtie *Hermite*, whole watchfull care, and vied skill, had made him expert in such threatening tempests, gaue some way vnto that stormie shower, avoyding the danger, sometimes by motion of his Bodie, and sometimes by strong and warie wardes ; neuer loosing any aduantage so offend, nor giuing ground in his defence.

In the end, finding the *Tartars* wasting fury to consume it selfe ; In the abatement thereof, he so redoubled his renewed blowes, which like hayle-stones stroue to ouertake each other before they fell, that *Turbulent* knew not how to auoide the greauesse of the storme. Now was there severall Armour broken, bruised, and mangled in many places, and the blood that issued from them both, made the dyed Earth a witnessse of their implacable rage. But the *Tartar*, that had lost most blood, finding his strength to abate, united all his forces together, and smote the *Hermite* so forceable on his Burgonet, that notwithstanding his Shield, which then he cleave asunder, he brought him on his knees mangre both his warde and his might ; but such was his quicke deliuerie, and invincible courage, that he was no sooner downe, then he was vp againe ; and seeing himselfe deprived of the best part of his defence, he was so overcome with scornfull anger, that he had beene brought so lowe ; that he began to renew the Fight, more furiously, and with much more puissant and insupportable blowes, then before ; and finding (by his everwatching eye) that the Vambrace was broken, and faine from the *Tartars* Currat, and that he was within his aduantage ; taking his threatening and wrathfull Sword in both his hands, hee hit him so full and so strongly on his disarmed Arme, that hee severed it from his curied Bodie, so that Arme, and harmefull sword, fell both to the ground. The *Sultan*, and all the rest, beyond all wonder, wondering at the greatnesse of the blow, and the continuance of so terrible a combate, admired who that valiant *Hermite* should be, that with such vnwearied force, and such approved skill, had shew-

ed such prowesse, as the like was never seene.

The losse of the *Tartars* arme made him curlt heaven, and earth, and frothing at his mouth, like a wilde chaffed Bull, he bellowing out wrath, and vengeance, in such a madding manner, that (being as ignorant of his Fate, as he was impudently mad in the maintainance of his ignominious wrong) he desperately runne headlong on the *Hermit*, thinking to to beare him over. But adviled experience, and wary circumspection, which had ever arm'd the *Hermit* for all accidents and assaults, made him unwilling of such unkind embracement: And therefore made stopage by a most fortunate thrust, which finding entrance under his bruised Tasse, runne upwards and made quicke inquisition after his death. Thus was the pride of *Goliath* turned into confusion, and thus fell the redoubted *Tartar*, like a great Towre upon the earth, to the amazed griefe of the Ambassadour, and all his Train; and to the admiring joyes of the *Sultan* and his Turkes. But the *Hermit*, who ever held, that to destroy mercifully, was to save; slept to him, and pulling off his head-piece, with his sword he smote off his fearefull head, and holding it up on high, Cryed, God save *Soliman*, the invincible *Sultan*, and mightiest Emperour, and greatest Potentate on earth.

This being done, the Trumpets triumphantly sounded forth the joy of most pleasing victory, and all the people made such rejoycing Cryes, that their applauding shouts pierc't the lower Region, to witnesse their glory on the earth. But silence being made, the heroicall victorious *Hermit* (arm'd with glorious conquest) was betwixt two *Beglerbegges* (the chieft of the Turkish Nobility) brought with sounding Trumpets unto the *Sultan*, who commending his great strength, his surmounting prowesse, and most invincible courage, commanded him to put off his Helmet, that he might know who had so much honoured him, that according to his great merit, hee might deservedly advance him. To which the humble *Hermit* answered, that all his Actions did ayme at Honours, not at advancement;

ment; and that the favours he had already found and received of so great a Prince, was all-sufficient in it selfe, to enable a weaker arme to performe a greater worke; besides his desire (he sayd) did carry him beyond all meanes, and ability, to doe him a more pleasing service; And therewithall taking off his Helmet, in all humility he bowed his body (according to the Turkish manner) thrice unto him. But when *Salomon* saw that he was *Sirap*, his neer affected and entertained friend, laying aside all State and regard of greatnesse, he ranne to him, and embracing him, said: How shall the Turkish *Sultan* requite the honourable love of so praise-worthy a friend, but in the renowned hazard of his invaluable life, hath both preserved, and dignified my name, and the fame of my Empire. But more befitting times shall shew us respectfully gratefull, and affectionately mindfull, of so vertuous a friend, so famous a Champion, and so glorious an act. In the interim hee commanded that three of his chiefe *Bashas* should ride before *sirap*, and that the first should carry the *Tartars* loupest arme and Sword: the second his unwieldy Speare, and massie Shield; and the third, his grim and terrible severed Head; and that after should follow the monstrous and headlesse trunke of that huge boasting *Goliath*; after whom would march the disgraced Ambasadour, and all his discontented traine: And that *Sirap* mounted on his Courser, all alone, with his naked blouddied sword in his hand, like a Conquerour should follow; and after him, he himselve, the *Sultanesse*, and all his royall Attendants should ride, and so passe through the City, to his Pallace. This he did to honour his friend; And out of this honour, did *Eugenia* his *Sultanesse* more affectionately locke upon the merit of *Sirap*. His carriage seemed now more majestickall; his colour though blacke, shee deemed lovely; and the noblenesse of his spirit, deserved (shee thought) the favour of the greatest Emperesse. This liking begot longing, and she desired how to enjoy, what she was enjoyned not to affect. The remembrance of her place, and the terrour of their law, qualified, but not quench'd her
fired

ired fancie ; which she seeking to smother in the embers, burst out after into a greater, and more shamefull flame.

But *Sirap*, during his repose, for the healing of his wounds ; entering into consideration of his crosse fortunes, seeing his admired victories applauded with open joyes, honour, and tryumphes ; and his dejected and enthralled heart, still clad in blacke woe, and accompanied onely with secret grieffe, and tormenting passions. To feed his distaste of rejoycing, with some sad conceites. He suitably composed these few following reuert, and returning verities ; which being read either forward or backward, are still the same in sense both wayes ; and either way, end in meeter.

*Ioy, Mirth, Tryumphes ; I doe desire,
 Destroy me Death ; fayne would I die :
 Forlorne am I ; Love is exile,
 Scorne smiles thereat ; Hope is beguilde :
 Men banish'd blisse, in Woe must dwell,
 Then Ioy, Mirth, Tryumphes, all farewell.*

Thus did he shewe himselfe to be ever one, as constant in his woes as he was unremoveable in his love ; And thus ever in his houres of leasure, did either his tongue complaine, or his penne manifest his sorrow. But when loathed time had healed his honoured wounds. The grand *Sultan* to give his solitarinesse some sollace, sent unto him, that the next day hee should be in besitting readinesse to attend him to the chase of the wilde Boare, in the neere adjoyning Forrest ; And commanded one of his *Basques* to see that *Sirap* should be well mounted, and furnished accordingly. For still it bare him in minde (seeing the map of Majesty in his eyes, and finding the vertue of true Nobility in his thoughts) that he was extract from Royall blood ; And by this meanes, hee thought he should (by his observance) make a further tryall thereof. The next morning *Phoebus* had no sooner rent the sable Clouds, and wash'd his face with the dew of the earth, but that the winding of base and bugle hornes,

summoned the *Sultan* to his Silvan sports, and *Sirap* to his attendance.

And long it was not, but that each one was in full readinesse, and being horsed, rid to the Forrest, where separating themselves, they tooke divers wayes, the sooner to finde their game, but still *Sirap* attended the *Sultan*, whose fortune was to elpie the Boare, whetting of his angry Tusshes in the mouth of his denne, as though hee had fore-seene his pretended pursuit, and meant to wound his pursuing foes. The *Sultan* proud of such successe, gave spurres to his flying Horse, and with carelesse eagernesse unlodging the beast, pursued him so swiftly, that none but *Sirap* could come neere vnto him. The Boare seeing himselfe pursued, fled by decreed destiny towards the muddiest of the Desert; where the Turke fast following, was sodainly seized on by a great, fell and hideous Dragon.

Sirap seeing the *Sultan* to embraced within the murdering armes of death, (knowing no feare to make a pawse) set spurres to his Horse, and so furiously runne at him with his Boare-speare, that he happily wounded him under the left wing. The fierce Dragon feeling the smart of his hurt, left his vnkind hold, and smote with his wings so violently at *Sirap*, that he brake his Speare all to peeces. Then drew *Sirap* his Semiter, which the *Sultan* had that morning given him, and freshly assauked that dreadfull Beast with such aduised heedfulness, that hardly could that enraged Monster fasten on him; so quicke in agility, so ready in dexterity, and so watchfull hee was at all times. But in the end he smote *Sirap* so forceably with his Serpentine tayle, that maugre all his might and strength, he was constrained to fall on the ground: when the wrathfull Dragon advancing his threatening wings, and opening his infernall mouth, made offer as she would deuoure him at once. But *Sirap* seeing the danger, carried so vigilanc an eye, and so ready a hand, that the Dragon no sooner stooped to feaze on him; but that, as hee lay vpright on the ground, hee so strongly thrust his well steeled Semiter into his almost unpenetrable

breſt, that piercing his heart, hee ſuddenly prevented death by death. Now the frighted *Sultan*, who onely was but pinched a little with his clawes ; was no ſooner free from that murdering Beaſt, but that creeping amazedly into a thicke buſhy Grove, he fearefully hid himſelfe there, ſcarce daring to lend his eyes, to behold that vncouth and perilous Combat. But when he ſaw *Sirap* on his feete, ſtriking off that gawty and monſtrous head ; and elivating it on the point of his Semiter, and turning himſelfe, called for his Lord. Then, then, came he forth in the admiration of his thoughts ; and kneeling downe, firſt gaue thanks to *Mahomet*, and then to him, for his ſo redeemed and preſerued life. But *Sirap* yeelding the heauens onely thanks, bad him aſcribe the onely glory thereof to God, and not to him a ſinfull man, or to any other ſurmized power ; ſince none but God had armed his humble heart with vndaunted courage ; and none but God could haue giuen his weake hand ſuch a happie Conqueſt. As thus they ſacrificed their thanks. One of the *Baſhawes*, that had loſt himſelfe in the purſuit, came ſtraying in by chance, unto whom the *Sultan* recounted all the accident : with ſuch admiring wonder of *Sirap*s worthy valour, that both the *Sultan*, and his *Baſha*, eſteemed him as another *Mahomet*. In this height of *Solimons* joy for his ſecured life ; hee commanded the *Baſha* himſelfe to carry the Dragons head before *Sirap*, into the Citie, and that his man ſhould poaſt before to publiſh that thrice renowned deed, that the Citizens might triumph in their Lords eſcape, and honour *Sirap* for his purchaſed life. And no ſooner it was revealed, but that the Citizens firſt amazed with wonder, and after raviſhed with joy, wholly went to meet their earthly God ; whom once revered, they guarded to the City gate ; where the *Caliph* (the Primate of their ſuperſtition) to celebrate the happineſſe of *Solimons* preſervation, accompanied with all the order of their ceremonious Priests, received him, and brought him after their Hereticall, or rather Heatheniſh manner to his Pallace. The next day hee cauſed the Dragons head to be ſet on his

Pallace gate, that all men beholding it, might know their Lords danger, and *Sirap*s valour. Then he assembled all his *Rasphaes*, and in their presence would have created him one of his *Vifiers*; which with all thankfull humility he reverently refused, as not capable yet of that dignity, and therefore humbly requested his Greatnesse, that hee would for a time pardon his deniall, untill the infancy of his weake merit, were growne stronger in better deserts, which well pleased *Solimon*; because *Solimon* would not displease *Sirap*. Then began he to feast, and to make triumphes in his Court. Where *Sirap* honoured Knighthood in those Justs, and graced those Justs in honour of the *Sultan*. Such was his Knightly carriage, such his unresistable courage; so well could hee manage his furious Steed, and so redoubted was hee in all his encounters, that all men rather deemed him the God of Armes, then a man in Armes. For there was neither *Turke*, nor *Sarazen*, that could withstand his puissant force: nor was there any dismounted, that held himselfe dishonoured. So highly did they estimate his unequalled valour, that they held his power rather divine then humane. As for the vulgar sort they flock'd about to see him, with such applauding shoutes, as though *Mars* had left his heavenly Spheare, and descended amongst them, to sport himselfe on earth.

These Heroicall deeds of famous Chivalry, begot admiration in all, but brought forth such unresistable affection in the faultfull *Sultanesse*, that what before shee held deadly, now shee deemed it not to be veniall: Lascivious love dissolved the bonds of all respects, and her mind being set on desire, nothing could limit her adventures. For though lust cary ruine behind her, yet must the Queene of love enjoy the God of Warre: yea, though *Vulcan* frame and lay his subtill nets for their discovery. How to make *Argoes* sleepe, was all her unquiet care; the eyes of the Eunuches must be made blind, cyther with Gold, or guile; which shee put in practice, by calling these watching Attendants, or rather jealous Jaylors unto her; unto whom shee told, that the day

day following, *Hirena* another of the *Sultans* Wives, had secretly appoynted a *Grecian Hero* to come to solace with her; for as that day, the *Sultan* himself, his *Vissers*, *Bashas*, and Martiall Commanders, would sit in the *Divano*, there to consult and conclude, for the invading of *Christendome*; And if they would stand as faithfull Sentinels in such a place as she would covertly appoynt them to, and carefully make their prying eyes full witnesses of her sportfull abuses, that then she would guild their labours over with Gold, enrich their estates, and make them more pleasing in the *Sultan* eyes, for that regardfull service, The Eunuches, whose offices stood upon such employments, embraced the offer, and promised theyr best endeavours.

The *Sultanesse* proudly glad, that she should by this deceitfull meanes, be freed from these preventing and interrupting Spirits, made now no question of opportunity, and therefore no doubt of the fruition of her desire; To hasten which she called unto her *Mentiga*, one of her attendants, whom she before had fashioned to her purpose, and gave her in secret charge, that she should that evening following, disguise her selfe in Mans apparell, and goe to the victorious *Ethiopian*, and warily deliver him that Letter, and crave his answer. Glad was *Mentiga* of this employment, it fitted her nature well, and hope of reward gaue speed to her desires, to doe her Mistresse some pleasing service. The evening being come, this mindfull *Mentiga* (sinnes packhorse) that had tyred many a Man, now attired her selfe like a Man; and going, found *Sirap* alone in his Chamber; unto whom, humbling her selfe, she delivered her carnall Letter, which thus pleaded in her Mistresses behalfe.

Elgenia the Greatest of Women, well greeteth *Sirap*, the Worthiest of Men: That I write to thee may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happinesse: If thou hast wit to know Love, I have beauty to moove Love; and if thou hast merit to win Love, I have a body to reward Love: We both

were bred in the inrailes of the flesh, and therefore subject to the desires of the Flesh. Let nature then excuse my blushing shew of immodesty herein who hath not left our affections within our owne povers, but hath framed our inherent and inevitable fancies, as facile to be seduced by Love, as shee hath made us by kind, too kind to resist Love. The Sulcan groves old, and Love decks not her selfe with fading Flowers, nor can the withered Tree shade beauty from the burning Sun. Love without fruit is a Picture without a Face; and Venus is best pleased when she is scelingly infolded within Mars his armes. If then thou wilt live like the King of Bees, seeke honey at my Hive, and thou shalt sucke the breasts of full delight, and gage the vessell, when this Earthly God shall drinke the Lee. It shall suffice Solimon, that the Sea is sufficient for more Fishes then one; and it may proudly content thee, that opportunity waiates on thy best fortunes, for to morrow will the Sultan sit in the Divano, and I have taken order for my Attendants: Then cloath thy selfe in some Religious habite (for they may ever doe the most wrong, of whom least is looked for,) and come where Pleasure shall enrich thee, and so farewell.

EUGENIA.

1 Sirap having read this with amazement, stood abashed, not that overpowerfull Love had given her such bold countenance; but that licentious Lust had armed her with such Impudency. Hee now found that the dry Earth, the Grave, and a wicked Woman, were three untatiable things: But her alluring follies could not win him, nor her attractive offers weine him from the constant resolve of his vertuous dispose; For though Fortunes gates were set wide open for him to enter, yet hee well knew, that almuch would hurt the ill that hee should find, as the good that he should looser. Though Lawrell (he said) bee of high esteeme, yet who so tasteth it shall find it bitter. Vices may vanish, but their effects can not perish; and therefore he chose rather with the Bee, to extract Money from every weed, then with the

Spider to gather poyson of the sayrest flower. *Viennas* love was a rich rocke of defence against all Siren songs, nor would the binding benefits he had received of the *Sultan* suffer him to blast his benefactors Vine, nor make him mud the fountaine that gave him drinke : A perpetuall repenting sorrow, he could not buy, for so golden and glorious seeming a solace : For what profiteth it to touch, nay have the Crowne? and after to be smitten downe with the Scepter. Dignities aggravate the offence against him, that is bound not to offend ; and such pleasures ever contaminate those that embrace them. False disloyaltie could not corrupt him nor could poverty infect him. As these considerations made him resolute in the refusall so doubtfull, feare made him carefull, least his denyall should beget disdain, and disdain bring forth direfull revenge ; for unjust Women, doe never appease their wrathfull ires against just Men. To sayle betwixt these threatening Gulphes, was dangerous, yet like a wise Pilor, he turned himselfe to the stearne of his best, providencie ; and taking Pen and Inke, hee no lesse subtilly then suddainly, writ her such an answer, as (being left of purpose unpoynted) might sensibly be read, either to sute her desire, or to excuse his denyall. This Letter he sealed, and delivered it to the *Protean* Messenger, with excuse of the necessity of his Religious observation, to celebrate his Nativitie the next day, and that he would couerously attend, and joyfully embrace the benefit of the next Tyde. By this colourable delay, he freed himselfe from all hazard, and by winning of time, he hoped to avoyde all dangers. But *Eugenia* receiving the Letter, read it as followes.

THe awe of Majestie, and bond of obliging honestie I regard, not the consideration of so glorious Love, shall make me yours; the greatnesse of your merit I acknowledge, and will affect as I ought ; respectfully I honour the estimate of your Place, and Greatnesse ; your Love I will affectionately embrace neuer ; *Eugenia* for me, shall sayle of her desire, and Sirap will ever live freely ; yours in all service,

Disdaine of contempt, and rancorous despite for refused favours, would scarce let her read out the last word, but that throwing it away in a most distastfull rage, shee vowed that his life should answer the disgrace : which *Mentiga* hearing, grieved that her labours had brought forth no better fruit, and finding her Paradiz'd hopes cast downe, shee in a most scornfull manner tooke up the Letter, and happily read it the other contrary way, and therewithall humbling her selfe, besought her Majesty to take a better view thereof, and not to contemne him, that gave her such ample and pleasing content. Content, nay contempt sayd *Eugenia*, thou wouldst say. Thinkest thou that I cannot see, reade, nor understand what he hath done ? what madnesse moves thee to perswade mee to impossibilities. Thy idle words cannot make my constant eye, a Traytor to my perfect judgement. See here wilelesse woman, that hast either lost thy sight, or thy senses. Reade, reade, and let every word winne thy assistance to my just, and cruell revenge. It shall (most potent Empresse) answered *Mentiga*, so that in your owne milder nature, and more temperate dispose, you will but vouchsafe to see with patience, what I shall most truly and directly reade. I will, sayd *Eugenia* on that condition, and thereupon *Mentiga* read the same againe, and as shee read it, shee poynted it with her finger, as followeth now poynted.

THe owe of Majesty, and bond of obliging honesty I regard not the consideration of so glorious love shall make me yours ; the greatnesse of your meritt I acknowledge, and will affect as I ought respectively ; I honour the estimate of your place, and greatnesse ; Your love I will affectionately embrace ; never *Eugenia*, forme. shall faile of her desire ; and *Sirap* will ever live freely yours, in all service.

SIRAP.

Now

Now most meritorious Lady (sayd *Mentiga*) and worthyest of Princes, what mislike can you gather from so full a consent of love? Or what could you expect more from him, then to be wholly yours? with adventure of life, he offers love, and not regarding danger he devotes himself to your pleasure. O happy Lady, Sovereign Queen of Fortune, and sole commander of contentment; that out of your own fancy can triumph over others affections, and at your own pleasure enjoy your desires with wished delights. *Eugenia* amazed, and confounded with wonder, knew not what to say, or thinke of her selfe: Sure shee was that she read it directly otherwise, and as assuredly she found it now to bee otherwise.

In this silent confused study she punished all her thoughts with variety of hinking, and stood like a fair livelesse picture, made to life; but wanting life, vntil fatall *Mentiga* awaked her wandering spirits, and thus merrily cheered her.

Nay, most mighty Empreſs (she sayd) confels your error, and your pardon shall be granted: heer is nothing metamorphosed; on y you may see, that there is nothing well done, that is ill construed. Your fear to loose what you wished to have; made you think as you doubted; beleeve what you feared; and read as you deemed. But that cloud being dispierced, look now with comfort upon the glory of the Sun, and with joy receive the benefit of his sweet influence, and therewithall she read, and re-read it, with such plain and direct pointing of it, that the *Sultaneſſe* (being easily made apt to embrace what she desired) acknowledged her over sight, and never after sought to read it in any other manner, or to any other sense.

To ratifie which, *Mentiga* told her, that he sorrowfully craved pardon for his next days attendance. For that it being his birth day, he was tyed both by his Countreys custom, and by his obliged obſervance, religiously to celebrate it, in a sacred sort, according to their wonted and hallowed manner. This was somewhat cordiall unto her wounded heart, though not so comfortable as she desired. And yet it did (because it must)

satisfie for the time: which time, was all, surprized *Sirap* sought to gain : For in the delay of dayes he hoped to prevent that threatening evill , which so dangerously (like a prodigious, though bright Comet) proclaimed and prognosticated his destruction. In the mean tunc he left the pleasing and enticing sports of the court (for pleasures are no pastimes for male-contented and disconsolated men) and purposely walked all alone into the fields (the freer to enjoy his own thoughts) where suddenly making a stand in his melancholy pause, he writ in the sand with the point of his sword as follows.

*My foes I foyle; my woes do conquer me,
Fancy I fly, yet love, and lov'd would be:
Thus Sirap joyes, and thus doth Paris mourne,
In Greece grac'd, and admir'd; in France forlorn.*

No sooner had he writ the last Letter, but with his discontented foot he buried them all in their own Sepulchers, and smoothing he place againe, stamp't out this new inscription.

*No eye shall see, what sands would tell,
No winds shall blab, where I do dwell.*

But then calling to remembrance his enthralled Lady, lying hopelesse, haplesse, and heartlesse : in his losse, in her love, and in her selfe. And finding himselfe exiled from Prince, Parents, and possessions, wandering like a fugitive, from foreign places, to places still unknown. Then, then, drowning the late flowing streame of his gotten glory, in the full Sea of present hard haps ; he began thus to ease his oppressing griefe, by pleading, and publishing to the winds his case, and cause of grievous care.

O false Fortune (said he) constant only in inconstancy, how hast thou made me a mirror of thy many mutabilities.

First, thou flatter'dst my clyming thoughts with imperiall conceits, and promisedst successe to my aspiring hopes,
and

and then, even then, thou punishest my desires, with distrustful favours. After thou didst erect rich and glorious Trophies, for my renowned Victoryes; and in thy greatest grace, disgrace my fortunes, and eclipse my honour, with most obscure and clouded Conquests. Then in thy fraudulent smiles, thou wingedst my hope with beauties consent, and madest me flye in the heaven of my blisfull contentment. But after (like a cruell Tyrant, thou thrust my heart out of Paradise, and like a Thief, robbed my desires of his purchased Prey. And now rather to shew thy staylesse state, then to salve any wound thou gavest; thou girded me with pleasing glory, and unaffected favours in *Greece*, and feedest my mated mind with unseasonable joyes; when alas my excruciated thoughts cannot but live, as strangers in forraign delights.

O sweet *Vienna*, in thee only have I lost the beauty of the world; the pride of all joys, the sweetest fruit of best content, and the highest mark of true loves ambition: And for thee only all these remonstrances of love, joy, mirth, solace, and triumphs, seem unto me but as the rich spoils of a vanquished Kingdom, in the eye of a Captive Prince; which as they are, but as unbreadings of his losse; so are these, but as sharp whetstones to my continued sorrows.

O how these Barbarian, and Turkish tunes of comfort, sound in my eares. like the Israelites bemoaning Musicke, upon the Babylonian banks: And how the *Sultan*, and his Emperesses affording graces, seem unto me but as the glistening sparkes of a broken Diamond, and the Pictures of dead and decayed beauties; fair signes, not salves, of my lost felicity; and true memorials, not medicines, of my purchased calamity. O *Vienna, Vienna*, as thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wishes, and the onely life, and repasse of all my desires, so is thy love to me a continual hunger; and thy absence an extream famine. Then pardon my enforced flight in my stormy fury, driven thereunto by my angry Fates; and let my faith live still in thy fancy, which is not to be controlled by any Fortune. But alas,

thou livest thy self, a Captive Prince to thy will; and a most desolate prisoner to thy abused constancy.

O cruell *Dolphin*, Tiger-hearted Father, and most unnatural, and unrelenting Parent; the smallest drops will soften the hardest stones, but natures greatest tears, cannot supple thy stony heart: thy justice without pittie, is as cruell as pittie, without justice is foolish. If wrath were not by mercy to be appeased, no flesh should be saved.

O would _____ and thus as he would have floated further in the Sea of his sorrow, he was interrupted and driven out of his *Sad* humor, by a certain messenger of worth, that the Turk had sent to seek him, with whom he returned, shadowing his grief, with the borrowed vail of seeming pleasant; and arming his patience with noble resolution, to give way to all occurrents, and to withstand all sinister accidents.

No sooner was he come into the *Sultans* sight, but that he cheerfully called him, and briefly told him, that he meant to invade Christendome: And that for his approved Prowes, and for the love he bare him, he meant to grace him with the conducting of his Army, and make him Generall over all his forces. This said he, is our will, and this your charge; Then see that your performance answer our expectation, and that our love be guerdoned with your victories. *Sirap* wounded with these words, knew not how to lay a plaister on this sore, yet resolved in his Countries good he humbly prostrating himself, yeelded all reverend thanks, for such his great esteem and gracefull reipet.

But such (said he, pardon me, most victorious, and most mightiest, of most mightiest Princes) is my unpractized knowledge in Marshalling of Troops, and ranging of Battels, that I should rather eclipse the feared honour of your name, by my overthrow; then eternize your gotten fame by my Conquests. Besides know (most great Commander) that though I be a mortall enemy to the Crosse of Christ, and an inherent foe to all Christians; yet for some private causes (best knowne to my selfe) I vowed long since never to tread on Christian ground, nor come where any worship that *Mes-*

for their God. Then let (I humbly intreat your Imperiall Majesty) some other in worth more worthier; supply my defects in their better deserts, and bury not your living renowne in my so probable ignorance, and unexperienced discipline.

The *Sw'can* weying the danger of an unpractised Generall, allowed the rather his devout objections; and considering the religiousnesse of his vowes, (though he held it superstitious in it self) yet would he not violate his consecrated promise; but yeelding to his request, he made *Mussapha, Bassa*, his Generall; and the preparation for him was so great that the bruit thereof piercing the Western clyme, came to the knowledge of the French King; who as the greatest Christian Prince, assembled his wisest counsellours, and noble Peers, praying also in ayd of all his allyes, and Princely confederates about him, to confer, and conclude somewhat, for the honour and preservation of Christendome; Amongst whom, the *Dolphin* of *Verannois* was there as the sole *Solan*, and onely wisest (though too severe a *Case*) of his Country.

But such was his over weening conceit, such the elevation of his high stirring spirit, and such his proud estimation of his allowed wisdom; that halled on (I know not by what destiny) he voluntarily offered, secretly, and Pilgrim like to go to *Constantinople*, there to espy, and learn, the strength, intention, course and preparation then intended, meant, and made for Christendome.

This being applauded by the whole assembly, so tickled the flattering humor of his vain glory, the eclipse of his mature wisdom) that poisoned with their praises; he sayled to look into the consideration of so doubtfull, and threatening an enterprize, *Pride* made him forget both his place and his yeares, and *Glory* would not permit him, neither to take counsell of *Time*; nor make a provident delay; which well shewes that they that are transported with their own desires, have no true scope of judgement left them, to looke with perfect eyes into their designs; otherwile actions so uncertaine,

had been better not undertaken, then unfortunately hazarded: But he ever halteth to repent that rashly enterpriseth: He was most resolute in his determination, nothing could dismay him, nor no man could disswade him: doubt he held to be the bane of all hopefull endeavours, and if his fate were certain, he said it would profit him little to take heed; and if uncertain, it would be more then meare foolishnes, to fear what he was ignorant of would happen.

In this resolute resolve, he called for the Lord *Vran Espérance*, (a man whose care and providence, was the life of that State,) unto his wisdom and trust did he leave the whole government of his Principallity, till his returne; commanding him upon his allegiance, to martiall, and manage the whole State, as best should stand with Justice, Law, and equity; and that he would neither in pity, duty, nor favour (such was his perseverant rigour) release, comfort, nor give countenance to the Princeesse *Vienna*, otherwise then was by him already censured, allowed, and accustomed: That her obstinate and degenerate disobedience (she being a Traytor to true Generation) might eternize his unpartiall lustice, make her miserab'le, in being an example to others, and that his Title and right, might in his absence be the better secured by her imprisonment. And so taking his leave, he privately departed, accompanied with none but with *Mal Pience*, his affected and learned servant.

After their Land-travell, they Shipt themselves and lanchd into the Ocean; where after some dayes layling, they were by force of wrathfull and sinister winds (by the command of *Neptune*) driven into the *Egyptian* Sea, and so cast on the Bay of *Alexandria*, where he had not rested full three dayes, but that a subtil *Mercurian*, a Merchant of *Babylon*, that then lay in Traffique there, observing more heedfully the eminent Majesty, and uncontrolled countenance of the *Dolphin*, supposed thereby that he was of no mean Estate. His Complexion and attire made him a *Christian*; and his commanding eyes (the true image of the mind)

mind) shewed him to be of an high Spirit.

This *Lynx*, this Blood-hound to mischief, hunted after opportunity, to resolve this doubt, and by fortune encountered with *Mal-Fiance* in the Market-place, whither the *Dolphin* his Lord had sent him to buy some necessaries; Vnto whom in Latine (as the most generall Tongue, best known to all) the politike merchant gave many kind salutes, offering him secretly for the love he bare to Christ, and Christians, all the best Offices he might perform; wishing withall, (to gaine the more credit) not to make himselfe known in so dangerous and impious a place. *Mal-Fiance* (being better Learned then travelled) finding himself so kindly intreated by a stranger, returned thanks, and oyfully embrac'd his courtesie. The merchant glad that hee understood him, requested his acceptance of a cuppe of their Country-Wine, which *Mal-Fiance* (as one proud of such unexpected friendship in so strange a place, and that he had met with one of knowledge to conferre withall,) willingly assented unto.

The merchant, having waded thus farre into the depth of his awaked intention, thought good to sound the Foord at full by undermining their projects: And therefore in the curtesie of their Bacchonizing cups, he gave him some few pieces of Gold, wishing him to make his wants known; with the distresse of his Companion, that he might privately relieve them, and secretly give them comfort and directions for their more security.

This fallie fire (the seeming shew of good regard) burnt up all *Mal-Fiances* fear of distrust; the strength of hot wines, consumed all due consideration, and the joy he took in finding so good a Christian amongst unbelieving *Infidels*, made him unadvisedly tell the merchant who he was, whom he serued, and where his Lord the Prince was. This machivilian merchant, being now fully informed of what he desired, the better to mature his ill design, spake to the master of the House in the *Slavonian* Tongue. (a Language much used amongst the *Turks*) that he should say that Stranger, un-
till

till his return from the *Sauzake*, the Turkes Governour of *Alexandria*, which he did, to no lesse admiration, then dismay of confounded *Mal Fiance*: For now too late he found that Christall is like a pretious stone, till it come to hame-ring; that his betraying tongue was guilty of his own evill, and that in the least danger, is ever some eminent perill. But this seducing Marchant (the son of deceit, born of hate, fed with mischief, and maintained with others losses) being now armed with all the apparances of Truth, that might fit and further his purpose, went instantly to the dreadlesse *Dolphin*, and in his corrupt Latine (futable to his ulcerated heart) he thus greeted him,

THE Saviour of the faithfull, the comfortable Sonne of the most Righteous, all-Seeing, and Everliving GOD, make your Excellency most happy in all your intendments, and guard your person from the knowledge and malice of cruell Miscreants. To testifie my Faith by my Workes, and to preserve the living Plants of Christs Vineyard, from the bloody handes of the destroyer. I am come, most noble Prince, to save thy thrie worthy Christian life; from the Tyranny of murdering Infidels: In assurance whereof, let this suffice, that your attendant *Mal Fiance* is apprehended, and that for fear, he hath confest that you are a French Prince, and *Dolphin of Viennois*; and that as a wily *Vlisses*, you are selected, and come to pry into the *Turkish* State, and to discover their projects; which being made known to the *Sauzake*, your Highnesse shall be sent a Prisoner to *Constantinople*, where that curied sinfull *Sulcan* will make you dye a most cruell death. To prevent which, I have posted unto you, and will for our Savours sake, convey you from his slavish and barbarous cruelty. For know; most gracious Prince, that in heart I am a reall Christian, though in shew a *Mahometitian*, and have given addition of Life to many, by private intelligence, secret relief, speedy prevention, and by close protection,

on, and unknowne transporting them to their Native homes;
 And this and all this I do in some satisfaction for my Sins,
 and to save my soul, for which the Lord of Life lost his
 dearest life. This loathed habite of mine, gives me safety,
 and warrants my vowed endeavours for Christian supports:
 Vnto which saving service, I have dedicated both the length
 of my days, and the fullnesse of my means. Nor do I leave
Goshen to dwell in the Tents of *Kedar*; Nor desire I with
Lot to stay in *Sodom*; nor would I for my possessions here,
 establish my inheritance (with the Children of *Ruben*) in
 the Land of *Gilead*; But I live in *Alexandria*, for perfor-
 mance of my sacred vowes, and to preserve the Flock of
 Christ, from these Band-dogs of Satan, that otherwise would
 be devoured by them. And therefore if you love this your
 life go with me, and passe over the Foard now the waters
 are low, leaft by your dangerous delay you be destroyed in
 the Flood: And to prevent the instant search, I will bring
 you out of the Lyons den; and free you from the snare of the
 Hunter. Fraud you know goes beyond force, and preventi-
 on helps, what repentance cannot redresse. I will not use
 many words, (Protestation is the Mother of Jealousie) but
 when time shall promise better security, I will at my owne
 charge convey you to *France*. In the mean time, you shal
 want nothing that my money can procure, or my Labours
 obtain.

Thus did this subtil *Sinen* (who had the voyce of *Jacob*,
 but the hands of *Esaü*) guild over his poysoned Pilles, and
 weave the Webbe of the *Dolphin's* woe; who finding
 cause of fear in that hee was so apparently knowne, did
 willingly feed on poyson, and rashly commend his wel-
 fare, to his betraying trust; praising God, that hee had sent
 him such a Shield of defence, and had so preserved him from
 the terror of shamefull death: But this comfort in danger,
 was but like the honey that *Sampson* found in the Lyons
 Jawes, or like lightning in a foggy night: Time would

nor permit neither of better consideration, nor of further complement.

The perfidious Marchants fear (for still he seemed fearfully to fear) haled him away to his chamber, where he closely kept him with respect untill the next day; against which time he had provided two swift Dromidaries well furnished, to carry them to *Babylon*, there to make present of to great and strange a Prince unto the *Soldan* his King. promising himself, either a great share in his ranfome, or no small reward for his so worthy a Prize.

The long travail of the *Dolphin*, made him give way to all suspicious thoughts; His journies were greater then stood with ease or liking; Yet what he could not avoid he learned to bear; necessity enforced him a constant patience. But being come to *Babylon*, he was presented to the *Soldan*, and like a Captive (in triumph) he was led through the City to prison. The dejected *Dolphin* (whose French Fortunes were but erst the Ministers of his will) was now so controled, and deprived of all dignity, that hopelesse of his life, he had no other comfort, then to be voyd of all comfort: Sometimes he would inveig against the detestable treachery of his deceitfull Servant, and condemn his own credulity in believing an Unbeliever. Then would he curse his over-glorious desire of Popularity, the ground of his grief in seeking applausé with danger, and hazarding his person to give liking to others. But after when humble misery had appeased his discontented thoughts, hee then cast off his Adders-skinne; and lo! Pitty did enter in at an Iron gate: and finding then his own cruell Tyranny, in anothers long digested misery, he set fall some relenting teares, and passionately he thus bewayled his Daughters endurance, in his owne thraldome.

Ah poor *Vienna*, too poor for *Vienna*: Rich art thou in Feature, but more then poor by thy Father. Nature hath honoured thee in thy Birth, Beauty hath eterniz'd thee in thy Person, and Vertue hath renowned thee in thy Life. Onely I, yea I onely, thy haplesse Sire, have made thee unfortunate, to be the more infortunate my selfe: The rise
gour

gour of my Injustice, is in true Justice, now punished in my self with rigour; and the remembrance of thy long injurious endured miseries, is as a living hell to my dying soul. O that thy sorrows (my thoughts tormentors) might end with my life, or that thy life (my lives honour) might be preserved by my death; so should I dye more contented, and thou live better regarded and comforted. But alas thou untimely dyest, to live in thy renown, and I shamefully live, to dye in my reproach.

O cruell Father, unhappy *Dolphin*: O forlorn *Vienna*, but most distressed daughter, The Heathens make my death their Heaven, and my neereſt friends account my life their hell. The earth now diſdains to bear me, and yet the heavens deny to receive me. Men ſcorne me in my fall, and God reſuſeth me in my ſin: So ſhall I dye diſdayned of moſt bewayled of none, and unregarded of all. Thus did miſery, and ſorrow (the kind ſiſters of mercy, and true wakers of compaſſion) extract tears and ſighs from ſtony cruelty; as ſtrokes do force fire out of hardeſt Flints.

But leaving him to his more deſerved dolours; Let us return to the great *Sultan of Turkey*, who hearing of the *Dolphin's* apprehenſion, and that he was a priſoner at *Babylon*; wrote inſtantly to the *Soldan*, that in no wiſe he ſhould releaſe him: In the Interim, he joying wondred, and wondring enjoyned, that Bonafires, Feaſts, and Tryumphs, ſhould be made throughout the City. In ſuch high account and fearfull regard, did they hold him for his judicious diſcipline, praictiſe policies, turbulent ſpirit, Martiall provocation, approved directions, and rare ſtratagems, that now taken, they held (in this preſage) the Conqueſt, certain. But *Sirap* underſtanding the cauſe of theſe rejoycings, was aſtoniſhed at the newes. Report could not make him beleve what reaſon ſhewed was falſe. His greatneſſe he thought denied all private exployts, and his yeares gainſaid ſuch tedious travail. The places were too farre remote; and there was no combination of Chriſtian Princes, to undertake a generall Warre. Traffique ſtood not with
his

his dignity, and pleasure could not draw his age to perill. His command at home, would not suffer him to go from home: Nor durst he trust the faith of a Subject, nor the strength of his Foes: He had no Son, and therefore most subject to his neighbour invasions. He was wise, and more feared then beloved; And therefore he had cause to fear many, whom many did fear. These, and other reasons, perswaded him to the fallity thereof.

But the *Sultan* discoursing of the truth, and the manner thereof wounded him with wonder, and made belief subscribe to his relation. Now grief arrested his loyall heart, and made his dutifull regard, a prisoner to his pensive thoughts. His forsaken Country, was now forsaken, and made a pray for the avaritious Forraigner. His distressed Lady destitute of his help, when she had most need of his ayd.

This was his greatest grief, and this commanded his return: But judgment told him, that her right failed, while the *Daphnia* lived, that the Nature of Justice was to render to every one his own, and that that he was bound for *Vienna's* sake, and as a Subject, to industriate himself for his delivery: And though his exile awaked Revenge, yet Charity, he knew, required forgetfulness of evill deeds. His Countries hazard, he deemed lesse then his Lords losse. The miscarrying of the one, might be holpen by the recovery of the other: but the destruction of the Prince would beget both forraign and intestine broyls.

In this perswasion, he secretly vowed his best endeavours for his enfranchisement; and secretly smothered his sorrow, never taking notice of the accident, nor making enquiry after further occurrants. In the expiration of few days, being in the Court, he found the *Sultan* alone, in the mildness of his usuall mood, both pleasing and pleasant: In that happy hour he took opportunity by the fore-part, and (imprisoning his worthy resolution within the Closet of his secret thoughts) he in all subjected humbleness, requested his favourable consent for the accomplishment of his obliging vow, that tyed his engaged soul, amongst other Cities of famous name, to see *Ba-*
bylon

bylon, both for the antiquity and worthinesse of the same: And that he would be pleased to grant him his Imperiall Warrant under his Silver Seal, for his better security in travail; and further grace him, with his commendatory Letter to the *Soldan*, that he might find favour in his sight, and respect with his Highnesse.

The *Sultan* unwilling to leave him; in that he both loved him affectionately, and intended to make a profitable use of his great, and unequalled valour, perswaded him to stay still with him, and he should command in *Turkie*, dwell in his grace, and live in height of honour. But *Sirap* pleading necessity to go, promised speedy return; and that in lieu of his favours, he would bestow all his remaining dayes in his service. This pleased the Turk so well, that he yeelded to his request, and to his encouragement for his back repair: He gave him Princely Robes (as Ornaments of Honour) to countenance him; rich Jewels to shew his Dignity; and great Treasure to defray his answerable dispende.

He furnished him with Attendants, especially with one of knowledge in the *Chaldean* tongue, to be his Interpreter.

He also writ unto the *Soldan*, to receive him, as one most compleat in all worth, worthy all honour, honoured by *Soliman* the great, his especiall Favourite, and the God of Wars chiefest Champion; and therefore he entreated him to receive him with all Royall regard, and to give him what contentment he might; and the rather, in that he purposely came to see his magnificency, and the state, both of his Court, and City. This no little availed *Sirat*, in his intendments, and these Princely favours, and furthering means made him no lesse joyfull for his proud hopes; then most humbly thankfull for the *Sultans* so gracious a respect.

And so taking a submissive leave for that time; He would needs for his pleasure go to *Pera*, a City distant but a mile from *Constantinople*: And as he crossed *Thracius Bosphorus*, (a water that only divideth the two Cities;) he fortunately espied amongst the Gally-slaves that rowed him, a French-man no otherwile known to him, then the Cloath to the List:

For though seven yeares slavish Captivity had made him a *Grecian* in his tongue; and dyed his Sunne-burnt skinn more blacker, then his Native hue; yet did his making, and manner of his speech, proclaim him a French-man. Of him in Greek, he demanded what was his name, and Nation: who answered *France* is my Country; *Bonfoy* my name, which pleased him well. Then (without discovering himselfe, or taking further knowledge of him) he asked, Whether he would for his Liberty, faithfully and truely serve, and follow him, and his fortunes: and he would after sometime, send him into his own Country, whereloever it was.

Bonfoy to gain that happy freedom, and to be free from that miserable and bale slavery; were by the Son of God, who was made man, that men might be made the sonnes of God; that he would truly, and faithfully (during his pleasure) tye himself, and all his endeavours, to his command. Whereupon *Sirap* begg'd him of the Captain, that durst not deny him any thing, and ever after most kindly used him, and loved him, because hee would be, not only served but beloved of him: That forth of that love hee might the better trust him, and be the better interested in him. For where love hath supremacy, there all affections attend on it, and all other passions are overswayed by it.

But now the sensuall *Sultanesse* hearing of *Sirap*s hasty provision for his suddain departure to *Babylon*, grew more then impatient in her discontented feares; and beyond all consideration of her state, deplored the hardnesse of her hap. Her lustfull hopes were now wounded in the expectation of he lascivious desires, and unbounded love so oppress her unchast thoughts, that finding her infected affection frustrated of conceived joyes, she fainted under the burthen of her unexpected vowes. In this sad alteration she threw her selfe on the humble floore; where her dumbe sorrowes uttered nought but bemoaning teares, and complaining sighes: Which *Mentiga* ruthfully beholding, and well weying that this unwelcome event would deprive her of

of enriching favours, and of promised preferments, she summoned her wits together, and set them all on the rack of invention, to find out means of some redress.

At last, after a sad and serious pause, she said ; Take comfort most mighty Empress, and my most gracious Sovereign, let this suddain lightning dye in his abortive birth, and listen to your most submissive Handmaid, who desires no longer life, then she may do your Highness acceptable service. Your Knight is no doubt, enforc'd (by the *Sultans* employment) to this unlik'd journey, and your remembrance will not only be a plea for his dispatch ; but his controlling affection will also give speed to his return.

In the mean time, I will undertake to bring him this night to your bed, where you may make your desired delights, do homage to your wills, pay tribute to your sufferance, and bind him over to accomplish your further pleasure.

Then rais'd your better thoughts, this base floor (but your foot-stool) is no bed for Majesty : Nor stands it with the resplendant Queen of ASIA, to prostrate her self so low, as to lie in the dust of the earth. *Eugenia* thus rowz'd, rose (with an erected heart) from her seat of sorrow, and carefully looking on her, said ; Ah, *Mentiga, Mentiga*, can it be that Physick hath any Cordiall Receipt for so desperate a Disease ? Is there any mollifying salve can cure my tormenting sore ? or canst thou give a healing plaister, to my wounded mind. Speak thou haplesse, or most happy woman : When, where, or how, canst thou effect so great, and sweet a work ; and please thy Lady without perceivance ? The glorious Sun (thou know'st) is ever remarkable, when mean Stars are seldom gaz'd on. Pale *Jealousie* is a subtle spie ; and invincible *Envie* hath murdering eyes. *Danger* waits on dignities, and *Beauty* is ever guarded with obtrivance. The light (I fear) is a blab, and darknesse but a Traytor : These walls have eares, then be silent *Mentiga*, least the Ayre whisper, and betray thy intention, and enterprize.

Thus had *Eugenia* (when it came to it) many Eyes, to see into many Evils, but they were all blind to prevent any.

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Misfortune to blindeth those she will overthrow, that nothing can cleer their understandings, nor limit their adventures; which made *Mentiga* answer that she had a Charm to close up *Argoes* eyes, and that deceit should lull danger a sleep, when Beauty should feast with love. And this she sayd it is, and must be.

The *Sultan*, you know (either to refresh himself with ease or to make his pleasures more compleat by change) doth the two last nights of every week, abstain both from your bed and Chamber; And this ensuing night being the first of the two, when your *Eunuches* be at supper, wee will in my chamber secretly change our attyres, and so give life to our device, you must as *Mentiga* bring me as Emperesse to your bed, where leaving me, you shall depart into my Chamber next adjoining, where fastening the door you must attend the hour of midnight, and then putting on my Night-gown, you must as silently as may be go down the staires into the Garden, and there opening the postern gate, (the key whereof shall be preprovided for you) you shall receive your disguised Knight and bringing him up the staires to my Chamber, you both may safely entertain your stoln delights; and give both your desires all fulness of content.

But how (said *Eugenia*) shall he return undiscovered. Early in the morning replied *Mentiga*, before the day shall descry your dalliances, will I rise and come unattired unto you to my chamber, when you shall leave my blest and beautified bed, and returne to your owne chamber in such manner as I came. And then will I cloathe your Knight in the religious habite of the *Hozes*, the same I used, when I went to him. And so hee may depart, when the Sunne (the eye of the world) shall not discover him. For clouded Rocks deceive Mariners; A justifiable cloake ever hides a treacherous fraude, and they ever may do the most wrong of whom least is looked for. And because we will not procrastinate our designs, lest our projects bee communicated. I will presently put on my *Protean* shape; and like a holy Father, go to *Sirap*, unto whom I will unfold
all

all that we have determined, and both enjoyn and entreat him in your name, and for your love, that he will not say his hour, at that place, but come to take Loves farewell, and leave a settled possession of his purchased favours.

This enticing plot, promised more to *Eugenia* than a possibility. Her lawless love saw no exception, nor could her wantonizing thoughts dream of any interception: Her transported desires were to drowned in her over-amorous passion, that she entertained the least conceit, that might but help her foolish fancy. Her flattering hopes held good correspondency with all likelihoods; and in the confidence of her supposed assurance she bad her go, and after called her back again. Her prelagings heart did say her, and she began to fear she knew not what. A sudden trembling possessed her in every part, and what before she but carelessly dreaded, now she did more then fearing doubt. In this distraction, and fear of misadventure she sayd; It is better to be in love most miserable, then through love to be guilty of our owne manifest confusion. Why should we then *Mentiga* for our lovingfolies weave the web of our own woes? Violent streams being once run out the mud will appear in the bottom. The indignation of a Prince is death; and the love of a stranger as inconstant, as a Travellers mind is wandering. He is but mean, and puddles are not for Princes to drink at: Let him be as he is, that I may be as I am. O *Eugenia*! hadst thou been as provident to shun the cause of thy fall; as thou was foolishly wise to apprehend thy fall:

*Thou might have longer liv'd in thy renown,
But now thy sins are ripe; Fate throws thee down.*

For she being drawn by a wilfull folly, unto that whereunto she was destinate, no sooner had uttered what she misliked, but straight she misliked what she had uttered. Shall idle doubt (said she) the hearse of our desires, deprive me of my wished delights? Is base

fear (the badge and terror of Pealants) a befitting Counsellour for a commaunding Emperesse? or is love tyed to equality, honour, or majesty, that knowes no difference of persons? Must greatest Queens want their wills, and the drosse of Damocels enjoy their pleasures? Where then is our dignities, our prerogatives, and our priviledges? To command others, and be slaves to our selves, is worse then subjection. I will be my ielf, my affections shall bow to my will, and my fancy shall command my pleasures.

Necessity hath no law, and where there is no law, there is no breach. Here *Mentiga* take this purse, and happily get thee gone & fortunately return. This concluding command gave her speed, and being come before him, she thus, in his privat chamber all alone salutes him,

Eugenia, the great Emperiall *Soltraneffe*, Sovereign Queene of Queens, and only Mirror of Beauty and Bounty, by me her trusty Hand-maid greetes thee well, and wisheth thee (O thou happiest of men, and blest Sonne of Fortune) all the joyes that thy heart can wish, or her affection can afford. She grieves that thou art bound for *Babylon*; and she entreats thee, that disguised this night, at the hour of twelue, when darknesse hath put on her blackest robe, thou wilt come to the Postern-gate of the Garden Wall, where she will in person receive thee, and safely bring thee, where thou mayest Bathe thy ielf, in Beauties most delightfull Fountaine, and feast thy best Fortunes, with all the pleasures that true Love, or proud State can yeeld. Nor mayest thou doubt of hazard herein, since thy security is thus carefully and certainly assured. And therewithall she related to him the whole plot of their devicc; which she said was onely intended, that by your incorporated farewells, you both might seal such an intringeable deed of your covenanted Loves, that nought but death should breake the same.

Sirap being thus surprized, when least he looked for such an assault wished himself in *Bablon*. His vertuous dispose, did contemne such shamefull treachery: Nor would he

he violate his plighted faith to *Vienna*, for all the proud fortunes and Favours of *Asia*, and *Affrick*: Yet fearing least his refusal should crosse his departure, he smoothly set a scarlet dy, on his rough and course conceit, and like *Love* himself when he entred *Danaes* Tower, he seemed both pleasant and pleasing to *Mentiga*; which made her more apt to beleieve what he never meant.

Return (sayd he) unto the brightest Star, and greatest Glory of *Turkie*, and present in all humble humbleness, my true service unto her, and say; That in the intercourse of Affection, my Love surmounts hers, and that neither danger nor death shall alter, or hinder, the wished fruition of my fancy, so fortified by a Princes favour. To take my farewell is my thirsting desire and to seal the deed of my purchased favour, is the Gordian knot that I most wish to unloose; Be true to thy Queen, wise to thy self, give thy thoughts no tongue, nor my name no record.

Thus did he in another meaning satisfie blinded *Mentiga*; who proud of her surmized success, that ravished with joy, that taking a compendious farewell she posted (in the conceit of her happy endeavours) to feast *Eugenia* with her glad tydings.

And no sooner was she gone, but that *Sirap* falling on his knees, besought God to guard his innocence, from all *Barbarian* perils, and to free his chaste thoughts from those tempting *Sirens*, those ruinating Follies, and those lascivious and nefarious Assaults; and that he would so direct him in his wisdom, and so defend him by his power, that he might safely (without interruption) go to *Babylon*, and for the good of his Sanctuary, remove that Pillar of his Church out of the house of *Dagon*, and bring him home to be a Glory to his temple. This sacrifice was his safeguard; His virtuous determination, and constant resolution, merited well; but his firme affiance in his God, and dependancy on Divine perfection, shielded him, no doubt, from partaking of that adherent mischief that fell fatally upon the *Saltaness*, and *Mentiga*: Yet in seeking to avoyd *Scylla*, he

feared to fall into *Charibdis* : His not-appearance, would make his fraud apparant ; and his delusion, might draw on his secret destruction.

But *Mentiga* comming to her Sovereign Lady (who long had expected her before she came, though she came long before reason could expect her) chearfully recounted unto her, what *Sirap* (in truth but not truly) had protestingly delivered unto her ; how pleasing her message was to him ; how joyfully he entertained the Name of Love ; how feelingly he entred into comparison for his affection ; and how comfortably he embraced the remembrance of his desired Fare-well.

These, and other demonstrances of Passion, these full and pleasantly related, that *Engenia* drowning all thoughts of danger in the conceit of her approaching happiness, she dreamed of nought but Loves Embracements, Venus Delights, and wantonizing Sports, building a Pallace of Pleasure in her mind, wherein she meant to feast all her Amorous desires, and crown her thoughts with sweet content.

To this end, she gave *Mentiga* in charge, that nothing should be wanting, that should be requisite to further their designs ; Whilst interrupted *Sirap* (being thus chequ'd by a Queen) lay studying how he might drive it to a Stall, and not receive the Mate, but give speed to his departure.

Resolved he was, not to touch the forbidden Fruit, nor to drink on *Circes* Cup ; he would not with the Spider suck poison out of a fair Flower, nor spot his true-love with the dregs of Majesty.

Proud bewitching pleasure could not intice him to Folly, nor rich alluring Treasures corrupt his constant integrity : He scorned to sell his Loyalty for Lucre, or Love for Silver : True wisdom made his vertuous mind to bend, rather to that which was good in it self, then to that, which by evill minds might be judged good.

In brief, his conclusion was, to excuse his not comming, by expresse command from the *Sultan*, that as that night, he should consult with his *Viziers*, concerning his Negotiation in *Babylon*.

But

But this false colour need no allowance, Displeased Justice took away all exception, and sealed him pardon before any accusation : For the dismall night being come, Vengeance attended her fatall hour ; which approaching, she accordingly changed her attire with *Mentiga*, and brought her as her Hand-maid to her Royall Bed, and after went to *Mentiga's* Chamber, where she waking, wayted for the appointed hour ; which come, she casting on *Mentigaes* Night-gown, with a bold heart (beyond the resolve of her weak Sex) she paced down the stairs that led into the Garden ; Into which, she no sooner entred, but that she saw the angry Heavens (then clad all in black) throwing down with violence, a fiery threatning Star over-crosse the Garden, forbidding her farther passage, notwithstanding the sable Skies lent not then an other Light.

This prodigious Sign, and fearfull premonition, might well have appaled and back'd a more redoubted heart, but that the voluptuositie of her thoughts, extinguished the light of her mind. Love gave her boldnesse, and unlimited Lust directed her (according to her sinister and destinated Fate) unto the Postern gate, which she with nimble facility opened, and there made her fearless stand.

O imperious and impious Love, thou deluding Traytor, how rightly did the Poets and Painters, paint thee blind, and naked ? Since thou hast no eyes to see into how many dangers thou ledest thy servants ; and like thy self, makest them both blind and naked, disobeing them of all their vertuous abillments, that their naked shame may appear in their found pursuits.

Who seeketh thee, findeth deceit ; and whosoever followes thee, seeketh reproach, and obtaineth repentance. *Care*, is thy Court ; *Tyranny*, thy Raign ; *Slaves*, thy Subjects ; *Polly*, thy attendance ; *Lust*, thy Law ; *Sin*, thy service ; and *Repentance*, thy wages. But this mighty *Sultanesse*, whose wretched folly, was cloathed in danger, had not long waited for her own woe, but that there came a base *Sarazen* towards her, who of purpose did straggle that way, to seize upon some prey ; the fall of whose steps, gave the found *Sultanesse* such hope of *Siraps* then

then coming, that over rashly running upon him ; holding for certain that it was he; she said, Come, come my best beloved and go with me, where I will lodge thy love in pleasures lap, and guerdon thy labours with fulnesse of gold; And therewithall she kist him more then oft, deeming that his rough habit had been but the cloak of his craft. For the Prince and the Peasant differeth but in the fleece, not in the flesh, But the subtile *Sarazen* being capable of his own good, apprehended the error, and in hope of gain adventured the successe. Thus did the mounting Kite, seize on a homely prey, and in her blindness, prefer a greasie lamp, before a bright and mighty Star ; and throwing her Mantle upon him, led him towards her last prepared bed, where he fearing to be discovered, divested himself of his homely habite and rough shirt.

*And did (redid, and often did) full well,
The thing my modest Muse doth blush to tell.
For with a lusty courage (floutly borne)
He did (in Siraps head) the Sultan horn.*

And in this surfeit of pleasure did they cloy themselves till themselves had wholly spent themselves. When wearied with delights, they both were summoned by leaden *Morpheus* to banquet with blood and death. For the *Sultan* (by divine decree) dreaming that night, that the rooffe of *Eugenias* Chamber did renting part it self in two, and was open; and that hee saw descending downe from a black Cloud; a grim swarty man, cloathed in a short ill favoured garment, all to be rent, ho'ding a broad rusty sword, dyed with Vermillion red in his belmeared hand. Who falling on the tapestred floore, stood not long; but that *Eugenia* came smiling all in white, besprinkled thick with blood, and put on him a scarlet robe, set her Diadem on his shaggy head; kissed, and embraced him oft, and then taking him by the soyled hand, led him towards her royall bed; which the *Sultan* seeming to see, cryed out, and sayd :

Stay

Stay villain, stay; The Eagle made not her nest for the Owle to lye in; The Batte hath no eyes to looke npon the Sunne, nor may the Kestrell make her perch within her beams.

And therewithall grasping for his Semitar he amazedly awaked, and finding it but a dream, smiled, yet was wounded with no little wonder at the strangeness of the same. His thoughts still were troubled and his heart (led thereto by the force of Fate) gave him such a present desire to go offer incense to *Venus*, in *Eugenia's* shrine, that sodainly taking his night robe, his Semitary, and his key, (which purposely he had made for his sole and private passage at all times into her Chamber) he went to perform his wanton Sacrifice: and being entred finding by the dawn of day (for the night began to cast off her black Mantle) that all things as he thought were well, he joyed at the illusion of his phantastical dream, and in the contentment thereof, withdrawing a little the curtain, he carelessly laid him down by *Menigae's* side: who upon his entrance awaked, and finding her self intangled in her own device, grew fearefull of the issue, and kept her selfe as close as might be. The *Sultans* kind entreaties, found no resistance, nor yet any pleasing entertainment. The fear of her death, took away all delight of dalliance; and those pleasures which before she made her Paradise, she now deemed them a mortall punishment. Faine would she have killed her selfe, for feare of death, but death gave her no means of death. In this deadly terrour she lay so distracted, that every member began so to tremble and shake, that the *Sultan* in tenderness of her health, (feearing sickness for suddain attachment) hastily took her in his armes, and kissing her many times, asked her how she fared, but receiving no answer (for suddaine surprized Treason hath no tongue) he bare her towards the light, to give her better ayre, when seeing who she was, and on whom he had spent his enforced pleasures; missing *Eugenia*, and remembering his provoking dream; all enraged, he cast her to the floor, and treading on her throate, hee took his Semitar, and thrust it
quite

quite through her heart, and then violently running at the door that opened into *Mentigaes* Chamber, he burst it open: The noise whereof awaked the sturdy slave, that he might see his own death; who seeing one enter with his sword drawn, not knowing who he was, nor where himself was, leap'd out of his banefull bed, and snatching a bed-staffe in his hand, fiercely rushed upon his vnkknown Lord, got within him, and being the stronger, had him down, and so liberally belaboured him, that the blood running down his face, well witnessed that the slave alone, now lesse respected and feared him; then many Nations, mightiest Armies, and greatest Princes, that onely had trembled at his sight, Which made the *Sultan* in his dismay, cry; Treason, treason; at the hearing whereof came running in two Janizaries that were of his Guard, whose allotment was that day amongst many others to attend.

They seeing this strange accident, pulled the rascall off the *Sultan*, and hewed him all to pieces. But the *Sultaneffe* thus surprized with shame, with fear, and with amazement, was more confounded at the base sight of her reproachfull deceit, then at the bloody summons of pale death; and because she would not see her owne shame, nor looke murder in the face, she crept over the head into the bed, crying fearefully, No *Moor*, no *Moor*; because she saw, she had not layn with the *Moor*. Which made *Solimon* suppose, that she cried that he should stay his hand and do no more; which distastfull conceit, exasperated his anger, and added more fell to his enflamed fire, and in the heat of his irefull indignation, he step'd to her adulterous bed, and like a tempestuous storm he fell upon her, giving her stab upon stab, saying oft withall; Nay, thus much more and more: And the more he laid so, the more he thrust his *Semitar* (not yet dried with the blood of the Sarazen) into her body.

This speedy and suddain execution, was *Siraps* preservation. For it took away all further knowledge of the cause. The Court was now all in combustion, and the City hearing that the *Sultan* was slain, instantly did rise, and confusedly did

did run to the Pallace, bearing all down before them in such a distract sort, that the Turks Guard was glad to shut the Gates against them, and to entreat the *Sultan* to shew himself out of the Casement unto them, which so well appeased them, that they quietly returned to their houses.

Then was inquisition made after the knowledge of the *Saracens* apparell, which was so base, that all men wondered not only that he was there, but how he came there. His mangled body kept him unknown, and his mean habit made him no apartment to the Court.

When no notice could be had neither of the one, nor of the other, the appeased *Sultan* sent for the Eunuches that attended his Emperers, and caused two *Mutes* to strangle them in his sight. After, he caused all the dead bodies, with the two beds, and all their Apparell, to be carryed forth of the City, and to be burned all together; and further gave in charge, that the two Chambers should be converted into houses of base use, and that no one under pain of death should after speak thereof.

Now *Sirap*, who during these tempestuous storms, lay at anchor in his own private Harbour, as one that knew well, that great men ever envying the glory and fortune of strangers, would in these tumults be ready to stab at the bosome of merit; and that Mischiefe (the cursed Captain always of the unruly Commons) might in a disturbed uproar indanger his safety; hearing now that the sight of the *Sultan* had allayed the windy Allarum of his rumoured death, and that the present murder of the *Sultaneffe*, with her Maid and unknown Paramor, was the occasion of such disorder rising; He grew jealous of the Cause, suspicious of the Errour, and timorous of his wellfare.

For, though guarded with innocency, yet was he fearfull, lest *Mennig* had cast some scandalizing aspersions upon his unspotted honesty.

In this fearfull doubt, he kept himself within himself, untill report had further manifested not only the manner of all their Deaths, but the ignorance of the Cause. This dispierced all Clouds of care, and made him a perfect Judge
Q both

both of the error and the event. Then lifting up his erected heart, he said: O *Vienna*, thy love I see now hath given me a second life, and my constant loyalty hath kept me from the grave, *Justice* hath preserved the guiltless, and righteousness hath found mercy in judgement,

Now praised be my God my strong defence: For he hath covered me under the wings of his protection, and kept me from the death of the wicked. He hath cast down lightning and burnt up the Daughters of *Babel*, that I might be safe in their suddain destruction. The storm is past, and these cloudy occurrants threaten another tempest. The Sea cannot be so calm in Summer, but that it may swell again with the rage of wrathfull winter; There is more wisdom in preventing then in redressing a mischief; Security lives not in tyranny. For though the Tyger hide his claws, yet in the end will he shew his Rapine. Revenge hath now smoothed the *Solmans* angry brow, and Time hath given some peace to his displeasure.

The tide serves me, and my prophane aboard with the heathen is displeasing to the heavens. My captived Lord calls me away and *Vienna* says, I am too slow; my mark is set, and I level my streight, I will commend my aim, and therewithall casting off all further deliberation, he went to the Court to take his leave of *Soliman*, who seeing him stand upon his departure, after some private conference and protestations, that he would crown his return with highest honours advancement, he vouchsafed graciously to embrace him, and so bid him farewell.

The next morning *Sirap* having before caused all things to be in readinesse, the winds summoning him to Sea, he took shipping, and sayling by the Islands, situate in part of the Mediterranean Sea, he landed at *Sidon* a Port Town in *Syria* and there taking Horse, he posted through the Country, and part of the Delarts of *Arabia*, and so came to *Babylon*. Where we will leave him to look into *France*, and see how *Vienna* brookes her continued thraldome, which was not so grievous unto her, as the tormenting suppose of *Sig Paris* losse. Great was her sorrow in fear of him, and many

by her bemoanings for not hearing from him. Inſomuch, that *La-nova* ſeeing the increaſe of her growing cares, thus ſadly ſpoke unto her.

Madam, theſe ruthleſſe Walls neither melt with your tears, nor yet ſhake, nor ſhrink with your ſighes. Comfort dwels not in reſtraint, nor lives remedy in Lamentations. Though your Father be abſent, yet hath he left a jealous Keeper: You may ever weep and bewail your eſtate, and ly ſtill in the bed of ſorrow: If you never ſeek after redreſſe, you ſhall ever find your ſelf a Priſoner; You know the ſecret way I made to relieve you: If ſo you pleaſe, I will convey you through the ſame, to ſome private place, where Metamorphoſed we will either hunt in queſt after Sir *Paris*, or you ſhall reſt unknown in ſome Forraign Nation, till either my travell ſhall gain knowledge of his abroad, or that the death of the *Dolphin* ſhall leave (you for your right) to the tryall of your friends,

Then caſt off theſe mortifying dumps, and leave now your ſorrow to the Governors, as a pawn for your return, and let us ſtand upon our fortunes: hope lives in induſtry, and my adventures ſhall ever wayt on your pleaſure.

This kind offer did move her much, but could not remove her at all; Liberty ſhe ſaid was ſweet to that life, that might take the pleaſures of this life: But to a dejected heart whoſe baniſht content could promiſe no wiſhed delight; there a cloſe priſon was better then a glorious Pallace. To travail (ſhe ſaid) to my *Paris*; would be more pleaſing then painfull to *Vienna*; but not knowing where he is, I might perhaps extravagantly go further from him then I am, that am already further off then I would be: here for his love was I made a Priſoner, and here will I ſtill reſt a Priſoner for his love. If he be living and loving, here ſhall I ſooner hear from him; and if he be neither in Love nor in life, here will I end both my Love and life; Onely take thanks for thy loving care, and kind reſpect, and be ſtill a true friend to *Paris*, that *Vienna* may ever have comfort in *La-nova*.

Upon this conclusion he parted, and *Isabella* strewed the rushes over the private way that gave him entrance: But no sooner was it done, but that one of the Keepers Gentlemen (that seemed ever most serviceable unto her) came in, whom the devilish *Dolphin* had before fashioned to her purpose, for she wrought upon his wants as knowing well, that poverty betrayeth vertue, and that weakh bewitcheth wit; Corruption having made him her creature she had instructed him how to traine *Vienna* to her destruction; for nought but death could satisfie her disdainfull fear: Her malicious and unbounded pride, looked into the danger of her Lords return: If the *Dolphin* fell, then must *Vienna* (though now a Prisoner) be Sovereign.

This made her heart-burning hate to prosecute her over-trow: And though she had no cause to fear her, (for occasion never yet made her her enemy) yet could she not indure to think that she should be subject to another, that now was most eminent in her self.

To have the Regent was all her ambitious desire, and nothing did let but *Vienna's* right; To frustrate which, she with fulnesse of Gold, and promites of preferment had as aforesaid seduced this mettle-minded Servant, to deceive and to destroy her by such subtle and obscure meanes, as both gave least shew of mistrust, and most likelihood of execution; And this it was.

Don Poltron (for so was he rightly named) bringing *Vienna's* mornings repast to her, with a bemoaning tongue, and a sighing heart, complained much against Nature, and envyed more against Fortune, that had made beauty so miserable and vertue so unhappy, as to entomb the glory of the one and the efficacy of the other, in so unprofitable, and so uncomfortable place. My eyes (said he) cannot endure to see Dignity so disgraced; nor can my Eares entertain the killing sound of your laments: I must, and will leave my service, that at length I may be a Stranger to sorrow, least my grief for your grieve, make my revived woes as great as your grief.

Vienna liking his generous nature, judg'd by his discreet and relenting discourse that he was well bred, and pleasing witty; and therefore required him to tell what was his name, and where he was born: who answered, *Don Poltron* am I called, and in *Spain* was my birth; my education was better then my fortune, and this my servile Place bears now record of my sinister fate.

Why, said *Vienna*, if thou be unfortunate, keep still thy station, here is a place of woe, and thou hast a Prince to associate thee in thy sorrows: Hast thou cause to bewail thy misfortune? Let us know thy crosses, and we will ease thee with our grief; For it is a comfort to find a companion in misery.

Then say *Poltron* (for thy Nature agrees better with us, then thy Name) and story to us the life of thy Fortune, that we may also recreate our mind, by listening to thy griefs.

Poltron having pleas'd her with this sugared Bayt, cast out his hidden Hook, and told her that he was a rich Merchants Son in *Spain*, left so well Treasured, that he sway'd the world at will, untill imperious Love made him of a free Lord, a Bond slave to *Melisso*.

Unto her (said he) I sued long for obtained grace; which had, I held my self more fortunately happy, then *Paris* did in the fruition of his Love. *Paris*, said *Vienna*, what *Paris*? *Paris* (said he) of *Troy*, that enjoyed the Beauty of *Greece*, and made his Pleasure a Plague to his Country.

But in the height of my joyes, and hope of highest happiness, Death deprived me of my Paradis'd Bliss, and not only made my broken heart the sad habitation of woe, but also turn'd my mind (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

The place of my birth grew (by her loss) so hatefull to me, that I was necessitated to forgo the ground that yielded me no other Harvest but grief.

In brief, for better portage, I turned all my Substance into Jewels of estimate, and travelled to *Naples*, where I spent more of my wealth, then I did of my woes.

Then Repentance made me leave that wastfull Nation, and

so I came unfortunately into *France*. Thus he drew on her attention with a feigned tale, that he might without all suspicion and with better gain of belief, give more swell to her desire, for his further betraying discourse.

And to blind all jealous thoughts, he purposely seemed by his abrupt end, to be unwilling to proceed further. But *Vienna* (whose crossed affection delighted to hear of semblable fortunes) would needs know what other mishaps waited on his lost love.

Alas Madame, said *Polexon*, the small remainder of my broken state I brought with me into *France*, to maintain the length of my days; but in my passage, I was set on by four Thieves, that stript me of all I had, and wounded me sore, and would no doubt have taken my life, but that by chance there came by a poor *Hermite*, who seeing their violence, without all dread of their number, or fear of his own feebleness, cast off his peacefull Gown, and drawing out a hidden sword out of his staffe, he so fiercely assaunted them, that in the end he slew three of them, whilst the fourth run away with the prey, the danger of my wounds made him then as far to surmount himself in pitty, as he had excelled the other in valour: And in the tenderness of his relenting mind, he brought me to his Cell, where on a bed of moss he laid me; and binding up my wounds with a piece of his shirt (for other linnen he had none) he afterwards applyed the juice of herbs so oft unto them, that they healed, and I began to grow strong.

With him had I continued still, but that during the stay of my recovery, I could not endure to see this good Chyrurgion, and noble minded *Hermite*, that had so well preserved and cherished me, sit so oft fighting, and many times exclaiming against unjust rigour, & unnaturall injustice; that half distraught, he would often confusedly say; Doth the Sea nourish a more cruell fish then the *Dolphin*? Is not *Vienna* the fairest City of the world? And livell there ever a more unfortunate man then *Paris*. Then would he bewail destroyed *Troy*, and blame Love that fired *Ilium*; and by and by curse that wretched Knight that could now so fair a Creature, and so glorious a Ci-

ty. Then would he sit in a dolefull dump, and after suddainly start up as one affrighted, and accuse his offending tongue of treachery, for wronging the divine name of love, since he was so highly beloved, as his mean fortune merited not the glory thereof.

But leaving him (with my Prayers) both to his Cave, and to his Cell; after many thanks, I left that wofull and worthy Hermit, and came to *Viennois*, where necessity compelled me to seek this service. And this most vertuous Princeesse is the Map of my misery; and so he seemed to end before he had begun; that the Fish might bite the more eagerly, when the bait was pulled away: But oh, said *Vienna* (for now she had swallowed the hidden, and hurtfull hook) didst thou not perceiue the cause of his so secret and so great a grief? Yes, Noble Lady, said *Poltram*. Time and Occasion gave me meanes to know the same; then good *Poltram*, let me intreat thee she said, to relate the full discourse thereof. For such subjects of woe best fit such wofull minds, and causes of dolor and calamity, are ever most pleasing to perplexed perions. *Poltram* thus hailed on, to set the trap, that should entangle her life, thus cunningly gave fire to her sinder.

Though, said he, I am unwilling to ingrieve my thoughts with the sad remembrance of my friends over-grievous sorrows; yet since it is your pleasure, your will commands my obedience.

Then know, most fairest of fair Ladies, that after I had many times observed the frenzy of his passions: and wondring, had noted his broken and disconsonant complaints he being at other times most advicely wise, and most humbly (though sadly) patient; As we were sitting at the mouth of his Cave, chatting on the miseries of this life, and the crosses of this uncertain world, I requested him in favour of my desire, to recount unto me, the cause of his so often passionate laments. In answer whereof he said.

Though my grief be already such as there can be no addition to so great an extremity; and though my wounds cannot be healed, because they may not be searched, yet to
give

give thee some content, know that not far from *Toledo* in *Spain*, I served not long since a great and mighty Lord, called *Don Danphinatus*; who had one only Daughter named *Pariscuna*, whose beauty was far fairer then the Evening Star, and whose vertue was more powerfull then the greatest constellation.

By her sweet influence did I only live and breath; and though my mean fortune durst not gaze on so bright a Planet, yet did her gracious aspect both to ennoble, and enable my towering thoughts, that unknown, I achiev'd in honour of her name, many admired exploits.

After some season, both my acts, and my love, were accidentally made known to her, who in time made me (though most unworthy) the Master of her desires, that was, and still am, a servant to her will. Our mutuall minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, then either Nature now affords, or Art can expresse. Our hearts fed on pleasures, our eyes beheld the bliss of each other, and in the full comfort of all content, did we sleep in love; and wake, and walk, in all fulness of joy. From this Paradise, were we driven by felonious Fortune, who envying our happiness, would not suffer that we should make this Earth our Heaven, that was before curst for our sins.

My Lord, her Father, had knowledge thereof, who finding my indignity not worthy of such sovereignty, was so carry'd away with disdainfull scorn, and irefull displeasure, that he doom'd me to death, if ever I were found within the precinct of his command.

This separation (for now I was put to my flight) was such a corasive to both our confounded soules, that she staid to endure a greater misery, the deprivation of life, and I wandered in unknown paths, to seek after a wished death.

Long was my travail, and manifold my fortunes: But neither distance of place, continuance of travail, happiness of fortune, nor wast of time, could free my fancy, nor weary me from my constant affection. At last, being both wearied and nighted, I came to this harmlesse Cell; where in love
of

of Solitariness, and in contempt of the world, I rowed to spend the unspent sorrowes of my Life, and keepe my selfe from the knowledge of Men: and thereupon he devoutly swore me that I should not make his private abroad known unto any Man.

Whereat the wounded Princeesse, in her apprehension, sigh-ed, and watered the floore with her baulmy Tearss, as knowing by the amplyfied and conjoynd Names, and by the concurrence and circumstance of the matter, that he was most assuredly her beloved *Paris*, and thereupon she demanded what was his Name? *Sans Lieure* (replied *Poltron*) did he call himself. *Sans Lieure*, said she? Oh how rightly did the Destinies Christen him: and how truly doth his Name expresse his fate; for grief hath but a dead heart, and haplesse love none at all: But where is that place of plaint, that so confines sorrow in it self, and makes woe a habitation for so miserable a Man? Tell me, oh tell me, that I may send some sanctified person to comfort him, and wean him from so wretched a life.

My Oath (answered *Poltron*), will not admit, that any man by my means should know thereof. Then would I were (she said) with him my self, for by his Name (I now remember) he is that Divining Man that hath revealed Wonders, and can tell what shall befall every one: Of have I heard of him, and strange things by him foretold have come to passe.

Thus did they both disguise their minds, and with untampered Morter daub up their severall concealed meanings, and hidden intentions, that they might both the better work out their Advantages. But *Poltron* seeing his venomous Plot had (without all suspect) thus poysoned her belief, boldly told her, That as she was no *Man*, she was not within the Condition of his Bond, and therefore (if so she pleased) he would not onely give her full Liberty, but also bring her unknown to that haplesse Hermite, whom she desired so much to see, provided that she should give him Gold, to bring him asan to his Native Home, and also be directed by him, both for the

means and the manner of their escape and travail. To this, she answered that prisons were no Treasure-houses, and that she had no Mint to answer her mind; onely some reserved Jewels she had, which she would give him.

It shall (said he) suffice; Pitty pleads in your behalf, your merit claims redresse, and my feeling grief to see a Princesse so distressed, commands the hazard of my life. Be you but silent and secret, and you shall see, that I will deceive the waking eyes of encharged wiledome, and overthrow the heedfull care of reposed trust: And thus it must be: By the print of the keys (which I will make in Wax) will I make other like keys, by which all the doors shall congee to your will, and give passage to your pleasure.

Then will I have you for your better security homely attired, with a box under your arm, and Bone-lace hanging out of it, a pair of shears tied to your Girdle, and a yard in your hand, that you may seem to be not what you are, but what in appearance I would have you shew to be. And I will with a Pedlars pack on my back, well suited thereunto, travell along with you as your husband: So shall we both better escape and avoid suspicion,

But how, said *Vienna*, shall *Isabella* bestow her self? She, said *Poltron*, must stay behind in prison, to take away the knowledge of our flight; For after our departure she must lock the door again, keep your bed with the Curtaines drawn, and lay your clothes by, most in sight; and when any comes into her, she must carefully say, that you are not well, and that you are laid down to sleep. So shall we gain time to prevent our hasty pursuits, and she may after at her will repair to some private friend, in such disguise as I will provide for her.

That (said *Vienna*) may not be; for I will never leave her, that hath never forsaken me; nor will I without her, venture upon any such adventure.

Poltron seeing it would not otherwise bee, yielded, though unwilling thereunto, and like Sinnes Sollicitour, moved, that *Isabella* would play the Pedlar, and he would become

become a Tinker, with his Budget on his back, a leathern couloured Apron before him, a Hammer under his Girdle, and a Brazen ladle in one of his hands; And thus with his face besmeared, would he go a pretty way before them, as none of their company, and yet guide them in the way. So gallant a Bonelace-seller, so proud a Pedler, and so stout a Tinker, all *France* will not pattern; But thus it must be, if you Madam, will have your desire; Nor may you scorn that means that promiseth assurance of Liberty, and hope of better hap.

The Gods to have their wils, did dained not the shape of beasts, and we must with the cunning Fowler, cloath our selves in Feathers, if we will deceive wily birds. It is a Soare, no sinne, to betray Tyranny; but a shift, no shame; to get Liberty.

These guilefull enticing words of his, and the betraying instructions of the deepe deceitfull *Dolphin*, were (without any semblance of other reach) so smoothly, and passionately delivered, by this damnable and perfidious Villain, that all his wily words were held as Oracles, and the further he seemed to be from her, the neerer still he touched her to the quick: In so much, that *Vienna* being blindly led in her over-affectionate desire, beyond the limit of all due consideration, yeelded to referre her self to his trust, and to fashiaon themselves according to his direction.

Alasse *Vienna*, where disloyall Treason threatens thy shipwrack, and where remorselesse murder is thy plot; there assured danger must be thy Harbour, and reproachfull destruction thy host: Implacable malice pursues thee, invisible fraud betrayes thee, and too late repentance, will I fear, learn thee, that they are most miserable, that make themselves wretched examples to others. But how should Love (the child of Folly) looke into a plot of pollicy, when unseduced wit cannot see it, nor untainted wisdom find it. The appearance of Truth, and the shew of Pity, and simplicity, hath in all deceitfull Practises, sub-

verted Cities, depoled Kings, defrauded Subjects of their rights, and taken away the guiltlesse lives of Innocents. How then poor Princeſſes, couldſt thou avoid thy running upon the Sands, though armies of objections did riſe againſt thy doubtfull hazard; yet cannot thy good, though free intention, make thee faulty, though thy over-credulity in entertaining of conjectures made thee erre. Thy chaſt thoughts ſhine ſtill, I ſee, in thy virtue; and thy virtue (by divine providence) muſt ſhield thee both from abuſive ſhame, and from unexpected ſlaughter.

But now *Poltron* had provided at *Vienna's* coſt all materials; and the Ladies diſrobing themſelves, hid their attyres, and to caſt a miſt before the eyes of ignorance, they clothed them to the purpoſe, and at ſupper time, the night being dark, upon *Poltrons* watch-word, who then ſtood centinell, they came forth, pulling the door after them; For lock it, *Vienna* would not becauſe it ſhould appear which way they came forth, leaſt upon further ſearch they might find out *La-nova's* private way, and ſo bring him into trouble, who at the time was in Flanders enquiring after his loſt friend.

The next morning their eſcape was diſcovered, the City was ſearched *Poltron* miſt, and every way was full of inquiſitors. But that nights travell, and their unſuſpected diſguiſe (being the uſuall habit of ſuch wandring profeſſours) brought them ſafe unto a great wood, that ſtood at the foot of a high hill in *Langnedoc*, where he perſwaded them the *Hermis* had his Cell.

At the entrance whereof, *Vienna* ſtumbled, the dull earth forbidding thereby her further paſſage; and *Izabella's* eyes were ſuddenly for the time ſtrucken blind; as though the feet of the one, were unwilling to bring their Miſtris into perill: and the eyes of the other were aſhamed to ſee ſuch intended villany. But no preſage can foreſtall deſire, love looks altogether after their own fancies, &c conſiders all things according to her affections. This helhound, (the Divels Agent) ſeeing *Vienna* ready to fall, ſtept to her, and taking her by the arm, in ſhew to ſupport her, led her into the thickeſt of the wood, where ſuddenly as one transformed,

transformed, this seeming dove shewed himself a vulture; and like cruelty her self, with imbossed mouth and staring eyes, he drew his short sword that hung by his lustfull side, and gashtly swore, that if either of them made any noise, he would forthwith kill them both: whereat the weak and wearied Ladies, were so amazed, that all their senses were senselesse, their tongues were bound to the peace by iustice fear; they could not speak, ner durst not cry.

Now Lust, the (execrable parent of murder) seeing her abashed beauty shine like the sun through a Cloud, had so fiered his fancy, that where before it was but kindled by her looks, now having her within his power, it did violently burn by the touch. Death must now forbear, and attend his pleasure for his pleasure; and nothing could satisfie this covetuous Fox, but after the stealing of the grapes he meant to forrage the vine.

To effect which, he turned *Isabella's* face to a tree, and bound her arms round about the same, and notwithstanding flatteringly promised them both their lives, if *Vienna* would but consent to his wanton wil; If not, he then prodigally swore, that in dispiight of all he would gather the fruit, now it was ripe, and after leave their slain bodyes a prey unto the beasts of the field. *Vienna* having recovered some spirit, and seeing the present danger, with elevated eys, erected hands, and bowed knees, she besought him not to sport in her misery, nor to spot his soul with the repenting pleasure of uncleannes. Remember sayd she, that I am a Princessse, save but my honour, as thou art my mothers son, and I will freely forgive thee my death, as I am my fathers daughter.

I seek not life, but the honour of my life; for my long life, grief, makes me hate life, and despise death, but in the losse of my chiefeft cherished care, my curses shall poyson thy salvation; and the wildfire of thy lust, shall burn up all thy worldly welfare, and make thee a speedy prey to speedy destruction. O let then my Chast teares quench the flame of thy sinfull Concupiscence; biae not the beauty of the Lilly in the bud; deprive not the Rose of the fairness of the

bloom; nor brand not thy self with the cursed name of a hatefull villain. The fiercest Lyon hath no cruelty to hurt a Royall Virgine; Man was made to help not to hurt a silly maid; and the Lord of Hosts, hath countlesse Plagues to punish such offenders. Thy carnall regard is but momentary, but thy shame will be everlasting, and thy punishment eternall; For repentance follows fruition; and the reward of sin is death. Thus did she pray, plead, and entreat, and thus would she have dissuaded him from doing evil, that never yet knew good, but his unruly passion, and thirst of blood, could brook neither intercession, nor interruption.

His hot untamed desires prayed in ayd of force, which made her shriek, & call full loud on Gods Justice for helpful revenge; when suddenly the angry heavens began to make war against him, and to threaten him with a terrible voyce, and sending forth such fearfull thunder, lightning, and powerfull stormes, that force perforce he was enforced to desist for the time.

But as the wofull Ladies continued still their shouting cries; It fortuned that two Peasants that had Pomage in the wood, had been seeking of their swine, who by violence of the disturbed Skies, and wrathfull Elements, had taken shelter under a Tree. As thus they silent stood, praying for preservation, they heard their dismall cries, and hastning (for so their good Angels would) toward the place of plaint, they found the obdurate Traytor attempting a fresh assault; which made, the swifter Man coming in with his Batte, to make him loose his lascivious hold.

This happy accident revived the dying heart of *Vienna* and the guilty dread of *Poltron*, fearing to be taken, made him so desperate, that he both wounded and grounded the gentle Peasant; and as he endeavoured to take away his life, the other coming in, knockt out his braines. This speedy dispatch gave the Divell his due, and freed the *Dolphin* of all suspect, who otherwise had by Drugges taken order for his perpetuall concealments. The Ladies thus succoured, freed, and comforted prayed God for their deliverance,

deliverance, and thanked the poor Men for their assistance; And in grædon of their so happy service, not knowing otherwise how to requite so great a good, they wished (concealing themselves) that they would bring them to the Governor of *Viennois*, who they knew would bountifully reward them.

The incapable Peasants, smiling thereat, told them, that they would not for *Jasons* labour, seek after *Coridons* hyre: for persons (said they) so unremarkable can neither pleasure nor profit greatnesse of State. To which, the Princeesse answered, that by her means they should deliver into his hands the two Ladyes that were committed to his charge, and that lately conveyed themselves out of prison.

This golden hope did win their consents, and not only refreshed them in their travel, but also gave speed to their journey: Only it contented *Vienna*, that she should by this meanes requite her preservers, though thereby she made her self a thrall to time and tyranny. Liberty could give her no comfort, nor could she tell how better to dispose of her loathed life, then to make her self a prisoner to *Love* and *Fortune*: the care she had of *Isabella* made her the more sensitive of her wrongs; and therefore turning toward her, she softly said; Though the fruit of the Olive tree come late, yet is the liquor both good and wholesome.

The tyde now serveth, my dear *Isabella*, take thou the benefit thereof, and at last free thy self from participating of my further woes: *Fortune* hath bound my life prentise to her frowns, and I am resolv'd to serve out my time; then leave me to my fate, and get thee to some more happy place, where my prayers, and thy more fortunate friends, may purchase thee more content.

Isabella's imperled teares did publish her mislike, and in her griefe she said, that love never thought that time too long, that did hang on desert; and that sorrowes growne to a custome, were pleasing to miserable Creatures; Then what should separate my attendance from your Grace, since without you I cannot live, and with you I mean to
die.

dye. *Vienna* thanking her, joyed no little in her constant fellowship: For Friendship is ever most sweetest, when Fortune is most lowrest.

Thus as they chatted, they came to *Viennon*, where she advised their two good conductors, to wait for the Governours going to the Church, and then boldly to step to him, and secretly to proffer him the delivery of the Princeesse and her Companion; which done you shall privately bring us unto him, unto whom we will present what we have promised.

The Peasants promise (having done according to instruction) made the Governor to rejoyce so at the newes, that he returned back to his house, and sent one of them for the Princeesse, who yet was not knowne to be the Princeesse. Upon their return, *Vienna* with shew of Majesty, thus greeted the Governor.

Let not my Lord *Vray* *Esperance* wonder at our disguise, nor question the cause: it may suffice, you have your Prisoners, and we are content with our allotments: Reward well these honest persons, that with hazard of their lives, have not onely preserved our honors and lives, but also freed you from many cares, and saved you perhaps from dangerous troubles. This is all our desires, we know your charge, and willingly yeeld to your dispose.

The Governor baring (in due reverence) his aged head with more tears of pittie then of joy, respectively saluted them, and giving the Peasants store of Crowns, humbly and courteously he brought the Ladyes to their carefull Chamber, where we will leave them to learn of *Sirap*, what success waited on his *Babylonian* endeavours.

Now had time, and travell, brought *Sirap* (whom we left in his journey) unto *Babylon*; where the *Soldan* (to gratifie the *Turke*: and to shew his love to Vertue, and his estimation of merit) entertained him with all magnificence, and variety of Kingly delights. But after they had feasted, and spent some dayes in Courtly sports: *Sirap* being mindfull of his Lord, desired to see the City, with such Monuments and Antiquities, as were therein; which so well pleased

spacious, as having in it 27 thousand Parish Churches; It is most fertile; and abounds in all plentifulness of fruits, wines, salt, corn, fish and wild fowl; There are many Universities famous therein (the nursing mothers of all vertue) out of whose breasts, youth draws out the knowledge of all arts; It hath many large Provinces; and divers bordering Principallities owe homage thereunto: The Cityes are great and many; rich in treasure, and fair, and uniforme in building; the chief whereof is *Paris*, famous for beauty and bignesse: the usuall residence of the King, and great traffique of all kind of Merchandize.

Our Lawes are termed the civill Lawes, wherein Justice is tempered, and qualified by equity and conscience; and equity and conscience are garded and maintained with Justice. Our Monarch is entituled a King, the most Christian King of France, under whose protection his people live secure, injoying their own, and under whose Greatnesse, his Subjects rest fearlessse of forraign foes.

Our Religion is built upon Gods sacred word; Truth is the root thereof, Charity the branch, and good works the fruit. Our Pastors are our Teachers, who like Lamps consume themselves to enlighten others; their Doctrine is examined by the twelve Apostles: Our prayers by Christ taught six Petitions: Our Faith by the generall Creed; and our lives by Gods tenne Commandements. And where the tongue of *Aaron* cannot perswade, there the rod of *Moses* doth correct, and compell,

We serve and worship one onely God, in persons three, not confused, nor divided; but distinct: of one and the same divine Essence, eternity, power, and quality. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The father being the first, chief, and originall cause of all things; The Sun his word and eternall wisdom; and the Holy Ghost his power, vertue, and efficacy. This is that God, that by his Word made the glorious Globe his seat, and the massie earth his footstool; that fed his servants (the unprovided Israelites) with food from Heaven, forty yeares in the Wilderness; that divided the Waters,

and:

and brought them dry-foot through the Red-Sea, and drencht proud *Pharoh* therein, that pursued them with a murdering heart. To him we offer no burnt-offering; nor sacrifice of blood, but the sweet intercession of devout prayers. For those ceremonies ceased at the coming of Christ, by whom we are called Christians; and we are received into his Church by baptism, and continued and fed therein by the other Sacrament of his last Supper,

And such is our Country, these our Lawes, such our King, this our Religion, and this the God we onely serve, love, fear and adore. *Sirap* thanked him for his good description, and seemed to take pleasure in the knowledge thereof. Then he demanded how he brookt his Captivity, and he answered like a Prince, and therefore like himself; as one subject to chance, and resolved in the change. Then he bad him ask whether he had any children, and he all sighing said, but one onely daughter. Then *Sirap* caused him to ask why he then so sighed; and he replying said, that his sole soules grief consisted in her memory, and so made manifest his hard, cruell, and unnaturall dealing toward her; and how he had left her a prisoner to his tyranny, and therefore by divine justice made himself a prisoner to Tyranny.

Sirap being thus certified, was well pleased that *Vienna* yet living, lived his permanent friend; and though he grieved much for her endurance, yet did he smother up his conceived sorrow in the recordation of her love. The thought of his exile, and *Vienna's* thralldome, awaked *Hatred* and *Anger* (the ready Officers of Revenge) to hasten his death: but in the eye of his milder consideration, knowing him to be his Lord, and *Vienna's* father; his relenting heart checked his repining humor, and blew the coals of his hotter desire, to seek, and to effect his speedy deliverance.

To compasse which, he seeming (seemed of purpose) to take pleasure in him, and understanding of his Countries customes, commodities, and government. And therefore he requested the *Soldan* for the continuance of his contentment, and for his further knowledge of forraign affairs, to admit,

and tollerate his thither repair, that he might hereafter (if cause so required) reduce his learning to practice; which the *Soldan* granting gave in charge for his free access, and so they departed; the one glad in that he had, or could gratifie so worthy a friend; the other proud, in that he had laid a foundation whereon to build.

The two next dayes *Sirap* spent in covertly revealing, wherein his expertnesse, and carriage, did both win respect, and gave delight. The third following day, he with his Interpretour went to parley with the *Dolphin*, who despairing of life, they found expecting death. But after they had greeted, and regreeted each other, with kind salutes, *Sirap* told him by his Interpreter, that as a man he bewailed his fortune; and as he was a Prince, he lamented his fall.

Yet dismay not noble Lord, said he, since all corporall damages, that happen to mortall men, are either by means remedied, by reason suffered, by time cured, or by death ended. Malicious and violent storms may for the time cleave the bark from the tree, and rent the branches of his body; yet for all the furious blasts of wrathfull winds, it cannot be pluckt up by the root. If there be a power above the capacity of men then may there come comfort, contrary to the conceit of men. Expectation in a weak mind, makes an evil greater, and a good lesse: but the resolved mind digests an evil being come, and makes a future good present before it come; Then expect the best, since you know the worst at the worst, will have an end.

The *Dolphin* conceiting the civill demeanour, the Philosophicall discourse, and the pious mind of the supposed impious and barbarous Moor, honoured his mild inclination, wondered at his regular admonitions, and thanked him for his human comforts and tender regard. My mind, mindfull (said *Sirap*) of Fortunes ficklenesse, affects (I know not how, nor wherefore) your deliverance: what then will the *Dolphin* give, if I affect the same? The *Dolphin*, whose smallest sayles of hope, the least winds did blow, offered the third part of his Principallity, when he should
come

come to *Viennois*. Promises, said *Sirap*, of advancement, are no assurances of enrichment, and he hath a wit too short of discretion, that will lose certain favours, for uncertain fortunes.

Notwithstanding, if you will but swear unto me by that same God, which you serve and adore, to grant me one request, that I shall make when I come to *Viennois*, I will indanger my life to free your life from danger; and leave, and lose my honours in *Babylon*, and *Greece*, to seal and seat my self with you in *France*; more you cannot desire, lesse (my Country-Gods ayding me) I will not accomplish.

The *Dolphin*, whose flattering hope, suddainly gave him a present assay offuture happinesse, though at the first he was very credulous in entertaining such favourable conjectures, yet hardly could he ground any firm belief, since knowing him to be but a Stranger, he thought that such deep wounds could not be searched with such shallow Instruments.

But at the last, referring all things to God, and to the Will and Wisdom of the supposed Moor, he wholly embraced his kind offer, and anchored all his hopes, in his provident industry: unto whom, preferring life before livelyhood, he devoutly sware by his Fathers God, the onely one true God, and God of all Gods, in whom he chiefly, and only trusted; that whatsoever he would demand, should be freely, absolutely, and willingly given him, In further consideration whereof, he gave him a rich Diamond, and his Interpretour a hundred French crowns; which for his use, if need required, he had closely hid betwxt the linyng of the collar of his doublet. *Sirap* holding himself satisfied, said, it sufficed.

Only he required his continual prayers for his better success; and so left him, to feast his hopesfull heart with the expectation of desired success. The next day, *Sirap* taking occasion to walk to *Euphrates*, that famous River that runs by *Babylon*, there to view the variety of strange and severall small ships, he casually met, and secretly compounded with an avarous Pylot, whose corruption being gilded over with gold, he was to bring him down the River through the Persian

gusse to the next Port town upon the *Affrick* shore : the fifth following night he appointed to come aboard, attended onely with two men, and therefore gave him in charge, not onely to be most secret therein, but also that he should make full provision of all requisites.

This done, he presently gave forth, that he would shortly depart, and return to *Constantinople* : and the better to accomplish his desire without misdeem : he determined (under colour of preparation, and slyly furnishing himself) to lye some few dayes in the City, before he would imbarque himself.

All which he presently imparted to the *Soldan*, and humbly with prodigall thanks took his leave, saying, that his period of time, pleaded now his promised return, which in no wise he would violate with the high Commander of his thoughts, the great and Emperiall Turk, unto whom he owed all obliged love, and most reverend respect. And therefore, if so it pleased his Majesty to command his ready service in ought, he would willingly attend his pleasure, and by his Graces employments, hold himself more then graced.

The *Soldan* seeing he would depart, presented him with many rich gifts of Royall estimate, holding himself no little bounden to his Gods, in that they had interestted him in so noble & meritorious a friend, so blinded was he with *Siraps* civill demeanour, and so dusked with *Solimans* powerful commend, that he could not with *Palamedes*, pry into the profundity of *Vlysses*; and therefore requesting him to take in worth those small remembrances of his fast sealed love, he friendly bad him farewell, and so left him,

Sirap whose thoughts travelled now in quest after the *Dolphins* deliverance, got himself into the City, where he chambered himself in a Merchants house of great and good regard, where being once left and seated, he began to call his wits to account, how best he might best deceive the *Dolphins* Keeper.

For providence preventeth misfortunes, and gives life to our future actions; And therefore he was neither carelessly, nor over-timorously

timorously suspicious of that, which might sinisterly and suddenly succeed; but jealous, and heedfull in the hazard, least any over-sight might crosse his endeavours, and so leave his Lord helpless, and himself haples. But after he had stretcht and rentred his wit, and set all possibilities on the rack of his invention; at length his desire carrying him beyond all doubt of danger; he armed his determination with steeld resolution, and setting his chance on the dice, he thus attempted, and asayed his fortune.

The day before his departure, he went unto the Castle, where gently greeting the Keeper, he told him that he was to return to *Constantinople*, and therefore finding himself engaged to him for his willing paines, and already shewed kindnesses, he was come of purpose in person to invite him, and all his followers (unto whom he had been troublesome) to sup with him that night, that he thereby might acknowledge his thankfulness, and they have cause to remember his love, and his person: And because (he said) my Chamber is no receipt, and that I am unwilling to be troublesome, or offensive to the Master of the house, let me entreat the use of the Castle, and so make you my Host, and Guest at once.

The Keeper blinded with his former bounty, secured by the *Soldan*, and now drawne on, by the pleasing shew of kind courtesie; knowing him (whom yet he never knew) to be of a vertuous dispose, of great estimate, and highly favoured of the King; did freely, and gratefully offer himself, his service, and the Castle at his command. The great unknown distance, betwixt the *Dolphins* and the *Moors* country climes, with their admiration of each other, and the difference of their tongues could not make the gul'd keeper suspicious, nor can cause him once to dream of deceitfull guile.

This illusion gave *Sirap* hope of happy success, and therefore manifesting his thankfulness with a rich Jewell (that he giving) required that he would wear it for his sake, he left him, and prodigally provided, what either his purse could procure, or the time would afford; hee also gave further charge to his attendants

tendants, that the Table should be still and ever fully furnished with many repleat cups of Greekeish Wine. For (said he) the cost is ill spared; that is spared for cost; and the beauty of the banquet is there eclips'd, where *Jupiter* raines not down full showres of *Nectar*.

As himself, he had carefully and secretly before provided sleeping Poppy, heavy Darnell, and the mortifying juyce of life-bereaving Mandrake; with other powerfull powders, a small quantity whereof taken in drink would make the receiver fall into a most sudden and deadly sleep. This did he so secretly, and so frankly bestow amongst all the flaggon pots but one (which *Bonfoy* had in trusty charge reserved by mark, for himself and his Lord) that every one had in full measure his dormative full waight.

These poysoned pots he closely kept for the middle of the banquet; and supper being served in, *Sirap* seated every one in their due places, to the contentment of each one; & then he began to feast, and chear his glad some guests, and like a pleasant Idolist, merrily cheered his feasted friends. But in the end (they having no end in drinking) he seeing them so devoutly sacrificing to *Bacchus*, he to honor their Religion, added then more fatall fewell to their drunken fire.

Their overdrawn cups were still replenished with the powdered Wines, and ever he plyed them with cups, till their cups had over-plied them: That drunk in their drowsie devotion, they falling into a leaden slumber, began to sleep out all living consideration.

Now *Sirap* seeing his hope honoured with some perfection thought it fit to do homage to opportunity; for in deferring of time, many times, it is both the losse of life, and occasion: And therefore adding execution to time, he instantly went to make all such as were in the Castle sure; which done, he came back, and taking the keyes from the Keeper, (whom with the rest of both their servants, we will leave where they silent lay) he hastily went down to the *Dolphins* lodging, where they found him prostrate on the ground, moistening the earth, with his repenting teares, and piercing the heavens with his

his prayers for the supposed Moers good successe; but before he could make an end of his prayers, *Sirap* came to end his prayers, and Purgatory at once; and releasing him from his oppressing Irons, brought him up to view *Morphems* Comedy, which that dull God (with his ayd) had made, and prepared for his pleasure.

*Thus when our sins are ripe, and God to Justice bent,
He turns our greatest pleasures to our just punishment.*

Now Time struck his lock before, and it fitted not to argue what was done; or what was to be done, least they themselves might be undone; but giving praise to God in their severall shewed kinds, they presently buckled up their spirits, with their legs, like Bees, that having suckt the juyce of forraign Gardens, make wing to their own hives, that they may make merry with the fraught of their adventures. So did they hast to the back-gate of the Castle, which they prizing open, went to the Rivers side, where the hired Pylot courteously attended their coming: In a small vessell they imbarqued themselves, and sayled to the *Persian Gulfe*, and so a long to the *Affrick* Sea: Upon the entry whereof, there crost them a great Pyrate of *Arabia*, whose unchecked fortunes, and uncontrouled strength still crown'd his hardest attempts with victory.

But his pride was now like a vapour, that ascending high, soon turneth into smoak. For he no sooner saw their small Frigate, but counting it his purchase, he hastily made towards them, and looking for no resistance, he grappled with them, and commanded them to yeeld.

But *Sirap*, being unwilling to loose the rich benefit of his high adventure, having no acquaintance with fear, and being ever accustomed to conquer, drew forth his sleeping Semitar, which his enraged fury whetted so sharp, that he clowe the first opposer down to the back, and sent the head of the next, as an Ambassadour, to plead for peace amongst the monsters of the Sea. The *Dolphin* seeing such great chips cut out of such

such rough timber, wondered at his force, and admired his valour; Death seemed now to hold a Sessions in the Ship, and *Sirap* still gave the summons for their appearance. For fearing lest their entry into his ship, should endanger the *Dolphin*; he to prevent that, hazarded himself the more, by leaping in among his enemies, where his magnanimous mind, armed with the arm of puissance, so disheartned his foes, that the Captain fearing lest any more should come to assist him, caused the ships to be ungrapled: And no sooner were they separated, but that the timorous Pilot wherein the *Dolphin* was, seeing himselfe severed from perill, began to turn the stern of his ship, and with a side wind to sayl back; which *Bonsfoy* espying, thought it better to dy in adventure of his liberty, then to become a Captive again to misery.

Despair therefore made him valiant, and necessity did adde to his courage, which made him to exceed himself in might and to go beyond all hope in successe: For suddenly running the Pilot thorow with his sword, he wounded the next to him so fore, that he could not offend. The *Dolphin* seeing the successe of his bold attempt, raised his faln courage to the height of noble resolution; and unsheathing his quiet sword, that *Sirap* had given him, he gave him such assistance, as his weak ability could afford.

In the end, fear made them valiant, and their valour freed them from fear. The assaulted Saylers (being weaponlesse) fell in their blood; and in their overthrowes, did the survivors submit themselves to the mercy of their swords. Force now over-awed them, and they were compelled by *Bonsfoy* to make towards the other Ship, wherein *Sirap* was making an end of an unequall battell. For having at the first slain their redoubted Captain, he wrested his approved broad shield from him, under which shelter, his increasing valour made such slaughter, as of sixteen persons, he left but three alive, which as *Bonsfoy* came in, were prostrate on their knees for pardon. But when *Sirap* saw them, and understood of their intercedent, he was more glad

glad of their safeties, then he was of his own victory. The *Dolphin* stood amazed when he saw the Ship embost with scattered heads, divided arms, and dismembred legs; And in his admiration said, if he be but a man *how this?* If more then a man, *why this?* Such forceable blowes, shewes a power beyond all human power, and yet I see he is but a man, though he hath done much more then many men.

This estimate of his valour and worth, made him ever after respect him more for his incomparable prowess, then he did before for his deliverance. *Bonfoy* now thought himself happy in such a Master, and *Sirap* grew proud of such a servant.

Leus (the joy of nature) now sat in triumph for their securities, and the wrathfull God of War, being wearied with destruction, laid him down in the bed of peace: with these two ships they securely sayled, with winds suitable to their wills all along the coasts of *Magadoxa* in *Aethiopia*, and so by *Gwine*, where meeting with a Portugall Merchant, they hired the Pilot to bring them to *Marseller*.

Thus did the inscrutable providence of God, from injurious and bad causes, produce good effects; making the banishment of the one to save the life of the other, and the love of liberty, to give liberty to love. The change that change of fortune wrought in them all, made their minds more then pleasing Paradises of unspeakable pleasures.

The *Dolphin* dreamd of naught but Majesty and Dignities; *Bonfoy* of freedom and preferment; and *Sirap* his rich hopes promised him now golden fortunes: yet durst he not unmask himself, lest he should deprive *Conceit* of his new Christendome, and betray *Policy* of his chiefeft pretence; but still holding the borrowed habite and artificall colour of a black *Moor*, he still spake unto the *Dolphin* by *Bonfoy* his Interpreter, by whom he discoursed of many things: and again, and again, and still again, enquired of such affaires, as most neerest did concern him; wherein he took double delight, in not onely gaining knowledge of the assurance of *Viennas* life and love: but in deceiving the

the *Dolphin*, that the *Dolphin* might thereby be the more deceived. In this clouded communication we will leave them a while, to see what befell *Mal Fiance*, whom we left detained in the Tavern, ignorant of his Lords surpris, though not innocent of the cause,

Ten dayes did the Vintner keep him close, still expecting that either the Marchant should return, or that the *Sauzake* should send for his restrained guest. But when he could neither hear of the one, nor the other; he began to grow jealous of the matter, and premeditating thereon, at last, fastned on this belief; That the Marchant (like a subtle *Mercurian*) had cheated the Stranger, and after left him, not onely to pay for the wine, but also made him a stale to convey himself away under the face of honesty. For otherwise he thought, that if there had been cause of taxation, complaint, or examination; there would no doubt have been hasty inquisition made after him.

In this perswasion he set *Mal Fiance* at liberty, who now found his repenting errour, in the losse of his Lord; Shame rebuk't his tongue, Grief attach'd his heart, and Fear afflicted all his thoughts, at this deer rate he purchas'd wit; which taught him to labour more advisedly in the fearfull search of the *Dolphin*; His enquiring eyes did still pry into every corner of all his carefull and wandering wayes; and in all assemblies, he sought whom he could not find. But when neither weary time, nor wary search could give him any knowledge of him. Then happily meeting with a Flemming, that was ready bound for *Zeland*, he went a Shipboard with him, hoping that either he should find his Lord returned to *Vicnois*, or give them cause to follow him in better quest.

After many days sayling they happily arrived at *Middleburgh*, where in an old decayed Burgamasters house, they lodged *Mal Fiance*, who finding the aged jealousie of his aged Host, cunningly carryed himself in a strict shew of purity; that under that deceit he might the better deceive. This suspicious Syre, having not onely a beautifull daughter, but a young fair wife

wife whom he lately espoused, was so fearfully jealous of them both, that he confined them within the limit of his house; and if either of them were but out of his sight, he straight supposed she was in action; A service which none can digest, that may not themselves perform. But to take away all means that did help (not heal) his misdeeds; he caused his daughter to lye in a low bed within his Chamber, and made the door to be lockt each night.

Now it fell out that there was a great and secret love betwixt his Daughter, and one *Hannce*; the sonne of a rich Tanner, that dwelt not farre from him, who by appointment came presently after supper time to her Chamber window, that lookt into the Garden, where he so passionately pleaded for the Harvest of his amorous desires, that she (being made of flesh, not flint) granted that he should reap the full fruition of his love, if he would but adventure the venture of it. For so (said she) it is, that over and besides my fathers watchfull fear, and ever waking jealousy, I do lye neer unto him, within his chamber, where though I may easily give you entrance, yet to entertain you without his perceivance, stands not with my belief.

That matters not said *Hannce*, I will not leave the venture, for any adventure; leave the managing thereof to me, who will for thy sake attempt the height of the hazard. Love fears no danger; and pleasure without shew of perill, looseth the vigour of her sweetnesse: I will with fear so deceive his fear. Onely be not thou afraid at any thing that thou shalt hear, or see, and so farewell, and expect my coming.

All this wanton discourse did *Mal-Fiance* listning heare, as by chance he leaned in his Chamber window, which was but the breadth of a post from her window; who like a true *Venerian* (knowing their carnall conclusion) resolved to take the benefit of the match, though she were more then his match, and to put into the *Mediterranean Sea*, when the wind should serve, in that pleasant pinnace, wherein

enchaunced *Hannse* hoped solely to sayl with joy through the *Magellan Straights*.

To affect which, he sat in counsell with all his thoughts, how he might best deceive not only hopefull *Hannse*, but also her jealous Father, and overamorous mother; who being sick of old ages tedious, and overlong induring debilityes, had many times by her alluring eyes, stolen glances, and other erriding dem cancers, lookt for Physick at his hands. At last device advised him, that there was no way to bind jealousie to the peace, and to keep himself from interruption, but onely by horror of fear, to make him loose himself, and sencelesse of all other fear: In proof whereof, that night, at the dead hour of heavy and leaden sleep, he took one of his bed-sheets, and tying a knot on the top, threw it over him, and like a troubled ghost, with doubtfull paces went into the *Burgamasters Chamber*; who being kept waking by his decrepit griefs, heard the fall of his steps, and being so dark that he could not see, he gaffly askt who was there? None but I, said his watching sentiwall daughter, supposing it had been *Hannse*.

Is the door lockt said he? yes, quoth she, you heard me lock it your self, and so she did, but without the staple. *Mal-Fiance* being thus Planner-strucken, curst old *Saturn*, for being now so opposite to *Venus*, and in his pawle of doubtfull stay, he light on this subtile shift; presently he crept stealthily, under his bed, where finding a pair of bellowes, that carelesly had been thrown, and left there; hee took them up, and softly rising by the beds head, he blew many sudden and short blasts upon him, and then falling down again, he set his back to the middle of the bed-cords; where with all his force he lifted the bed up as high as he could, and then would let it softly fall, and then raising it up again, would after let it fall suddenly; and then would he blast with the bellowes againe, which so amazed and frighted the poore *Burgamaster*, that he could not speak, but fearfully crept over the head into the bed, and layd such fast (though shaking) hands, on his wife, that he awaked her: who being held

held over-hard, demanded what so appaled him: who answered in a low voyce, that there was some tormenting spirit in the Chamber. Alas sweet (sayd she) thinking it to be but the disease of his jealousie, you do but dream, there is no such thing, give me leave to sleep, since you cannot keep me waking.

The Daughter whose lustfull attendance, waked after venereall copulation, hearing this, and knowing the fallacy; could not but laugh at her fathers deceiving, and betraying fear, and in the pride of her naked strength, she prepared her selfe (being then most ready, when shee was most unready) both to assay and allay that troublesome spirit.

Mal-Fiances having thus secured their stirring, by deluding their hearing, went boldly to the daughters bed, (the wished port, where he desired to arrive) where finding no opposition; she still deeming him to be *Hannus*, he cast anchor, that his barque might ride at full Sea: At which time *Mars* and *Venus* being in conjunction, produced such strange effects, that the bed wherein they lay, did both shake and rock; which her mother-in-law hearing, began to be half afraid, having heard nothing before: yet out of wonted boldness (which was great in bodily adventures) she called to her daughter and asked her how she did; I do (qud she) well, and as well as any woman can do.

It is the better for you, replied the mother, but do you not heare, nor feel any thing? I hear nothing (said she) that is ill, and most assured I am, I feel no hurt. Well daughter, said the Mother, blesse you, and crosse you from all evil spirits.

Nay mother (quoth she) my faith herein hath ever been so great, and so good, that I neither fear the Devill, nor think any man is present that endangers me. All this while the poor *Burgamaster* lay over the head in the sweat of his false fear, which did so tyrannize over his weaknesse, that he durst ly no longer, but hastily calling up his man, he had him light a candle: for he would rise, and go fetch his ghostly Father *Freyer Fredrick*, to come

come to blesse his Chamber, and sprinkle it all over with holy water.

His wife could not divert him from it, and his daughter and her unknown Paramour were ready to betray themselves with laughter: yet was *Mal Fiance* glad to hide himself in the bed, whilst to prevent suspicion, the daughter rose, and took upon her to unlock the unlocked doors, by which time the man came with a light, and getting his Master up, hee holpeto array him, and after went with a Lanthorne with him to seeke the Fryer.

No sooner were they gone, but in comes lascivious *Hannce* in the heat of his desire, like the Prince of darknesse, cloathed in a Bulls-hide, with the horns on his head, (for it much behooved him to have horns, that must leave horns behind him) who finding the doors open, made no stay till he came to the daughters bed, where hearing two breath, he softly shrunk back, supposing it was the Fathers bed, and stumbling after by hap on the other bed, where the wife lay all alone, he holding down his head softly said; Fear not my Love, it is I, and so dismantling himself, laid him down by her, who conceiting that it was *Mal Fiance*, that had taken the benefit of her husbands going forth, resisted not, but entertained him with all the full favours, that wanton love could afford: (Thus doe Womens light thoughts many times make their husbands to have heavie heads.)

But in this amorous combat, the very bed proclaimed their forceable encounters, and the fall of bedstaves well witnessed their fresh assaults, which the daughter hearing, deemed that her restlesse mother was tormented with some terrour of fear: and therefore calling to her, she wished her to have a good heart, and not to yeeld to idle conceits, which but troubled the mind with deceiving imaginations. The mother perceiving that something was perceived, and that they were heard, took upon her to be affrighted, and said: Alas daughter, something, I know, hath been upon me, and if spirits have any substances, it is surely one. Cover your self well, said the daughter.

By this interchange of chate, *Hannce* knew that he had travelled

travailed in a by-path, which so distasted him, that his teeth gnashed together for anger, and *Mal Fiance* lay laughing at the knowledge thereof, who remembring now, that *Hauunce* would come in some fearfull shape, to make way for his pleasure he thought to work further on him, and to beat him with his own weapon; And to give life to his device, he stole up, and creeping along the beds side, wherein enchaffed *Hauunce* did ly he sought by feeling, and by feeling found the Fairy hide, which by handling thereof, he knew well was a garment of his Fathers, and as he threw it over him, with intent to frighten *Hauunce*, he heard his Host and the Frier coming into the house; who came sooner then they were expected: Then he was forc'd to run behind the door, thinking by his hell-like habite, to terrifie them all; and so got unknown to his Chamber.

Now *Hauunce* perceiving light through the door (for as yet the Fryer durst not come in, till he had said divers *Pater noster*s, and besprinkled the door with his holy water sprinkle) leapt hastily out of his disliked bed, and failing to find his devills coat, he pul'd the higher sheet out of the bed, and throwing himself therein, went like a ghost to the other side of the dore, thinking likewise so suddenly to fright them, that undiscovered he might escape. But the tardy-taken-women, that now were more afraid of shame, then they were before of sin, were driven to such an exigent, that they knew not how to avoid, neither rebuke nor reproach; their scarlet blushes accused them, and the holy Church was at the dore ready to condemn them.

In this hell they lay, fearing to see scene, untill the light which most they feared, freed them from those they most feared. For the new transformed Devill, and the late metamorphosed ghost, suddainly seeing each other by the light of the Candle, upon the opening of the dore, were so agast at the fearefull sight of either others terrifying, and unknowne shapes, that they verily thought, that the Devill, or some other ill spirit were purposely come from hell to carry them away, for their shalfull assuming their damned

formes, to such wicked and forbidden ends. In this fear and fearful thought, they made such hast to run away the one from the other, that they both rush: at once so forceably through the door, that they bear the old Burgamaster down, and turned the poor Fryer over and over; in which fall he pittifully brake his face on the houle-cill, and half drowned the Burgamaster with the Holy-water that he brought and shed upon him.

The carefull women though they were thus cleared of disgrace, yet were they so danted at the sight of these incarnall devills, that they wofully cryed, and shrieked out; the servant with the Lanthorn as one distract; run out of doors; *Mal Fiance* as fearfully fled to his chamber; and heartleſs *Hannce* most amazedly run into the street after the servant; who looking for fear behind him, saw this spirit P. running (as he thought) after him; which made him cry out, help, help, a spirit, a ghost; a ghost, a spirit.

The Watchmen comming, and hearing him, thought the man was stark mad; but looking about, they saw this affrighted frighatning ghost comming towards them, which put them all into such amazed fear, that they threw down their weapons and run away. The coast being thus cleared, unhappy *Hannce* got into his Fathers house.

But now the next neighbours that had heard the wretched womans shrieking cries, were risen, and having gotten lights speedily came to see, and know the cause of their out-cries, And finding the Master of the house and the Fryer (whom fear had entranced) half dead on the floor, and the Frier all bloudied by his fall, they supposing, that they were slain; instantly cried out, Murther, murther: The dismayed women (that all this while lay over their heads, in the bath of their sweating feare, doing penance for their stolne pleasures) having their fear both renewed, and redoubled by these their cries; cryed out as fast, the Devill, the Devill, at the hearing whereof, all the neighbours runne out of the house again, and *Mal Fiance* grew upon this dreadfull al-larum, so fearfully timorous, that hee durst not moove though

though he were more then moved. In this agony of terrour, did they all lye till break of day, when light (the comfort of dark dismay) emboldned the chief Officer (who of purpose was sent for) to enter into this house of horreur, where raising them from the place of purgatory; they found upon examination that the devill had been there, and was the cause of all their disturbances.

But *Mal Fiance* who now had made peace with his distracted thoughts; not onely found his own error, but easily apprehended the shift, and enforced subtilty of the other. For remembering he had disfurnished *Hannce* of his black Mantle, and so prevented him of his infernal shape, he conceited that he had no other means to free himself, then by taking one of the sheets, and so by appearing like a ghost to make way for himself. In the belief of this conceit, he vowed that *Hannce* should wel pay both for terrifying him, and for his planting in anothers Vineyard.

And to this end, he seeking found him, and told him, that he had a very good Bulls hide to sell him. *Hannce* knowing well where he lay was much astonishd thereat, and thanking him said, he had no need of any. Then (quoth *Mal Fiance*) shall my Host have it to make him a Night-gown; but you shall pay for the horns, though you were so liberall, as freely to give them. For in brief Mr. Tanner, the abuse that you have offered mine Host, and the scandall that you have raised on his house is so injuriously great, and so shamefully injurious, that unlesse you will give me ten pounds, I will unease the Devill, and both reveal his adulterous dealing, and tell of your ghostly escape, *Hannce* seeing he was discovered bought his concealment with his coin; which made *Mal Fiance* so wanton, that being so well silver-shod for travell he discharged all his debts, and in the innocency of his thought, not dreaming after any danger, he made more hast then good speed to *Vienne*.

And no sooner was he come, and known to be in *Vienna*, but that the Lord *Vray Esperance*. sent for him, & demanded where his Sovereign Lord the *Dolphin* was; who being unable

to answer thereunto, was presently deemed, either to have murdered him, or to have betrayed him to his enemies : For it is a rule by observation true : that they that fear not to be thought faulty, will neither be afraid to commit the fault, nor ashamed to be seen after the fact. His leaving (howsoever) of his Liege Lord, was held worthy of death. And therefore was he sent bound hand and foot to prison, till rigour of justice should by speedy sentence award him condigne punishment.

But the bruit hereof begat such tumultuous uproares, and brought forth such mischievous factions both in Court and City, that hardly could the tempest be allayed without the utter subversion of the State. For how should the low shrubs stand in rebellion, when the high Cedar was thought to be blown down by treason? In this combustion, some stood for the indubitate heir the Princeesse *Vienna*, whose liberty they proudly required amongst whom, Sir *Iaques*, and *La-noue* were moit forward.

Some for the malicious and proud *Delphinis*, whose Regency many affected; but all malecontents, repugnant, humorists, disordered men, decayed persons, & servile Peasants (that thrive best in mutation of States, and live by others falling, as swine do by the dropping of Acorns) flocked about *Monsieur Maligne*, the reputed bastard of the *Delphin*, who ambitiously would needs (according to the wicked disposition of illegitimates) deprive others by ruin and rapine of their rights, and appropriate to himself the Crown.

The fired factions began to break out into flaming sedition and masked Rebellion wayted but on time and advantage, to use open force against each other : The Common-Weale did well to see her destruction in this triumvirie; Among these briars and brambles, that sought to over-top the stately Oak ; awfull Justice had no powerfull place : Law was of no force, and authority lost all command. For where alteration threatens Warre, there the sword maketh all things lawfull.

But when the Lord *Vray Esperance*, who was an *Anthony*
in

in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Augustus* in wisdom, beloved of most and respected of all ; saw this triper-tite and dissentious division growing to such monstrous heads : and hearing that many of the giddy-headed multitude were already assembled together in the Market place, in a most confused manner according to the mutinous natures of the mutable Commons, fearing their aptness to innovation, and the sad effects of civill broyls, or some sudden overture, leaving (because wanting) all time of further consideration: even in the assurance of his vertue, and strength of his zeal to his Country, he suddenly went to the Market-place, where all men (notwithstanding their distemperatures) gave way to his merit, and in love followed after him.

So powerfull was he in popular affection, which he perceiving, stayed ; and turning himself towards them, with tears in his eyes, and his Hat in his hands, more like an humble Suppliant, then a regall Ruler, he made a sign for audience ; which granted, he mildly after some few sighs said,

What moves my fast friends, loving favourites, and more then dear Country-men to this threatening mutiny ? What disturbs your quiet peace, or what seek you by the hurtfull Arms ? Do you want a Prince ? Why the *Dolphin*, your liege Lord (for ought any knows) liveth, and the Prince's his apparent Heir is not dead.

Doth any usurp your rights, or oppress you with wrongs ? Why Justice shall give to every one his own, and I am here ready to shed my blood in your behalfs. Or doth the bare sup-pose of your Sovereigns death, thus untimely move you to create, and invest a new, because *Mal-Fiance* is returned without his Lord ? A project, trust me, that will bring forth some notable deceitfull design.

If needs he must be dead, because none can hear tell that he is alive ; Why then should he not be as well living, because here no one knows that he is dead ? But admit, that our sins have (which God forbid) deprived us of him, doth it follow, that the ambitious *Dolphin's*, or that degenerate

Bastard *Maligne*, should succeed him? What though *Vienna* be a prisoner to her Fathers will, and my faith must keep her still a thrall to his severity? yet the Father dying, the Daughters bonds are broken, I discharged, and you tyed, to inthronize her for your lawfull Princess.

Why then should there be any such disparity of minds, or diversity of affections amongst you, since you are all subjects born to one end, and *Viennonians* sworn to one right? What shall become of this Principality, when those that should unite themselves to maintain the Weal-publique; do thus divide themselves, to overthrow the Publique-Weal? Know you not, that by thus banding your selves, you do altogether abandon your selves?

Will not your insulting, and incroaching Neighbours (the proud *Savonians*) our inveterate and irreconcilable enemies, take advantage of your weakning of your own strengths, enter forcibly upon your rights, dispossesse you of your Habitations, and make you Aliens to your Inheritances? Yes, yes, be you assured, that hatred amongst friends, gives ever succour to strangers; and that Civill Wars within you, will bring Forraign Wars upon you.

Look on the *Do'ph'nis*, of whom I am loath to speak ill, yet in this, I know not how to speak well. Doth not her unwanted corruption, and pride shew, that she loves a Pallace better then her Paradise? that thinks by shamefull rebellion, to make her self a sinfull Queen?

Know you not, that they that are so greedy, so unlawfully to get, will be ever as ready to do wrong? What colour of claim can she have, that is neither royalized by propagation, nor extract from Princely or Noble blood? She had no authority given her in his Highness rule; nor hath she any left her at his departure.

It is, I see, only her pride, that can suffer no equal; and *Malignes* ambition, that can brook no Superiour: two Fire-brands that burnt up *Romes* most glorious Monarchy. O let them both then fall in their pride, that seek to unjustly to fly, before they have wings; and wash not your eyes, and hands, like *Envy* in

in one anothers fall. In persisting to maintain evill, *Maligno* doth condemn himself; otherwise, he would not seek to obtain that with bloud and shame, which he can neither get, nor keep, without sinne and death. In all the Scriptures, there was but one sole Bastard (only *Jephtha*) that did come to any good; and yet he had the mark of the Curle: for his all-oney Daughter was most sorrowfully sacrificed for her great Fathers offence; And this was but to shew, that there is no perpetuity, nor long prosperity, in hatefull and condemned bastardy. And will you then make the corrupt and curled seed, and excrement of sinne, your unlawfull Prince? that by all divine, nature, and nationall Laws, hath no inheritance on Earth, and whom the Jews counted as no part of their Congregation.

If the Father be an Adulterer, and the Mother a Fornicator, the Son must in reason be a bad liver, and a wicked Governour.

For he that is born in double sinne, must of likelyhood in nature, be both subject to many faults, and guilty of many offences. And how can polluted hands make foul Vessels clean? or how can he that is but the Son of the People, be the Son of the *Dolphin*? The Mothers acknowledgment, and protestation, is no proof; that ever fathers them on those that can best maintain them. She cannot be true to one, that is untrue to her self; Corruption will still break out there, where it is once scttered. How then can you affect the Son of Shame, or without shame, yield your selves subject to the Son of a strumpet? If his desire be beyond his merit and reach, let him fall besides his hopes, and receive just guerdon for his deserts.

As for the vertuous Princess, whose right I reverence, and whose worth I admire: Let her yet remain (though with better respect) where she is,

For it is not good over-suddenly to open a wound, that hath bin long closed up.

The greatest right, may do the most wrong, and the omission of a good action, is no sinne; when it cannot be done without committing of sinne. I have sworn to her Father, and would be found faithfull to my Lord; I affect not governance;

vernment : For in this, I am but like the Sun that carries his Lam horn for others, and not for himself. It is better to be doubtfull, then over-credulous; and the uncertainty of his death is no warrant for my discharge, nor your disobedience. There is time for all things, and the *Moon* that is not yet risen, may rise, and shine in full glory, though now she be eclipsed. What more would you have, or what further (O you fond *Viennians*) do you endeavour to affect? Will you turn Traytors to your Lord, rip up your own bowels, make your wives widows, and your children fatherless, and helpless? Will you put fire to your own houses, possess your foes with your wives, and wealths, see your daughters deflowred, and make an utter devastation of your Country?

Alas! I see your wilfulness betrayes your wits, and draws on your overthrow into your Enemies triumphs; and grief makes me to shed tears of blood for your own purchased destructions.

Let me at last, O let me in love, and tender care of your welfare, dehort you from wounding of your selves, and leave these ill presaging jars amongst you; and like birds of one flock fly together; Maintain your sacred Oaths, for preservation of your Sovereigns right, till better assurance acquit you from your obliged faiths. To hasten the knowledge whereof, I will wing many Messengers with speed, to enquire, and learn what is become of our Sovereign Lord; with that the tears did trickle down his face, which struck such a compassionate regard in all their hearts, that being before made sensitive of their errors, and now fully satisfied, and reclaimed by his tongue of perswasion, they joyfully threw up their Hats, and some lifting him up, cried, God save the *Dolphin*, and the Lord *Vray Esperance*, under whose Government we will only live.

Thus did his pleasing words, powerfull authority, mild behaviour, refined and probable reasons, and subtilized distinction allay the force of the approaching storm, and gave such contentment to all, that every one departing in love, brought home peace to their Neighbours.

Thus

Thus did this noble Governour (like a good and skilfull Musicianer put all this jarring discord, in a good and true tune; which to crosse the hatefull hopes of malicious *Maligne*, that failing of native strength and rebellious forces, to dignifie his indignities; he suddenly fled unto the Savoy Duke, to require forraign aid to royallize his proud basenesse. Such was his aspiring wrath, that it had no mean, and such his Treason that it had no end.

Fear now made him doubt the rigour of law, that before would have been subject to no law: and therefore did he in such unstable waters, and threatening winds, seeke for more powerfull eares; which the subtle Duke well perceiving, thought to feed on him, as *Pharo*s leane Kine did on the fat.

But before he went, he advised thereof with his politick and sworn confederate friend, *Monsieur Meschant*, whose false temblable minds, ever made such a full connexion of wills betwixt them, as what the one perniciously contrived, the other most traiterously put in practise.

And therefore *Meschant* seeing him already over the shoos in danger, perswaded him to wade up to the chin: For, said he, there can never be any perill in the adventure, where the Foord promiseth to good a passage. Danger now only dwels at home, and the Savoy Duke may both fortifie your hope, and raise your fortunes. Offer him but interest in the *Dolphin*, and you shall find that his avarice and pride, will in that hope greedily work on our broken and disturbed state. So then happily with speed, and most powerfully and successively; may you return; and as prevailent may your successe be, as your going is most pertinent. And therewithal he took a sheet of clean paper, and laying both sides straight together, he cut divers rowes through them both; and after cutting them a sunder, he kept the one halfe himself, and gave the other, saying:

By this, and through this, shall you (without either danger to me, or perceivance of any other) still know what is here done, and what I would have you further to do. For

though I writ my Letters directly, and most distastfully against your Apostacy, and combination with the publique foe, and advise you to betray that noble Duke, (which for safety I must still do, lest in the portage or otherwise, my Letters should miscarry) yet shall you at all times unmask my intended intelligence, and find out both my fallacy, and true instructions, if you but take this your cur pattern, and lay it on my Letter, where you shall plainly, and formally read through the same, no more, then what I purposely in truth do write unto you, and would willingly enscosse you with. In like manner (as I will teach you) may you safely by the same illusion, certifie me of all your projects and designs.

Maligne thanked him, prayed his remembrance thereof, and so bad him farewell. For fear sent him post away, and hope gave him such speed, and in short time he came to the Dukes Court, where after he had most respectfully saluted him he related how that the *Dophin* his father was dead, and that the *L. Fray Esperance* affecting government, most ambitiously sought to retain his usurped rule.

That the Princeesse *Vienna* was in prison unregarded of all; and that he had himself many strong and assured favourites, that would stand for his fortune. In furtherance whereof he was come to pray his assistance, and for guerdon thereof, he would interest him in that half of *Dolphin*, that lay next unto him.

Thus did he seek his own ruine with great labour, and buy repentance with bloody cost. Thus did he make himself a bridge for the incroaching Duke to enter upon his Country: and this gap did he open that the *Savonian* forces might like an inundation submerg and overwhelm both himself, and the whole body of the State,

For the Duke, who ever wayted on opportunity, and still watched how the Market went, finding now the Mine discovered; he thought good to make profit thereof, and to take the benefit of the Tide, while the floud served. And therefore he embraced the person, for the occasion, and promising

him help (but with *Judas* subtilty to make himself rich) he leavyed forty thousand men well appointed, with whom, with all affected expedition, he instantly in person, went to fish in *Vicenois* troubled water, without making a Conscience of thrusting his Sickle into anothers Harvett. The opinion of possibility so redoubled his unbounded desires, that he thought that time too long, that he spent in going. But it had been better for him with the *Tertoise*, to have kept his head within his own shell, then by seeking so abroad to raise his fortunes out of anothers ruines.

For that carefull Shepheard, the ever watchfull Governour) being now summoned by wastfull Warre, to defend both his Flock and his Fold, stood not like a doubtfull Chyrurgion, to consult of the ripenessse of the sore; but like an expert Captain (that at the first) would prevent fury by force) he suddenly raised 3000. men, whom in pride of his aged age he himself led into *Dolphin* to encounter with the injurious and intruding Duke.

Now *Mescant* hearing that the Duke and *Maligne*, were entred into *Dolphin*, and seeing the present preparation, and hasty march that the governour now made against them; He instantly writ unto *Maligne* thereof, and thus deceitfully disguised his subtile intelligences.

M*Y Lord, your speed to ruine I applaud, and I joy in your*
 approaching fall : which I wish, if you seek to
 waste your Native and distressed Country with Forraigne
 strength. The terror of Warre, you, your *Savonian*
forces

forces hath yet known. But be you assured, that God will confound those, that strive to dispossesse others of their rights. War never yet appaled the hearts of the true and valiant Viennonians: Our Governor is wise, powerfull and practive in Martiall discipline; His Allies great, his adheres many, and his followers nothing fearfull of the event; and though his Army cannot make 30000. strong, yet hath he leavied many more Troops, which are now marching on apace to his ayde. Betray that hatefull Duke, and you shall find many that yet are your harmlesse enemies, and some that will in that merit procure your pardon. Trust not a Forraign Conqueror; For he will be absolute, and remove you and your assured friends. Lose no occasion, nor time in giving battell, wherein you may best work their overthrow, and redeem your lost Honour. Be secret in your intended stratagemis, lest you find more hazards; and resistance, by greater and more dangerous opposition. If you will repair your foraines, lend me like notice thereof, and you shall be secured by our supplies. Bend your forces chiefly against the Generall. For dead men bite not. It matters not how, so it be well done; Take but away the chieftain, and the Army will scatter, For in his fall, the field is lost, and the honour yours, Farewell.

MESCHANT.

Thus in a fair cup of gold did this pestiferous *Meschant* utter his hidden poylon; And under the apparent shew of honest loyalty, did he give both treacherous intelligence, and dangerous instructions to the hostile enemy. For *Maligne* upon the receipt of this Letter, laid his patern thereon, and so read his subtil and cloked advertisements through the same, as by laying down, and covering this his Letter, with this exampled pattern, you may plainly perceiue.

By this time had the *Dolphin*, and Sir *Sirap* (after tedious trayall), recovered *Marcelles* in *Province*, through which

which they past unknown into *Dolphin*; where the *Dolphin* finding his Country, in his declining days, covered over with Campos, Carriages, barbed Horses, and armed Souldiers; he amazedly asked, and asking learned, the unexpected cause thereof; which made him bewail his sinister fortunes, and envy no little against that impious abject, his accursed supposed Sonne. Grief now made him weep at his Countries calamity, and fear made him doubt his own deprivation. The Harvest of his fits, yielded him now more increase of woes; then the lusts of his youth afforded him pleasures. But how should (said the sorrowfull *Dolphin*) he that is begotten in my full sin, and born in his own shame; live without doing villany, or dy without making mischief? If his being be from me, why then should he seek to take from me my being?

And if he be none of mine, what then hath he to do with it, which is mine? but he is not mine, but the Son of iniquity, and scorn of nature; and therefore knows neither his shamelets self, nor his sinfull father.

I nourished him (as a Snake) in the bosome of my love, and now he would sting me to death, in the poyson of his hate.

O how just are the judgments of God, that pays our amiss, in the amiss of our offences, and makes our wicked pleasures our just punishments!

In this bemoaning fury, did he call for vengeance to be poured down on *Maligne*; which *Sirap* seeing, could not but grieve at his sad lamentations, though otherwise he rejoiced, that occasion presented unto him both a means to shew there his prowess; and a way to make his Country indebted to his valour. For (as a stranger) he knew he should win honour, and after gain (being made known) more respect. The wrath of War he did not fear, nor made he any doubt of his Countries safety.

And therefore he chearfully commanded *Bonsay* to comfort the distressed *Dolphin*, and to assure him, that the God of the *Viennians* had brought him thither, in justice, both to punish the treachery of his degenerate Son; and also to correct the in-

insulting pride of the intruding Duke; in both whose ambitious blouds, he vowed to bath his revengefull Sword, and by force of the *Vickonian* forces, to overthrow all the *Savonians*. Only entreat him to take up the heat of his indignation in the embers, and to keep himself unknown that thereby he might receive a true try all of his subjects forces, and fidelities; and the easier escape, and support himself after, with forraign supplies, if the *Viennonians* should unhappily bee vanquishd.

As for himself, he would (when they were hottest in battell) suddenly thrust himself amongst them, where he would write such Tragedies in his enemies blood, that weeping repentance should teach them, what it is, to invade anothers right, and to displant the true Vine. His Highnesse and *Bonsoy*, I would have them like two peaceable Pilgrims, to stand safely aloof, and to view the hazard of the game, till the last chance be cast, and then secretly to convey themselves to some cave in the near adjoining Wood, whither in the darke of night I will undecryed repaire, and further consult what after will bee done.

To this the animated *Dolphin* subscribed. For in his vertuous valour, and practive knowledge did he build his new raised hope; and on his unresistable force, and most fortunate atchievements did his comfort depend.

Now *Sirap* having about him his never failing Semitar, wherewith he vanquishd *Turbulent the fierce*, and being furnished with the Shield, and armour, that he forceably took from the Captaine of the Pyrats in the *Affrick* Seas; he made all things in readinesse, and instantly sent *Bonsoy* to the next Town with his Shield, to cause a Painter to draw on it a disturbed waved Sea, and in the midst thereof a crowned *Dolphin*, driving other Fishes before him, and striking many under the waves with his tayl, with this Impresse under. *Crowned to Conquer.*

Thus did the *Dolphin* unknowne Knight, in honour of the *Dolphin*, make himself the Knight of the *Dolphin*. But by this time the two Armies, marching both on, affronted

ted each other in fight, which made the *Savoy* Duke to make a stand, and to set his men in good array of battell, which he divided into two parts. The first were his troops of Horle, which he assigned to be conducted by the Bastard *Maligne*. The other, consisting of Foot, he led himself.

In this equipage he soberly marcht, till he came to a spacious Plain, neer to *Andre*, where he preparedly stay'd the coming on of the *Viennonians*, who being well marshelled in one mean Battell, *Cresat*-wife, with two wings of Horle on either side, came on apace, by the Command of their good Generall the Lord *Vray Esperance*; unto whom, honour gave spurs; his place, faithfulness; and the love of his Country, courage.

Maligne heartned on the Duke with the false assurance of the *Viennonians* revolt, and the hope to incorporate that Principality to his own, haled him on the more to that bloody bargain. For the charge being given, Desire and Revenge encountered each other with such fury, that the Battell was long in suspense, Victory inclining to neither side, till at last, the Troop of the *Savonian* Horles disranked both the Wings of the *Viennonians*, and brake in upon the Squadron of the Foot, with such violence, that they began to stagger and give back. When the all-valorous, and invincible *Sirap*, the Knight of the *Dolphin*, came fortunately in, who finding where danger dwelled most, there he opposed himself, and like to a suddain Tempest, bare down all before him. His desire to approve himself in his countries defence, and his implacable wrath against those, that sought to defeat *Vienna* of her right, and to defraud him of the comfort of his hope, made his blows fall like thunder, and his sword to cut like the Executioners Ax.

None could stand before him, nor durst there any come neer him; which so encouraged the disheartned remainder of the *Viennonian* Cavaliry, that they ranked themselves again, and came up to second him.

This fresh, and new assault, disordered and dismayed the *Savonian* troops, who now fought fearfully and confusedly; which

which *Maligne* perceiving, purposely, and fatally brought up all his forces, and begirt him round, thinking so to end the battell by making an end of him, that both had ended so many of their lives, and onely maintained the battell. In this danger, did the undanted Knight of the *Dolphin* fight so long, that his horse was slain under him, which he with great agility wel and quickly avoyded, and being on foot, perceived his other self; his entire deer friend *La-nova* (whom he knew by his coat-armour) to lye in the dust.

This sight was such an alarm to waken revenge, that he grew now more furiously wrathfull, and more restfully impatient then before, and being desirous to recover his body, he desperately flind over him, and like valiant *Hector* amidst the begirring *Myrmidons*, he stood to withstand all assayers. *La-nova* being thus freed from the smothering feet of his enemies, having had time of breathing, came to himself (for he was not mortally wounded) and began to stirre, which being found and perceived by the Knight of the *Dolphin* (maugre all the force of his swarming and pressing foes, hee tooke him up, and bare him to the Lord *Vray Esperance*, unto whom, kissing him oft in manifestation of his love, he delivered him with many speaking signes, that he should be sent safely away.

The Generall who had seen with the eyes of admiration, the incomprehensible force, and unvaluable valour of this unknown Knight, respectively received him, and accordingly sent him to the next Town, and then having already brought up his strength of foot, of purpose to succour the *Dolphin*-Knight, he followed him in his bloody passage, with intent to horse him again, lest he should miscarry in that perill: In this desire, he came on so furiously fast, that the Savoy Duke, seeing the rage of this tempestuous flood, to over-bear *Malignes* forces, advanced his main battell, and like a terrible storm, fell upon the *Viennensis*. But this lightning lasted not long, for the Knight of the *Dolphin* perceiving that now the dice was cast, and that they both were to avoid their last chance, summoned all his strength together, and in the vigour of his dis-

pleased

displeased courage, meeting with *Maligne*, he smote him so on his Burganet, that he fell d him sore wounded to the earth, where being no respite for rescue, he was smothered, and troden to death.

*Thus dy'd the spawes of sin, in sinfull shame,
Ill was he got, lewd his life, bad his name,*

Now notwithstanding, the withstanding *Savonians*, the Knight of the *Dolphin* took *Maligne's* Horse, and in despite of all interruption, he lightly mounted on him, and with his confounding sword he made such a slaughter, that he found little resistance.

This remarkable act gave not only fresh hope, but new life to *Esperance*, who wondred not so much at who he was, as at what he did, and yet he thought he must be more then a man, that did more then a man could doe. But the doubtfull *Dolphin* standing all this while aloof, joyfully beholding the heroicall deeds of his second Saviour, said to *Bonsoy*, that *Siraps* valour was beyond all apprehension, his courage above all conceit, his puissance more then humane, and his deeds surmounting all opinion.

By him, said he, I have my second being; and by him I see, I shall be still a Prince; O would, and as he would have proceeded further, he made a stay to behold the distempered Duke, who seeing his men discomfited and slain, most by this alone Knight, came in with a troop of reserve, whom he had commanded to unite all their forces together, and bend themselves wholly for the taking or killing of this unknown *Hercules*, the most redoubted Knight of the *Dolphin*; but costly experience made them loath to come so near him, as to hurt him, least breaking the rule of pitty, they should be guilty of their owne deaths.

Yet in some presumption both of their number and Armour, they faintly assaulted him to their repenting detriments.

In this fresh conflict the Knight of the *Dolphins* Beaver was broken, and fell downe, which much more advantaged
Y then

then endammaged, or endangered him. For the Enemies seeing his black hew, and his wrathfull eyes (being then kindled a new with anger) shining like fire, were suddainly appaled with such dread and fearfull amazement, that (holding him rather an infernall spirit, then a mortall man) they began to recoil and to fly from him like a great Covy of frightened Partridges, from the first pursuit of a fierce Faulcon; whereupon he flourished his Conquering sword, and cried out in Greek, Victory, Victory, and then followed them with such raging fury, that he hewed out his way in blood, till he encountered that proud invading Duke, whom he knew by his rich Armour, and thinking now to make an end of both him and the battel at once, he lifted up his controuling and quelling arm, and so enragedly smote him on the side of his helmet, that neither the steel, nor the temper, could secure him from that fatal and inevitable blow but as all men fall, that seek to build their fortunes upon others ruines; so fell he now (in the height of his hope) breathlesse to the ground. Then began the *Savonians* to fly on all hands, and light unharnessed legs were better then wel approved arms. Most of them were slain, few escaped, the rest were taken prisoners,

Night drawing on the Generall, the Lord *Vray Esperance* commanded to sound the Retrait. But the Knight of the *Dolphin* purposely pursued the Chase, that in the darknesse of night he might the better convey himself away, and undiscovered go (as he did) to the Wood, where the *Dolphin* joyfully attended him: And no sooner did he see him, but that with teares of joy, that in tryumph, trickled down his cheeks, he hastened to embrace him, and impalling him within the circuit of his armes, he held him fast, his tongue failing to be messenger of his thankfull heart, For in this passion,

*Love clipt him fast, true Comfort held him long;
Joy could not speak, for Wonder had no tongue.*

But after his full heart had a little enjoyed it self, and somewhat digested his surfeit of joy. Then, then, his tongue was enabled to applaud his victory; and he both crowned his prowess with loud resounding praises, and gave him more then many thanks for his most glorious and happy labours; And now with more regard, did he not onely industriate himself to do him all the kind Offices of love, but also humbly offered to unarm him, which in no wise *Sirap* would permit, but wearied with that dayes travell, he betook himself to his rest; where his restless thoughts began a new Warre betwixt his desire and determination: tain would he have seen her, whom he loved more then his life, and yet to deliberate well on things profitable, he held to be a most provident delay.

At last he resolved to keep himself, and them unknown for some few dayes, that the Country might be settled in peace, and he see what course would be held both for *Vienna*, and for the government. In the interim he might the better conclude with himself about his own affairs. O noble, noble *Paris*, more noble then those that are enabled with flattering, and fading titles. How loving art thou true? How truly wise, and vertuous; that not onely canst without pride conquer thy foes; but also without folly (beyond nature) command to own and deereft affections,

If that wanton *Trojan* had had the like sympathy of mind and the same stable sincerity of heart, as he had the likeness and unity of thy name, *Troy* had been unconquered, and he had lived longer, & in greater glory. But let us return to the Lord *Vray Esperance*, who after the overthrow and ejection of the *Savonians*, had posting news brought him, that the malicious and imperious *Dolphinis*, upon notice of the victory, fell suddenly dead. She could live no longer, that had no hope to rule any longer; Her pride and Sovereignty could neither brook subjection, nor endure controlement; Besides the guilt of her own evil, proclaimed her death; and the fear of losing her life, was the losse of her life.

Such is the nature of greatnesse, that but crost in their am-

bitious courses, they sink under the weight of their own^e burthenous pride.

But her remove, moved not so much the good Governor, as the misse of their glorious preserver, that invincible & all admirable Knight of the *Dolphin*, that to their amazement had so oft relieved their weakned forces, rescued their fainting endangered friends, repuls'd their oppressing enemies, slain most of their best Commanders, danted the whole army, and at two blows, overthrown and killed the Malignant *Maligne*, and the proud ambitious Duke, that potent Generall.

Then he caused inquisition to be made throughout all his Territories after him, and rich rewards promised to him, that could or should give knowledge of him: but no one could shew what he was or where he was: only some declared, that his Beaver being broken in battell, they saw his face as black as darknesse, and his eyes as bright as fire; which made the Governour doubtfull whether he were a man, that did more then many men; or no man that could not be subdued by an host of men: or that the all-mercifull God in favour of their distressed right, had sent some of his correcting Ministers, to chasten, and powre vengeance on the hatefull heads of their unjust foes.

But the War being thus ended, peace called a councill for the further establishing of tranquillity; And the consideration of these bloody jars condemned poor *Mal-Fiance* to dy, not only for leaving his Lord, and being unable to give an account of his Sovereigns life; but also for being the first cause of perturbation in the State, and after of forraign invasion.

The loss of so many of their lives, made them all thirst after his; To hasten which, they brought him the next day to the place of execution, where happily the *Dolphin*, and *Sirap*, with his man *Bonsfoy*, came by all in Pilgrims gownes, as they were (by agreement) going to the City; who seeing and understanding the cause of that Assembly, withdrew themselves, and upon short consideration, they sent *Bonsfoy* to the Governour (who needs would be there to hear his latest Confession) that he might learn somewhat concerning his beloved

loved Lord. Of him did *Bonfoy*, (knowing now the cause) in the name of his Master, the Knight of the *Dolphin*, require that *Mal Fiance* should be delivered unto him; which granted, he would undertake to bring them to the *Dolphin*.

In assurance whereof, he (unfolding his Gown) tendered the honor of his Masters shield, as a pledge for his performance which when the Lord *Vray Esperance* saw, he knew it by the devise thereon, to be the same, that the Knight of the *Dolphin* carried in bratell, and therefore he joyfully took it, and kissing it reverently said; That that remarkable badge of his fall-vertuous, and most glorious worth, (besides the glad tidings he delivered of their gracious Lord) was more then sufficient, to redeem a world of lives; And therefore presenting *Mal Fiance* unto him, he prayed that they might both see the *Dolphin*, and the *Dolphin* Knight, whom next to the *Dolphin*, both he, and all the *Viennonians*, did, and would ever honour, as their sole and only preserving Patron; And then taking his Chain from about his neck, he gave it him, saying: Let this be a witness of my gratefulnes, and truly tel thee with what true joy I entertain thy welcome tydings.

Bonfoy humbly thanked his honour, and requested him, that he would be pleased to see how he bestowed *Mal Fiance*, whom he brought unto the other two Pilgrims, that were walking a little aside from them, But when the *Dolphin*, had discovered himself unto him, *Mal Fiance* fell down at his feet for mercy, & rising, threw up his Hat into the ayr, and cryed aloud, the *Dolphin*, the *Dolphin*, God save my Lord the *Dolphin*.

This unexpected, and most fortunate accident, made all the company at the hearing thereof, to shewt for joy: And the good *Vray Esperance* hastily lighting from his Horse, fell upon his knee, and kissing his hand sayd; Long may my Liege Lord the *Dolphin* live. Whereat the *Dolphin* ray-fing him, embraced him, and told him, that as his loyalty, was crowned with renown, so would he adde honour, and reward to his virtues. But forget not, sayd he, my Lord,

to welcome this noble and heroicall *Moor*, the thrice worthy Knight of the *Dolphin*, that both hath preserved me from death and thralldom, and delivered you and my Country, from our oppressing foes. O with what joy, and astonishment, did then this loyall rejoycing Lord hasten to kaeel unto him: For though he held him lesse then a God, yet he thought he could not be, but more then a man: *Sirap* staying him, greeted him with all the demonstrations of love, and reverent respect.

This done, they mounted both the *Dolphin* and this magnificent *Moor*, who needs would ride bare-fac'd in their Pilgrim-Gowns through the city; *Mal-Fiance* waited on the *Dolphin*s stirrop, and *Bonsoy* manly carried his Masters Shield before him, and after went the *L.Vray Esperance*, with all the rest of their retinue.

Now their approach was no sooner known in *Vienna*, but that they knew their welcomes by their rejoycing bells, stately bone-fires, and triumphing hearts.

Hardly could they passe for presse of people, still they came running to see them, especially the Knight of the *Dolphin*, whom they admired for his fame, honored for his great achievements and lov'd for their protection. *Sirap* seemed much to admire the French, whom the French themselves did more then admire.

But in viewing the whole Troop, his observing eye, light by chance on his fast friend *La-nova*, at which sight, he sighed, yet thought himself happy in the sight. Thus rode they one triumphant in themselves, and honoured of all, At length they came to the Pallace gate, where dismounting themselves, the *Dolphin* now happy in being the *Dolphin*, could not but shed swelling teares, in tender remembrance of his too well beloved wife.

But as the Generall of an Army, buries all the remembrance of his friend, in the pride and tryumph of his Conquest: so did the *Dolphin*'s freedom from many perills, and the attainment to his near lost principallity, extinguish all sorrow and memory of the dead *Dolphin*. So that wiping his
eyes

eyes, he turned himself towards *Sirap*, and embracing him, said,

Most worthy Knight and my dearest friend, welcome to my Court, to my self, and all that is mine : This Pallace, my Country, and I, are all at your dispose ; For so in my particular obligation, and by your meritorious and pleading deserts, am I bound unto you : And longer may I not enjoy, what I now possesse, then you shall find my promises full laden with rich performance. And be further assured, that as I onely live by your love, and reigne altogether by your valour, so will I ever owe you fealty for my life, and still doe you homage for my Crown.

Sirap understanding thus much by *Bonfoy*, returned him humble thanks for his so gratefull and high esteem, both of himselfe, and his poore endeavours, with protestation that hee never wished, nor expected so great and undeserved guerdons ; but still held himself most indebted unto his own desires, to do him all further possible service.

This interchange of kindneses, gave contentment to them both, and was most pleasing to the *Dolphin*, who yetted so on his fresh feeling happinesse, that he gave in charge that all his Subjects should honour *Sirap* as himself, and hold his will, as the will of their Lord ; For so (he said) is your Lords will, that next to the Lord of Hosts, holds his life and living of him.

Then told he them, how, and with what hazard of his life, he had redeemed him from most base bondage, and cruell death : How he had left many Heathen honours, to honour him, then greatly dishonoured ; and how he had protected him at Sea from danger of Pyrats: and lastly established him in his Regality, in despite of his foes. And therefore many, and sundry were the Tryumphs that now were ordained for him : but more then many, were the severall thoughts that afflicted his doubtfull mind : *Vienna* he thought had cause to condemne him, since affection ever thinkes all times of stay too long, that hangs on desert : *Lamova* he knew would rebuke him for violating the sacred lawes of friendship in his concealments.

ment: and his reverend Father might well question his breach of love and duty, that so refused to shew himself a son. One while he was ready to embrace *Lamora*, another time to run to *Vienna*, and by and by he was ready prest to fall on his knees to Sir *Jagris*.

Now did he pity distressed *Vienna* (who in all these alterations was neither moved nor removed,) Then did he tear her liberty, since her Father had no feeling of her calamity. Thus dubiously perplexed in mind, he sadly sat, unregarding regarding, the continuing and maintaining justs, untill the *Dolphin*, judging of his stormy thoughts by his clouded countenance, thus awaked him by his interpreter.

What think'st, said he, my best worthy friend of our French Knights? and how stands our Court sports with your liking? *Sirap*, whose Martiall mind was now mollify'd with milder and calmer thoughts, by his man thus answered. As Knights of good regard, I regard your Knights; and as noble besitting sports I commend your Heroicall pastimes. All doth well, and well doth it stand with your Highnesse that hath Knights that can do so well.

But the justs being ended, the *Dolphin* that had read his discontentment in the deep characters of his face (for the countenance oft shewes the affects and passions of the heart) took him by the hand, and privately led him into a fair tapistred gallery, hanged with most artificall pictures of greatest Monarchs, where he thus againe assayed to find the cause of his disturbance.

Let not (said he any doubt dismay my lifes preserver, nor let any remembrance of your last and lost honours work in you any repenting humour, since *Viennes Dolphin* is both willing and ready, both to accomplish your demand, and to honour you with all Dignities. What pleateth *Sirap*, pleateth the *Dolphin*, and nothing shall content the *Dolphin*, but what shall well like *Sirap*. Then ask my Lord, and be Lord of your asking. *Sirap* thus kindly intreated and encouraged, lowly humbled himself, and by *Berfoy* thus replied.

Know most renowned, and thrice worthy Prince, that
doubtfull

doubtfull suspition harbours not in noble hearts : nor think I once of honours change. Your covenanted promise exiles that doubt, and the effect of my request, is the honour that best will please my mind.

Then let me shew, and shewing crave, both what troubleth your servant, and what he now (in all humility) demands for his conditioned gift, not affecting honours, the worlds fading glory : nor coveting riches, mans pleasing evil ; but seeking contentment in loves elicity, I aske, claime, and require, your daughter my Lord, for my wife, and a wife for my reward. The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections, hath by report so captivated my freest thoughts since my comming to *Vienna*, that wondring at her Fame, I am wounded with Fancy, and my desire is to see and applaud her excellencies. Then let it not seem strange unto you, that unseen perfections have thus wrought unknown passions, since the ear is as well subject to conceit, as the eye is pliant to affection.

The *Dolphin*, whose unnaturall and impenetrable heart felt no longer remorse of her endured misery, then whilest hee was himself in misery ; and who was no sooner free, but that he freed his remorced thoughts, from all thought of remorse : In so much, that looking neither after her imprisonment, nor his own posterity, he in his ever over-awfulness shewed himself now rather an unrelenting Tyrant, then a chastising Father. But now thus urged by *Sirap* (whose warranted demand, and highest deserts, might well challenge an absolute grant) he herein (still discontented) thus contented *Sirap*.

Nothing I see (right noble, valiant, and most meritorious *Moore*) seemeth worle to love, then to preferre any thing before it selfe ; For cloathe Desire in plates of burnish'd Gold, and Desire will shiver all for colde ; and still affections purse with treasure, and fancy wanting contentment will starve for hunger : so that nothing can satisfie Love, but love. Your deserts might well have challenged my Principallity for your due, my Dignities for your right,

and all my treasure for your own. But all these I see suffice not; because they satisfy not; And to ask you why, is to ask one half pyned why he is hungry.

You love my Lord, you love but whom? my daughter; yea that is my grief; Not that you love her, unworthy your love but that I cannot give you her more then worthy her. For such I swear (by the eternall and my all-preserving God) hath been and yet is, the undutifull, and most obstinate will of my too disobedient and degenerate daughter, that never yet, nor yet ever could I, or shall I (I fear) perswade, intreat, or enforce her to consent to any, in royall rank, worth or Majesty suitable to herself.

For many times many powerfull Princes, that sued for her favour, she hath both carelesly disrespected and scornfully refused; And as many times, many times, hath she therein my will disobeyed and contemned. Not regarding her renown, shining in their glory Nor respecting my contentment nor progeny, eclipsed both in her neglect of me, and in her afforded favour to her far inferiours, which caused me in justice to punish her hearefull disobedience with imprisonment, and yet in nature to bewail her imprisonment, though enforced by Justice. Where I left her, there (so you please) may you find her, a prisoner to her will, that will not yet submit her self to my will; and therefore by my will; worthily chastised without offence to nature.

For where nature offends law, there law may justly be executed on Nature. Assay her (most worthy of all worth) and put in ballance your fortune with your fancy, and if your hap may drown her favor, you shall redouble the smal remainder of my aged dayes, and well satisfy the justice of my displeasure, with the honour of your desired affinity. All my right is yours; your demand, my consent, and my consent a full fathers grant. *Sirap* acknowledging this his so great bounty, gave him more thanks then if he had presently intailed and invested him in the Principallity of *Vicunia*: Yet said he, it seems not over-strange to me, nor should it be so offensive to your Highnesse, that one so enriched by Nature

ture, so admired for vertue, and so endowed by fortune, should her ein against all nature, so resist the law of nature; since fancy is altogether guided by Destiny; and Love is neither subject to duty nor reason. Then seeing that love yeeldeth neither reason of choise nor change; I will leave to reason further of it, and adventure once to carry up a dish to *Venus* table, that never yet served in her Court.

The *Dolphin*, glad that his demand, was of no greater consequence, secretly smiled at his simplicity, that neglecting honours highest advancements, onely contented himself with the naked hope of impossible favors.

But Sir *Sirap* being more assured then the *Dolphin* did assure himself, rested thankfully contented with the same; And the next morning in the pride of his secret joy he went unto the Castle where (having the *Dolphin's* signet, for his warrant) he called for *Vienna*, who fearing some sudden stratagem, (for all her hope of welfare was dead) fearefully came to the door, to know the end of her punishment. But when *Sirap* saw the alteration, that vertuous constancy had wrought in her imprisonment, grief so attach'd him, that he was more mortified at the sight, then he was Moorested in fight; yet after some secret digested sighes, he cheared up his ingrieved spirit, with the joy he had to see her, and thus by his interpreter he saluted her.

Our Gods of all happiness make fair *Vienna* happy in her desires, and more fortunate in her life. The same *Vienna* (*Vienna* sayd) yeelds you hearty thanks, and prayses that the like content may countervail your well wishing. Then shall (said he) my love be made immortal in your liberty, and your liberty be purchased by my love. *Vienna* abash'd at his reily, replied again; that grief had no harbor for love, nor love any acquaintance with distressed *Vienna*,

A noble cause, said *Sirap* may yet help to heale a grievous case; Then leave these forlorn walls, and let not your will make you a prisoner, that may live in my love a Princeesse. For know (Madam) that your Father being a prisoner in *Babylon*, and allotted there to a most base and cruell death; I

though by kind an unpassionate Moor, yet (much more then any Moor) pittying the miseries of others, had such compassion on your Fathers distresse, that growing careless of my estate (being there then entertained with greatest state) I adventured with great adventure, to acquit him of shamefull bondage, and more cruell death ; Conditionally, that upon my arrivall with him in this Country ; hee should grant me, without all exteption, one gift, that then I should require; which he then ratified by oath in sight of his God, and now hath confirmed it, by will in the presence of his people.

Now Madam, hearing the well worthy renowne of your renowned beauty, though being by Nature fierce, yet subject to affection, I could not but in that frailty, yeeld to human condition. And therefore prizing my content before a Crown, I required your Ladyship for my Wife, which your Father by an Oath hath granted, which you in duty should yeeld unto, and which I in love (if love can merit such happinesse) do deserve, and yet most humbly do request. *Vienna* thus moved, removed thus his flattering and aspiring hope. If, said she, my Father enjoy a second life by your conditionall adventure, you may Presse him to the performance, so farre, as it is in his power to accomplish ; more you cannot ask, lesse hee will not perform.

But know, Sir Knight, that love knowes no such paternall law, that never yet was subject to any law. The Father hath but a consent not the choise, in the daughters affections; his free thoughts have no feeling of her conceits; and his mettlesome mind, and corrupted humors; are oft displeasing to his childes fancy; Neither stands it with any reason, that he cannot govern his own passions, should command others affections. Then must you of necessity, excuse his impossibility, and admit onely of his willingness; that can give nought but consent for his larges.

Yet Madam, by your favour (said *Sirap*) stands the daughter bound for her Fathers good, and the question is
but

but ungratefull, that is required in contempt. True, said *Vienna*, but every good must not be rewarded with the best, lest the best want fit requitall for due desert. Let it then suffice, that with thanks I acknowledge your great good, and in any other things will be ready to pleasure you.

Only in this, pardon me my Lord, for in loves infirmities I have no affinity, A troubled soul enely in tears, her comfort seeks. It is a heavy comfort, said *Sirap*, that in mourning stands, yet, said she, doth the custome of sorrow lessen the grief, and it is some comfort to be void of all comfort. Dispair, said *Sirap*, is mother to death, and death not fit companion for beauty. My beauty, said she (poor as it is) hath already bin my bane, and made me most unfortunate in my most fortunate-ness.

Why Madam, quoth he, hath your Grace bin deceived? So said she, say they that told me so. But truth, he replied, stands not on the tongues of men; True, she said, and that is the cause why we are deceived by men: you mistake me much, said *Sirap*: Nay, said she, not mistaken, but overtaken you in the truth and so she bad him farewell, leaving him tormented in mind, in that he gess by her last words, that some one to advantage himself, or in malice to him, had wronged him in words: yet could he not but smile, to think how his conceit was her deceit.

But leaving her, whom he meant not so to leave, but to reassay her again, he returned to the *Dolphin*, and told him of his haplesse successe. Who smothering his inward joy, made such shew of discontentment, that the angry Ocean swe'd not as he seem'd to storm.

But *Sirap* neither waying his anger, nor her answer, all smiling, said, that once more he would with *Ixion*, assay to embrace *Juno*, and see whether in shuffling again of the Cards, Fortune would deal him a better game. For he would owe he himself, and try whether in his own language he could wean, and win her to his will, which moved great laughter, and ministred further occasion of pleasant talk. Thus they passed for the rest of the day, untill Supper, which ended, *Sirap*

giving them the good night, went to his Chamber, where calling to mind *Vienna's* words, which in his suppoſe, argued to report of his diſloyalty, which grieved him much that her grief would be redoubled by his never intended falſity, and that he ſhould be ſo wronged by unwronged, and unknowne men.

But after he had a little fed his ſad humor with this deceiving conceit, he determined darkly that dark night to ſhew his conceit thereon, and to remove that vail of miſdeem that ſo ſhadowed the aſſurance of his faithfulneſſe. And therefore furniſhing himſelf with a well tuned lute, in the dead of night, he went alone to the Caſtle, where cloſe ſhrowding himſelf under her window, he ſweetly ſounding, thus chanted out this irefull ſong.

Sleep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
 awake you irefull ſpirits all:
 All are too few, too few you are,
 to plague thoſe tongues, that ſwim in gall:
 Then wake Revenge, Revenge awake.
 And blaſt thoſe tongues that diſcord make.

Sleep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
 envy my love, from love exhorts:
 Report hath wrong'd true Troylus name,
 and falſe ſurmize, in ſlander ſports.
 Then wake Revenge, Revenge awake,
 And cut thoſe tongues for Plutoes ſake.

Sleep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
 Vertue hath loſt her conſtant mind:
 Love lyeth ſick in her deceit,

*Fancy is subject to the wind.
And all through hate of spitefull tongues,
Then wake Revenge, revenge these wrongs.*

*Awake Revenge, for shame awake,
Suspect hath rob'd content of joy:
Malice hath slain deserved trust,
and light belief hath bred annoy.
Then wake I say, Revenge awake,
And now, O now, revengement take.*

*Revengement take, take this revenge,
Let banefull blisters rot their tongue:
Poyson their breath, and make them dumb,
and let them live in dying long:
So shall Revenge a God be known,
When thus Revenge, revenge hath shown.*

Vienna hearing this jarring Ditty, wondered what he should be, or what he should mean by this his wrathfull song.

At last, she supposed it was *Lamora*, that in *Paris* behalf thus excused his long silence & abience so condemned by her; but neither discrying him, nor receiving any answer from him, she then imagined that he was some other, that carryed away with grief & wrong had amongst other dolefull places, there eased himself of his wofull burthen, by breathing and oppressing out his secret sorrowes.

For it is some comfort to find either a companion in grief, or a sad besitting wretched place, to lament and manifest his grief. But greatly disallowing his uncharitable mind, she all sighing said

*Cease grieved soul, my soul grieues at like wrongs,
Yet leave revenge to him revenge belongs.*

Sir *is* perceiving that his song rather renewed, then relinquished her of her causelesse grief, and perswading himself, that her step-mother both in envy of her glory, and in disdain of him, had at the first so hardned the heart of her father, that he now altogether forgot (in continuing his rigour) that he was a father; He thought to warble out a more pleasing note, and to lull her a sleep with more comfortable musick, And therefore turning his voyce, he chearfully recorded this liking Drury.

Sleep, sleep, O sleep, sweet Lady sleep,
cloud not your beauty with black care :
Cares do consume grief hath no grace,
your graces grief wears beauty bare.
Then sleep, O sleep, sweet Lady sleep,
Let me, ah me; your sorrows keep.

Sigh not at all, all is in vain,
in vain are sighs; sighs do confound :
Times have their turns, turn then your tears;
your woe, with woe, my heart doth wound.
Then sleep, O sleep, sweet Lady sleep,
Your slave alone, for you will weep.

O cruell Dame, Loves second choise,
O choise the change of natures love :
O Love forlorn, slave unto time,
O time corrupt vertues remove,

*Why trouble you her quiet sleep,
Since I for her do daily weep.*

*Sleep, sleep, O sleep, fair Lady sleep,
your sorrowes have all sorrowes spent :
Hope doubt hath slain, dead is despair,
and Love will crown you with content.
Then sleep, O sleep, sweet Lady sleep,
No cause there is, why you should weep.
 why you should weep,
 why you should weep,
No cause there is, why you should weep.*

Vienna pleased with the tune, amazed at the voyce, but more then ravished with the words, hastily put her head out of the window, and said, *whatsoever thou art take thanks of a distressed Lady, and heaven comfort thee, as thou hast, I know not how, recomforted me.* And so turning her self to *Isabella*, she ask'd whether she had heard that voyce before, who replying, said, That if her memory failed her not, it was the same or much like : if not the same that they heard first in Court under her Chamber window.

Ah *Isabella*, said *Vienna*. thou harpest too well to be so well : yet if my mind divine aright, (God grant it may divine) I shall heare some tidings of my *Paris*, so perswades my heart, so grant our God. But say *Isabella*, say, what shall poor *Vienna* say to this moralized *Moor*, whose civill condition, Majestickall pretence, and sugred tongue, differs so much from his rude and barbarous nation. Is not his black hae full of sweet favour, and his favour sufficient to command Beauties proudest favour, Now trust me *Isabella*, the gentle *Moor*, more and more would gain interest in my affection, but the more I think he is a *Moor*, the more (for my *Paris* sake) I scorn to love the *Moor*.

And therefore resolved to live to none but *Paris* (though *Paris* hath forgotten *Vienna*) how shall I non-suit his opportunity, whose proud hope promiseth love, and whose love is warranted by my Fathers Oath. *Izabella* most carefully to acquit her of that care (though it was the least care of her care) told her, that her old putrified policy, would easily prevent that mischief; and therefore having a ready Capon in the Cattle, they presently dismembred the body, took the two legs, and bidding them under her arm-holes, where the heat of her body might soonest corrupt them, she preparedly expected his coming the next day.

When *Sirap* clad in his richest array, strangely fashioned, came accompanied with many, that of purpose (being made acquainted with his intention) came to recreate themselves with his to supposed unusual courting.

For he being as they thought, not to be understood by his tongue, nor to be satisfied by his ear; They vainly imagined, that he either would woo her with gifts, or with his countenance, or with variety of gestures. But he no sooner came to the Cattle (but frustrating their expectation) he requested them by *Bonsfey* to stay, and stand a while aside. When winged with the hope of Loves assurance, he instantly, boldly, and all onely, entered, saluted, and in French thus courteously assaulted his fair and friendly foe.

How fares, said he, the imperious Mistress of my intralld heart? As a Prisoner, not like a Princess, she said, fares the Mistress of a thrall'd and wofull heart. But how came you, Sir Knight, so frenchify'd, that erst was so strangely'd? Love, sweet Love, he said, hath made my tongue your Country-man, and my heart your servant. Then hath Love (she replyed) wrought a wonder in you, and an admiration in me. Such (said *Sirap*) is the divine power of Loves Diety, such the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and such the happy issue of our decreed destiny. Therefore, yield *Vienna*, *Vienna* yield, to that, which the Gods have decreed, Love commands, thy beauty requires, our Fortune allors, thy Father wills, and I thy friend request. *Vienna* thus charged, could not tell how to discharge her self
of

of him, but by having a recourse to her wonted and hidden policy; And therefore uncloathing her Ivory breasts, she all sighing said, Alas Sir Knight, thy commendable demeanor, and Princely worth, well merits favour; and thy enticing tongue is sufficient to intrap a well-advised mind, and a far more stayeder conceit. But know, most noble, and most magnificent *Moore*, that I am far worse then I seem, and much better then I would be. For behold, (she bared her breasts that he might behold) the untimely corruption of my blasted beauty, look on the loathsome fruit of my long and grievous imprisonment, and but feel; O feel not the filthy scent of my ulcered and rotting body; and then tell me, whether I am not rather to be loathed, then loved; fled from, then followed. *Sirap* astonished at her words, but beyond all amazement, danted with the smell, neer fainted thereat; such was his insufferable sorrow for her, that he curst himself for her; And yet such was the constancy of his never dying love, that encouraging himself, the better to cheer her up, he with a joyfull countenance, said; Be it Madam so, or worse then so, or what so you will; it shall not matter, I rest wholly yours, if for yours you will accept of me, that am none but yours.

For know, most constant, and my endear'd Lady, that *Paris* (if *Paris* be not forgotten) pleadeth now in person for himself, and here offereth his life, and service for your love. In confirmation whereof, see here the happy seal of your love, and the sole comfort of my absence, the loyall, and unvaluable Ring, your Highness gave me, when first being perused by your Fathers Knights, I departed from you, like a hungry Infant pulled from his Nurfes breast; or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet Fountain. Then, then in the pride of your perfections you paradiz'd me in the heaven of your love; and now in the decay of your glory will I wed my everliving constancy, to your never dying loyalty.

Look, nay look not on me so strangely; my black hue is but an artificiall vizour, and my borrowed countenance, but the assurance of my safety.

Vienna not able on the suddain to entertain so great a joy,

shrunke down, deprived of her vitall spirits, but chased revived, and enabled by *Isabella*, she with tears of joy diffilling down here heeke, sadly said. Ah *Paris*, *Paris*, thy love made me a contented prisoner, but thy long absence hath made my prison a tormenting hell. But now, O happy now; thy thrice happy return makes my prison seem a Paradise, and my hell a most glorious heaven; with that falling on his brest, and enclosing him within her fainting arms, she often redoubled, her double doubled kisses. *Paris* being likewise surprized with fulness of joy, lost himself in her armes, but being acquitted of that extasie, he payd her large interest for her kindnesse, pleaded sorrow for her martirdome, and meer necessity for his absence.

Cease *Paris* the sayd, my *Paris* surcease these needlesse excuses of faultlesse injurie, since to over fortifie innocency, is to breed suspicion. There is none but I, that have (if offended) offended. As first in being cause of thy exile, then of thy dangerous travells, and now in rejecting thy love; but impute the first two to my Fathers severity, not to my love, and the last of my ignorance, not to my inconstancy.

For proof whercof see here, (here shewed she the Capons legs) the triall of my truth, which but in pollicy I used in all extremities, to withstand importunate Suters, and all only to love none but thee, earst the sole hope of my life; but now the only life of my soul.

Thus pleaded she to please him, and thus it pleased him, to praise her, and both of them still joying, in that they enjoyed each other. Then turning to *Isabella*, he kist her many times, and vowed, that out of his best fortunes he would be thankful to her, for her love to him, but especially for her comfort to *Vienna*,

And taking them both by the hands he told them how, and by what means, the *Dolphin* her Father had freely, and absolutely given her to him. And therefore he requested them to conceal their knowledge of him, and to go along with him, for that he meant to have her father to deliver her to him;

all which they both so willingly, and cheerfully did, that the Gent. attending his leisure, no little marvelled to see him lead them so familiarly by the hands, and so pleasantly talking with *Vienna* in a privat manner.

But when they were come before the *Dolphin, Paris* (for now is *Sirap* turned again to returned *Paris*) holding her by the hand, humbly requested, in the presence of his daughter and Barons, to ratifie his vowed gift. Which the *Dolphin*, both mist-liking, and admiring; demanded of her, whether her liking, and content, stood to that black irreligious *Moer*, that had so often refused so many Potent Lords, and most accomplished Princes.

To which she in all reverence, (praying pardon) said. That the black fneared Smith was most pleasing to the Queen of beauty; That that constant colour unfadable in it self, well argued constancy in the person. That his barbarous nature, was both reclaimed, and refined by his more civill education; and that his Religion would easily be conformable to their profession. But howsoever, it sufficeth, that I love him, and love yeelds no reason of choice, nor hath any respect of persons. His blind deiry, blinds our fancies; and fancy lives not in desert but in desire. We love altogether by liking, not for honours; and our will cannot command our affections, that are not in our powers.

Then vouchsafe my Sovereign Lord and most gracious Father, of my destinied desire. and admit of his well-merited demand, and let me with your free content enjoy him for my Husband: that hath so well purchased me for his Wife: so shall you honour your selte in doing him right: reward his services, enworthy your posterity, and repair my decayed glory. The *Dolphin* seeing that it wrs but in vaine to resist Celestiall influence, preordinate by Providence divine, and that he could neither in honour, nor conscience, infringe his obliging Oath, nor reject his pleading and glorious worth; shewed a vertue in necessity, and freely gave, and delivered her unto him,

Now *Paris* being thus posselt of his desire, cast off his artificiall mask, and lowly on his knees, shewed and presented himself, the humble and thankfull servant of his Lord.

The *Dolphin* finding himself thus deceived by him, that happily deceived the *Soldan*, and his Keepers for him; could not but commend his loyall love, and love him for his saving service. His superlative valour, and unvaluable vertue, shewed that his great fortunes were but Ministters to his will.

And therefore he cheerfully said. In *France* was I honoured by *Paris*, In *Babylon* unthralled by *Sirap*, And at home, both I my Country, and People, were protected by the Knight of the *Dolphin*.

To *Paris* therefore I return my love, To *Sirap* I give my Daughter, And to the Knight of the *Dolphin* I yield my Principality.

Then my beloved and renowned Son give me thy hand, and let me embrace thee with thy valour. And here I swear by the all-ever-living-God, that if I were sole Monarch of the whole Univerſe thou onely shouldst rule for me, and after me: More I cannot give thee for thy *Asian* lost honours, lesse thou shalt not have then my whole *European* dignities.

To confirm which, he presently caused him to be proclaimed his Son in law, and the next lawfull and immediate Heir to all his Royall Territories. Great was now the wonder of all men, great the preparation to solemnize their Nuptials, and more then great, the joy and triumphs made, and ordained for them. But amongst them all, there was none (*Vienna* excepted) that rejoyced more then old Sir *Jaques*, whose silver beard, was all embosied with pearls of swelling tears, for the joy of this so famous found Son.

As for his endeared friend *La-nova*, his glad heart shewed the triumphs of joy, and all his thoughts were ravished with delights and contentments. To him (after many embraces) did *Paris* give infinite thanks for his comfortable friendship, and carefull regard of *Vienna*, and his Father.

Thus lived they long happy in each other, untill the *Dolphin* summoned by death, paid Nature his due; and old Sir *Jaques*

Jaques wasted by age, yielded to death. Then was Sir *Paris* created *Dolphin* of *Vienna*, who enjoyed *La-nova* to marry *Isabella*, unto whom he gave all his Fathers Lands, and *Boxfoy* he made his Steward. And so they fortunatly raig'n'd, and lived together many years, with great comfort, and full contentment, in Princely state, and height of terretiall Dignity.

*The Image of God; the wrath of Mars; and pledge of
Nuptiall rite,
Records his name, that for his friend, this triviall toy
did write.*

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